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THE LIFE OF
PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

Vol. I.

BY
SURESH CHUNDER BOSE.

NABABIDHAN TRUST

28, NEW ROAD, ALIPORE, CALCUTTA.

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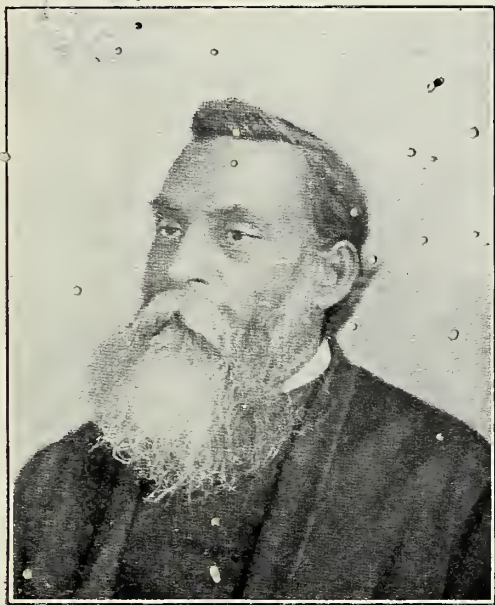
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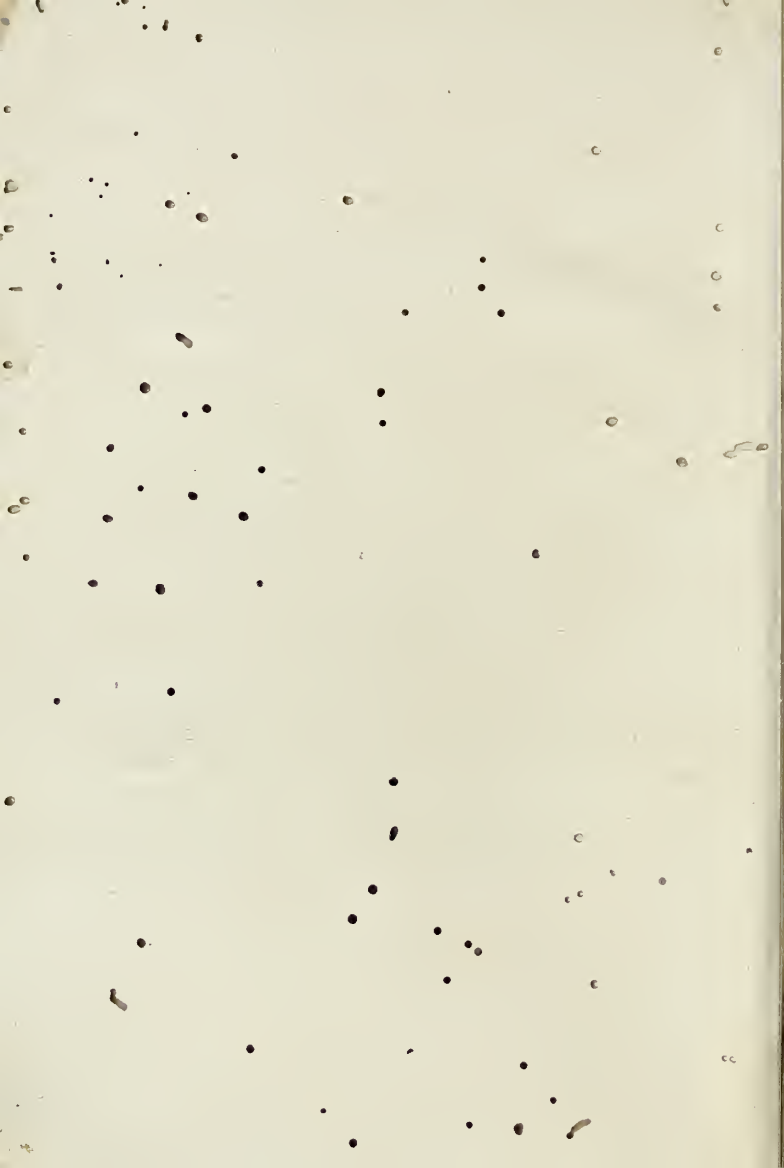
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PREFACE.

The gift of life is a blessing which one who has the vision of God and Heaven can alone fully realise. The carnal enjoyment of life deadens our faculties and makes us lose sight of the divinity that is in all creation. As at the break of day when the gentle rays of the morning sun bring to light the fair face of the earth, the hills and dales, forests and meadows, appear in resplendent glory, so a spark of faith in the human soul changes the whole aspect of creation and reveals its indwelling divinity. The relation between man and man is then sweetened and exalted with a sense of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, the birds sing with a new voice, the morning breeze carries on its wings a message of love and blessings sent by a dear, loving soul and we live in a creation where God is enthroned every where. This is Heaven and a man of faith, love and holiness lives in it, in this life and the life after. Such a man was Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. His stately form and inspiring presence are withdrawn from us. In the mansions of the blessed, whither he has gone, all his wounds are now healed and he is enjoying peace in ever increasing measures. But the glory of the life he lived here, the example set forth and the lessons imparted are our undying inheritance. It shall be my attempt to

make a faithful record of that true and beautiful life. May the Spirit of God help me.

A biography of Mr. Mozoomdar is long overdue. I approach the task with halting steps, due to a sense of my unworthiness for it. But a sense of duty over-rules every other consideration. Mr. Mozoomdar has made my task easier by leaving copious materials of his biography in his many writings. The earlier part of his life has been narrated mainly in his words as it is recorded in his unpublished Auto-Biographical Notes. Portions of them were published in the Biographical Sketch attached to the Heart Beats. I have quoted at length from his diaries, journals and books to supply the details of his life. It will be seen that the greater part of Mr. Mozoomdar's life has been described by him. I have tried consistently and scrupulously to avoid giving colour to his ideas and thoughts with that of my own, feeling that the accuracy of a biographical sketch demands this.

My thanks are due to Mrs. Mozoomdar for kindly placing Mr. Mozoomdar's diaries and auto-biographical notes at my disposal. I owe a debt of gratitude to my honoured friend Dr. Satyendra Nath Sen, the founder and Secretary of the Nababidhan Trust, and to the other members of the Trust, for undertaking the publication of the book. But for the steady effort of Dr. Sen it would not have been possible to publish the book even now.

I only regret that as I had to leave Calcutta and come to a distant part of the country, where I am still living, I could not go through my manuscripts before they were sent to the press, nor examine the proofs. The manuscripts were completed and left my hands some three years ago. This is the first literary work of a serious kind by myself. I crave the readers' forbearance.

BISWANATH ROY CHARITABLE
HOMEOPATHIC DISPENSARY
LUCKNOW,
1st September, 1927.

SURESH CHUNDER ROSE.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

BONAR.

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THE LIFE OF

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar was born on the 2nd, October, 1840 in the house of his mother's maternal grandfather, situated in a village called Bansbaria, nearly seven miles to the north of the town of Hughly. Though born at Bansbaria his infancy was spent at his ancestral village Garifa, situated on the banks of the river Hughly and at a distance of about twenty-four miles from Calcutta. His grandfather, Tara Chand Mozoomdar, was a man of some consequence, who married a niece of the great Ram Kamal Sen. Girish Chunder Mozoomdar, the eldest son of Tara Chand, had two sons and two daughters. Protap was the eldest of them. The birth of the first male grand child was an occasion for great rejoicings at the house of Tara Chand Mozoomdar.

"They beat tom-toms, blew conch-shells, and gave away quantities of oil in brass pots to the people of the village."

The following appears in Mr. Mozoomdar's auto-biographical notes. Some portions of these notes have already been published in Mozoomdar's Heart Beats.

"I remember nothing of my baby days except that I had a big head, a lean body—a regular tadpole—and my milk teeth were all worm-eaten. But at times curious sensations of sacred joy come floating from this darkness of infancy, present themselves before consciousness, and are immediately claimed as old acquaintances. The sight of some colour or some flower, a moment of health or joyous experience, suddenly recalls the time the chief feature of which was an impetuous happiness and a sense of glory. My life on earth began in joy. The joy was not uninterrupted, however. When I was about three years old, one evening I followed my mother to the top of the house where some branches of a bale-tree that grew inside our compound fell drooping on the parapet with masses of leaves and flowers. There were also many water-spouts, inside one of which I heard a good deal of curious sound and buzzing activity. It was evidently the nest (or *chak*) of some insects. I instantly broke a twig from the tree and thrust it vigorously into the depth of the *chak*. In a moment dozens of furious hornets flew around me, horridly trumpeting, and fastening themselves viciously to all parts of my body. My cries drew my mother to my side. She too was stung so severely that she had to call out for assistance. It was some time before the little monsters could be taken out of my skin. People thought I could not survive the effects. The hornets (Bhimrul) of Bengal have killed many grown

up persons. I had very high fever, and was swollen all over. My grand father's mother nursed me. She was a shrunken, wrinkled, doubled, kind-hearted little woman of whom I was very fond. I recovered, but carry the marks of this encounter all over my body to this day."—(*Mozoomdar's Heart Beats*, pp. v-vi.)

"The river Hughly was a standing wonder to me, with its boats of many sizes, some with fishing nets a long way out in the water, and some with great white sails filled from top to bottom with the wind. The town of Hughly on the other side, with its strand, its steeples, its dimly seen houses, ghats, and roads, was a sort of future world, the realities of which I feared to inquire into. I was allowed to bathe in the river once a week along with other boys. But I was always escorted by a servant who smeared me, as well as himself, with plenty of mustard oil. I splashed about in all directions in worthless efforts at learning to swim, got half-choked now and then, gulped down a good deal of water whenever out of my depth, and on one occasion narrowly escaped drowning. But I never got tired of the river. Nor do I ever get tired to reflect on those infant experiences. Like some invisible writing on the wall, which fades and rekindles, and fades away again, the sense of infancy clings to me. It revives in the purest moments of my being. It is lost when I fall away. The faith is in me that the lusterful joyousness, free-born innocence, and fearless safety of infancy are recoverable, partly here, wholly elsewhere. Of true life, in any stage of its growth, nothing dies; whether of joy or wisdom, of love or purity, all that is true is put into the man from the Eternal who surrounds him."—(*Heart Beats*, p. vii.)

When Protap Chunder was nine years old his father died. With what devout feeling he cherished the memory of his father the following lines speak.

“My father ! my father ! me thinks I see my father ! In the dim, far, sad past I trace my father’s face, a large, generous, loving face, in which great impulsiveness was written in strong characters. He was a stout, florid, full-sized man, very kind, very angry, frank, artless, warm-hearted beyond discretion, but not very learned. He was educated up to the ordinary standard of those times, was a teacher in the Hughly College for some time, then a senior clerk in the Bank. I believe he had some leanings towards the Brahma Somaj ; for I faintly recollect he had some volumes of the Tatwabodhini Patrika, the organ of the Adi Brahma Somaj, in his room, O that he had lived a few years longer for me to have known him better. O that he had gone after putting me under the care of some one able to take care of me, and teach me. But he died very early, too soon. In fact, he could not have been more than thirty-two when he died, and I was about nine. He left me an orphan under the care of my young mother, who know not what to do under the paralysis of her great sorrow. The village woodmen speak of him with tears in their eyes. He always lent them money, took it not, but gave them more. The village widows talk of him to bless his memory. And the village boys who have grown into older men than myself, mention him with honor and affection. He taught them, and read with them, and preferred them before his own son. He often showed severity to me outwardly ; but I know he always loved his boy in the heart of his heart, with all the fulness and fondness that there was in him. I have not lived to be a father, and know not what to

expect of a son ; but I do know in his simple soul he found in me some promise, and there were endless plans for the future of his first-born child. Have I fulfilled that promise ? From thy serene blessedness in a better world, O thou dear long-lost parent, dost thou realize that future in my uneven life ? Has thy son proved worthy of thy hope and wish, as thou hopest and wishest in heaven ? Speak, guardian spirit, speak to thy listening offspring, and inspire fresh resolves and ideals in my heart.”—(*Heart Beats*, p. xi—xiii.)

The reminiscence of his mother is equally tender : for he writes—“And must I not say a word about my other parent also ? Yes, yes, I too had a mother, friendless as I now am. She was a beautiful being, young, high-minded, intelligent, queenly in her features. She was unlettered like other women of her time ; but she was a lady with the high training of her caste and her position. She became a widow at about twenty-five, and loved me as a heart-stricken widow can love her growing son. She wished I should be comfortable, and learn the best that a boy of my age should. But her means were very limited, and she could have no hand in my education. At times she could not help buying me an article of dress or ornament, a cap now, a gold chain then, because in those days every one seemed to be doing better than her poor orphaned boy. The little money she had from the family funds for her expenses, was not enough for the frequent presents she sent to my two married sisters ; my younger brother was an infant, and what little was left was spent on me. My dear mother always ate the coarsest food, and but once in the day. Her clothing was simple and rough ; she chose no end of hardships for herself. No one compelled

her ; she did it all out of the deep incurable grief in her heart. She fasted twice in the month, without taking so much as a drop of water in the hot long day and night. She often overworked and tired herself, and seemed anxious for nothing except her death. That death at last came. It came on the night of her fortnightly fast, in July 1858. I returned rather late from Keshub's house, found she had gone to bed complaining she had a slight disorder of the stomach. As she was subject to such complaints, I did not think much about it. Later, at about one o'clock, I was called up, and learned she was very ill. Hastening to her side, I found her voiceless, deaf, and livid. She had got the worst type of cholera. Every body in the house was ^{up} except my uncle, who was the Karta (Head). No body seemed to care to call in a doctor ; everybody was evidently prepared for her death. My perplexity and distress may be imagined. Rushing to speak to my uncles I was not admitted to their rooms ; and no one, not even a servant, would go for a medical man. Maddened and despairing, I rushed into the streets, tried to call up Keshub and other friends, but every gate was shut for the night. I ran to a doctor's house in the neighbourhood but his servant turned me out. I don't know into how many places I went, and pleaded my poor dying mother's case, but could get no medical help. Returning home by about dawn I found her in a state of collapse, but still conscious. On seeing me she struck her forehead with her hand to show that all hope was gone. A doctor came not long after, but it was too late. She ceased to breathe by about 8 A.M. I was motherless at nineteen. What need to bewail the world's hard-heartedness ? What need to curse the selfish cruelty of men

and women to the wretched, forsaken Hindu widow? To them she was a widow only : to me, my dear mother, the sole guardian and friend I had in the world. In time the dearest cease to miss their dearest : all incurable wounds are healed. I have now the blessed love of a devoted, good wife. I have the unspeakable consolations of the grace of God. But when I am very hard-pressed in the struggles of life, and very tired, Mother, I feel I would rest my head on thy dear bosom, as I used to do when I was a sick child, and thou wert near. O blessed angelic being, if it be possible for thy spirit to touch mine, draw near to me, draw near and impart unto me the calmness of the peace of God.”—(*Heart Beats*, pp. xiii-xvi.)

“I do not care whether all or many widows remarry ; but I do feel they should be more loved, nursed, and cared for, more humanity shown to them. It is not true that they are always persecuted, not true at least in Bengal. They willingly court the miseries under which so many, like my loved and honored mother, die. But if men were more compassionate, and society recognised their right to the commonest necessities of life, perhaps they would be less hard on themselves, and many a heart-stricken son would be spared the misery I felt when I found my mother’s beloved life sink under the load of the world’s neglect and indifference.”—(*Heart Beats*, p. xvi.)

His early sense of the spirit of God he describes in the following words :—

“Can a child know God ? I sometimes heard people speak of the *Thakur* (domestic deity) and felt a vague awe. But I well remember at times I beheld a Light of Glory, a joy, a

beauty, which was almost, though not quite, personal. I saw, but I was unconscious of what I saw. Now I know what it was. The recognition of God as life has illumined the past, present, and future. "The Unknown, whom as a child I ignorantly saw, I have known, recognised, and worshipped as a man. Talk to your child as if he, too, sees what you see, and trusts what you trust. Talk to him of the present God, the living God, the bright, joyous, beautiful, loving God : there is no knowing what his simple natural faith will ripen into or reveal."—(*Heart Beats*, p. xvii.)

CHAPTER II.

EARLY EDUCATION.

Protap Chunder learnt his first lessons in the village school (*Patshalla*). The following interesting account of his school-days is taken from his auto-biographical notes :—


"In our house there was a Patshalla, where many village boys came to learn. We all squatted on the floor, each on his square mat, rather ragged, under a large straw-shed in the middle of the courtyard. Each boy carried his earthen ink-pot, either in hand or suspended from strings, and his mat in a long roll under his arm, with the palm leaves, on which he practised his alphabet, sticking out at one end. The very

beginners, like myself, wrote with bamboo pens on palm-leaves ; only those who belonged to the highest order of scholarship were allowed to use paper. Generally, they were content to write on dirty old newspaper ; but on rare occasions they were indulged with rough Serampore paper, as well as reed pens. Those reed pens were the cynosure of all eyes ; we hated our grimy bamboo ones. We were all very noisy, because whatever each boy wrote, whether it was a syllable or a sum, he proclaimed with a nasal intonation, so that the master, who was always dozing or smoking his hookah, might make sure that we were hard at work, and the boy himself might feel a zest in his literary progress. We were also very inky, as a sign that we meant to do our business in earnest. But there was another reason for it. No sooner a boy made a blot in writing, he wiped out the ink with his fingers, rubbing the fingers on his head which was a sort of universal blotting-pad and pen-brush. Or he licked out the ink with his tongue : if it felt distasteful, which it always did, he rubbed his tongue with his dhotie. So from head to foot he was full of ink. We perhaps did not learn much ; but what little we did learn was without constraint, and in joy. The Patshalla was a friendly gathering, and suited every one. We had a succession of village school-masters, or guru-mahashoys. The first one I remember perfectly. He was an oldish man with a round, good-humored face, clean-shaven, rather fat, but not of large size. He was the *sircar*, or clerk, of the house, as well as guru-mahashoy, or preceptor. He shaved the front half of his head ; and on the back he wore a large tuft of hair tied in a loop, which, when he was in a careless mood, fell loose on his shoulders in a sable silvered mass.

He always chewed the pan (betel leaf) and smoked hookah; and he seldom caned us, unless seriously annoyed. He taught us no end of funny child-rhyme, and other pleasant non-sense, which sometimes still effervesces in my head. We all loved him and his cane *petara* (or box) which he sometimes opened in our presence. Into the contents we pried curiously, with the hope of finding a sweetmeat or a play thing. Now and then I ventured into his kitchen, watched his cooking, and sang to him at his bidding, though my song was always a failure. The words and the tunes failed me equally: he laughed; and I, too, was obliged to laugh, but I felt as if I should cry. The old guru-mahashoy went home, did not come back for a long time and then we heard he was dead. We missed him long and sorely; his figure comes to mind most vividly; and when his successor came, we dismissed his memory with sadness and affection."—(*Heart Beats*, pp. viii—x.)

"Elderly men, with the all-important quality of kind-heartedness make the very best trainers, and friend of small children. Our youngmen are fire-eaters, impatient of childish failing, and have a very high notion of their own dignity. The successor of our village guru-mahashoy was a young man, precisely his reverse,—tall handsome fellow, with a light moustache, hairy breast, severe look, and a sharp long ratan. He was sleepy and irritable, made the boys light his *chillum*, buy his bazar, present him pice; and all the same thrashed them right and left. We had a hard time under him and he got dismissed for some misconduct. We all heaved a sigh of relief. I was prompt at my lessons, particularly good at arithmetic."—(*Mozoomdar's unpublished Autobiographical Notes*)

“I got over my elementary vernacular training smoothly enough. I have no disagreeable recollections about it. My troubles commenced with the English alphabet. There was a dignity in beginning to learn English in those days, but in my case fear swallowed the self-consciousness. I was an exceedingly sensitive and timid child. Kindness could have opened out no end of possibilities in me. Harshness was positively killing. And this harshness met me at the very threshold of my English education. Strangely enough I could never make out the difference between *b* and *c*, always confounding the one with the other, and the smart raps on the head I got at each blunder did not at all help my intelligence : my streaming eyes obstructed my seeing what was what. Every time I opened my primer, it seemed to put on a new appearance, because, I remember, I often opened it upside down. It looked all so strange and unfamiliar that I shut the book in despair and stood in anticipation of the rapping and caning which it suggested. I hope little boys (I could not have been more than six then) are not so much beaten now. Boys may be beaten now and then for being wicked, or disobedient, or wilfully careless, but never for being nervous or confused or helpless. Caning and browbeating drive away what little smartness may be left in a poor, timid, delicately organised little fellow. I sadly and fondly reflect how much I could have learnt if any body had taught me lovingly, gently, placing himself in the situation of a frightened child who was not dull but required a little kindness to bring out what was in him. Perhaps flogging in public schools should not be wholly dispensed with, but except for very grave moral irregularity it ought never to be resorted to.

Three-fourths of the cowardliness of Bangalee boys come from the habitual fear of cruel punishments. Now, in the village Pátshalla, under the old guru-mahashoy, with the top-knot and the round , I learned every thing joyfully, taking great leaps from one lesson to another, from one subject to another, brilliant even in arithmetic, the *bete noire* of my whole school life. Why was it so different when I went to learn English? The turban, the twisting of moustache, the fierce striking of the rattan on the table and the general inscrutability of the school-master's face annihilated all my powers of calculation. The schoolmaster seemed to take greater pride in terrifying me than in teaching me."—(*Heart Beats*, pp. xvii—xix.)

"I was in the Dughly College for about a year. We then removed to Calcutta. I first entered into the Hare School and soon afterwards into the Hindu College. Amidst all the frightful unsympathetic race of school-masters I remember one exception. That was the late Babu Gopi Mohan Mitra, teacher of the third junior class, and afterward head of the Calcutta Public Library. He could be severe if he liked ; but he was kind, positively affectionate to me,—why I cannot say. His kindness had a remarkable effect on me. I did well in every branch of the study, and even my mathematics looked up. I could work a sum with as little difficulty as any other boy ; but in geography, history, English prose and poetry, I was decidedly above par, I got the first prize of the form, and a double promotion, getting at a bound to the junior first."—(*Heart Beats*, p. xx.)

"A poor bit of a stripling I then was, I sat by the side of immensely big boys, some of them rowdy-looking with unmistakable indications of the moustache on their upper lips, and

the chins prematurely shaved in hopes of an early beard. I almost always took higher places in the class than they, which made them naturally jealous and angry. Being, like all big boys, naturally tyrannical, they took counsel together how they might repress the little interloper ; and unable to stand it longer, one of them called me out to a fight. I accepted the challenge, but I confess, with much internal trepidation. So in the afternoon, after the school broke up he advanced, and I wanted to receive him. He gripped me by a Chudder that hung round my neck and I laid 'about with all my might. A ring that I wore on my right hand did great execution on the enemy's nose, but before the battle could come to an issue other boys interfered and seperated us. My adversary, who was a big boastful fellow, seemed to be insatiable in his thirst for blood, but I was rather calm having scratched a cut about his face. I produced a very good impression by advancing to shake hands with him at the close of the fight. This is a digression."—(*Mozoomdar's Autobiographical Notes.*)

"In six months there was another classs examination at the junior first and my name stood at thé top ; so they promoted me again, most injudiciously, I 'am sorry to say. Thus I entered the 'dreaded senior department before my time. There was no one to show sympathy with my triumphs, no one to give a warning of the dangers ahead. I was completely alone in my struggles at the junior classes, and in solitude I was ushered into the senior. It was located in a separate building. There was a large shady tree on the compound ; and there was a still, rarefied atmosphere in which the English teachers (awful beings) lived, and moved on tiptoe. In the class rooms the English language was always spoken, Geometry

was taught, diagrams were drawn on the black-board, and no end of other scholastic marvels were wrought daily. I went in great fear, but was not unkindly received. It did not turn my head, but it broke the continuity of the growth of my powers. I had by this time picked up some knowledge of the English language, and was quite able to keep abreast of the usual studies; but the too rapid promotion did me one fearful harm,—it broke the link of my mathematical progress. From the simple rule of three to the four books of Euclid was a very big jump, and I fell through most hopelessly. My old horror of mathematics returned. If any one had helped me, I could have weathered the trial; but no one cared. The teachers did not take the least interest in my improvement. They did not flog me, as in the junior classes: they were simply stolid and indifferent. What I could do by my own efforts I did: what I could not do was never taught me and was therefore never done. The school was not a place for learning, but a place for rehearsal: what we learned at home we repeated there. This was successfully done by boys who had private tutors. These passed as the cocks of the class: the others were dunces; but no pains were taken to sharpen the powers of the dull, or to help the timid and the backward. Thus a too reckless repression spoiled my powers as an infant, and a too reckless promotion spoiled my powers as a boy. Perhaps I should not say “spoiled,” because my powers were neither wasted nor deformed, but reserved for a later growth. It, however, remains true that all self-education is more or less without system; and the absence of system in youth means carelessness, and languor in man-hood.”—

(*Heart Beats*, pp xx-xxii)

“The very, greatest powers cease to serve their end without painstaking, and how can you profitably take pains at anything, unless a definite and systematic course is open to you? The severest discipline must therefore be enforced in teaching young people, whether in the school or the church, only let it never be forgotten that discipline means sympathy, humanity, companionship with those you teach. I failed to attain the pass marks at the matriculation, but somehow drifted into the Presidency College, where I was for two years only, a favourite with all the professors, except the mathematical one. This finished my brief academical course. In the year 1859, a year after my marriage, I was left adrift in the world, a spirited young man, with plenty of intelligence, sentiment, and power of language, but without much force of character and with insufficient principles. I was, like many others, the victim of a bad society—bad examples right and left—a society without morals or religion—a home without parents, without principles, refinement and moral control. To all parents my most earnest entreaty is, keep your boys pure, keep your girls pure; keep them from bad boys, bad neighbours, bad servants; keep them specially from bad boys. The imagination once tainted deeply, cannot be truly pure again. Thus my early education was most imperfect; though imperfect as it was, it laid the ground work of all that I was to achieve afterwards. My intelligence was above the average, my emotions were extraordinary, but my moral force was inadequate. The advantages and disadvantages of this combination have stuck to me always. My real education commenced when I entered the Brahma Somaj in about 1862. There I was given a purpose of life, a definite direction in which I

meant to move, a high noble ambition. I believe no education to be possible unless a man is educated to something other than the art of making money. I believe in no education that is not a special education. The impulse of a high loving unselfish spirit is the soul of all true education; and the Brahmo Somaj gave me that. Religion thus furnishes the key to all that I am, to all that I know. How miserably little is my knowledge! But my education is not yet ended. The spirit of God is the great Unsealer of all secrets of truth. My whole nature rose, as if after a long refreshing sleep, and eagerly pursued the path of knowledge. I read everything I could lay my hands on: philosophy, literature, science and theology. I read at public libraries, sometimes attended the Medical College dissection-room; devoured tracts and lectures of all sorts, and poured over newspapers. My thirst for information was insatiable. I cannot say I understood all I read, but it did me one good; it concentrated my powers, and gave compactness to my character, and continuity to my faith and devotions." (*Autobiographical Notes*)

"Reflecting upon these times I am bound to say personal influence had much greater effect in forming my mind than all the books languidly waded through. Two men have influenced my destiny: Keshub Chunder Sen most deeply and permanently, and Devendra Nath Tagore, neither deeply nor permanently, but for the time perhaps more powerfully than Keshub. Devendra Nath's personality was presented before us as a finished piece of workmanship to be admired, loved, and, as far as possible, imitated. Keshub was unfinished; he grew with and into us from within: he was in perpetual contact with us. He loved to be that. He was most natural,

and made everything about him as wholesome as the earth and air. He, was so true, strong, warm, elevated, and magnetic that he became to me really a part of myself, the better part. My prayers, studies, and expressions took their initiative from him; my aspirations followed his in a natural order; everything he did seemed praiseworthy and practicable—he was like another self to me, a higher, holier, diviner self. "Yes: we grew together, he in one direction, and indeed I in a somewhat different; but he grew into me, and I grew into him, in a relationship which has outlived the separation of death itself. It is impossible to have become what I am without the sunlight, and shadow of his character resting upon my soul." There is no true education without personal influence. Character results from character, as life from life; there is no spontaneous generation in the moral any more than in the physical world. If you would have your sons and daughters grow in wisdom and goodness put them in the path of some one who has genuine character. I did not mature early because I began to grow late; this I consider exceedingly fortunate. The desire to learn is in me an unabated passion, though I am past fifty; and I can truly say my name is 'Not yet.' Education, like the making of the earth is a ceaseless process, the buried imperfect tending to be perfect, more perfect, till the mystery of eternal life overshadows all things. One morsel of the reality of wisdom fills my whole nature and vitalises every part and every faculty in it. O, for the life of the fullness of wisdom! O, for the knowledge of truth in which there is no possibility of error!"—*Autobiographical notes.*

(The following sentences on Self Education are taken

from Mozoomdar's Diary :—"A self educated man is often an irresponsible man, and therefore his knowledge tends to be inaccurate. The disadvantage might be overcome if in this country we had an educated society * * * A man therefore has to content himself with his own thoughts and keep the company of men as humble, often humbler than himself. In my own case travelling has been exceedingly beneficial. But of late I have conceived a deep dislike for society. Nearly half the year I shut myself up in the mountains, and the other half I write, and speak, and work, and try to keep myself busy. Yet the heart yearns often and again for the association of kindred spirits—where to find them, alas where ! Reading is often wearisome, and who knows after all that books teach right ? and what those men were at bottom who wrote the books ? I have outgrown abstract teaching. The wisdom that soul imparts to soul, the wisdom of experience, of observation, recognition of truth by different roads that is what I want. "Off and on I have read a good deal but it has all escaped me, I mean the details of it, and only a vague sense of culture is left behind. I know a great deal of knowledge would secularise me, but whatever one knows ought to be accurately known—yet to know is much easier than to remember."

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE

Mr. Mozoomdar married at an early age according to the custom of the orthodox Hindu Society. He describes the event thus.—

“At eighteen years I was a married man. My friends and relatives were married earlier. My mother made it a grievance—and I half agreed with her, though I could not give it out for very shame—that I was kept unmarried till so late. Boys were married more for the satisfaction of their parents than for their own sake, because the little play thing of a daughter-in-law was a sort of ornamental appendage to the house. But it was not a little joy to my private feelings that at last the grand crisis of my life was approaching. It was, I believe, about the year 1858. The alarm and excitement of the Mutiny had not yet subsided, the streets of Calcutta were still patrolled at night by ragamuffin East Indian volunteers, passes had to be taken out from the police for every procession; and in my case it was for a time considered doubtful whether the bridegroom’s passage could be made as imposing as my friends wished it. But they managed to procure a braying, second-rate European brass band, got together some grand lights, hired a lot of coolies, and the tom-toms beat, the Sanais piped. I was seated on a tonjon, dressed up in gold and tinsel, like a Christmas cake; and the rabble moved on to the bride’s house with as much noise, shouting, and disorder as

they could produce. But, though I was half-starved^d with fasting, and the smoke of the Roman candles nearly choked me, the bands, European and native, deafened me, and the coolies who carried me threatened to hurl me into the ditch, I felt the³ exhilaration of a Roman conqueror. A nameless expectation raised my spirits. On no occasion of my life do I remember to have experienced a similar elation. When Keshub returned from England in 1870, and we brought him home in triumph, I was much excited. When I returned from Europe in 1874, and Keshub illuminated his house and escorted me home from Allahabad, I was also excited. Some of my very successful meetings in America pleased me exceedingly. But nothing could be compared to the wild joyousness, or brilliant anticipations of that dark July night when I moved in procession, with my friends and relatives, from Golutola to Chorëbagan to marry my child-wife. Marriage is an immortal mystery. The hand of destiny is surely on it. It is a God-arranged adaptation. Saudamini, my intended wife, was about eleven, of course unlettered like other girls of her age. I had but glimpses of her once or twice before, but directly the ceremonies were completed I was over head and ears in love with her. Cupid is blind and even child-marriage does not give him the fatal eye-sight. I am sure that thousands have felt as I did. How is this love to be accounted for? An ardent, youthful preoccupation of the mind, a sense of the inevitable, a fancy, a passing fun? Far, far from that. From the night of that far-off wedding, thirty three years ago, down to this day, (1891), I have cherished my dear wife as if I had elected her from the choicest woman-hood of the world; and my affection, true as it is, is but a pale poor

shadow beside the fadeless love and increasing service with which she has blessed my solitary life. There is, indeed, a mysterious dispensation in marriage, as in birth and death. Those who are led to it by the hand of God, as my poor little wife and I were, and accept the leading in filial obedience and childlike joy, find in it the strength, progress, repose and guardianship of all their future life, I do not approve of child-marriages. I do not at all believe in unlimited courtships; but there is such a thing as preordained purpose in every true marriage; and love at first sight does often mean union of life and heart for ever. The mysterious power of the sacrament of marriage, if submitted to in a faithful spirit, may call forth what is deepest purest and tenderest in man and woman; and marriage itself is sufficient for its pre-requisites and after-requisites. The mismated can improve their relations. The contrary-minded can make their path smooth if they have faith in marriage as a sacred institution.—(*Heart Beats*, pp. xv to xxviii).

“Men and women expect of each other more than can be got in life from their circumstances. All men are not the same, nor are all women. Each one, is environed by peculiar disabilities, account for them as you may. And the wisest thing for all, who marry is to know their respective limitations, with the moral resolve never to ask anything beyond. Beauty of appearance, sweetness of temperament, devotedness of service, readiness of sympathy, refinement of taste, are special blessings and are, on the whole, evenly balanced in human households. But whichever of them you may happen to possess or lack, you are bound to love each other; and if you *can love* you have solved the problem. All deep relations are improv-

able ; and like every other virtues love may grow from small beginnings. Mutual submission is the great law of married life. At least that is my experience. My married life has been a great blessing.”—(*Autobiographical notes*)

Mr. Mozoomdar's friends praised the exemplary relations that he bore to his wife. Mrs. Mozoomdar served her husband with a devotedness, intelligence and self-sacrifice that are rarely surpassed. The family was at times “absolutely penniless.” Mr. Mozoomdar did not receive any help from the Brahmo Somaj Mission Office. The financial resources of the Mission Office were not such as to make a decent contribution to the cost of his maintenance. Under these trying circumstances Mrs. Mozoomdar with a good deal of common sense kept her home as much decent and comfortable as the position and requirements of her husband demanded. Mr. Mozoomdar was gentle and submissive to a certain extent. All these conducted to a peaceful and refined home life to which visitors to “Peace Cottage” (Calcutta) and “Sailasram” (Kurseong) bore ample testimony. Still Mr. Mozoomdar longed for a higher order of peace. “If the sacrifice of one's case for another is any test of love,” he writes “no one has loved more truly and steadfastly than my poor wife. But I have looked for much higher sacrifice, the sacrifice of self-will, of taste, temper, even the sacrifice of the so called sense of right and wrong. True this sacrifice is legitimate where love is demanded by some some one higher and diviner than ourselves. Have I been truly so high and divine to her ? By no means always, though indeed at times. Carnal love, however intense, must at times give way to the reaction of hatred. Hatred, implied or expressed, must produce unhappiness. Hence few, if any, homes are truly happy.

But of course happiness is measurable by each man's standard of life. My own standard is the peace of Christ. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you.' Hence though our domestic relations have been exemplary, so far as the world's estimate goes, my home has often been wanting in peace. Yet I cannot bear the thought of leaving my poor wife alone in the world when I look forward to the higher sweeter home above. I would rather she went before me to prepare that home for me as she has prepared this. For ours is the eternal union which Christ foreshadowed when he said, 'In heaven there is neither marrying nor going in marriage.'— (*Autobiographical notes*).

"Whether she serves, the Brahmo community directly or not" writes Mr. Mozoomdar in *Ashis* "Saudamini by preserving my life has done a good to the community, and for this reason deserves respect from my dear friends."

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST DAYS IN THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

In the year 1859 Protap Chunder signed the covenant of the Brahmo Somaj, and became its member.

"O Preceptor of the world," he writes, "I shall never forget that memorable day, more than forty years ago, when under

thy guidance I was initiated in this liberal Brahmoism. Half blinded with the tears in my eyes, trembling all over, and perspiring in fear and excitement, I acknowledged my earnest faith in this religion. I was inexperienced and knew not then what great and infinite significance lay hidden under that simple and natural initiation. Now by this untiring growth of spirituality, a divine life and divine character have bloomed in me. Let no man, who has a yearning for a spiritual life, neglect to openly acknowledge his faith and observe the rite of initiation." (Translated from *Ashis*).

Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore was the presiding genius in the Brahmo Somaj at this time. Keshub Chunder Sen had already joined the Somaj (in 1857). An earnest band of youngmen entered the Somaj with him. Devendra Nath and Keshub Chunder were working together to organise the Brahmo Somaj. Mr. Mozoomdar furnishes us with an interesting account of its condition during these days.

"The initiation of Brahmoe had become quite a common thing at the time. There was no address from the pulpit as in these days. No one expected any thing from a man who accepted the *Diksha* (initiation) except perhaps a few annas as yearly subscription, and attendance at the grand feasts which Babu Devendra Nath Tagore gave during the anniversary celebration, I doubt very much, if any Brahmo had the habit of daily prayer; and, as for gross, idolatrous practices, no one ever dreamed of giving them up. But the Brahmoe were generally taken to be truth-speaking, honest men; with more or less advanced views on the subject of Hindu theology. With me and my companions the prevailing feature of religious life was an extreme sentimentalism. There

was no end to our weeping at the time of prayer and sermon. Shedding copious tears was thought to be the perfection of devoutness ; there was a sense of vague, intense grandness about everything done in the Somaj. One distinctive peculiarity as Keshub's associates was that we prayed every day,—not, indeed, very strictly according to the forms of the Brahmō Somaj, but according to the needs and impulses of our own hearts. Our views were unidolatrōus and rationalistic, but they were very indefinite ; and all that Keshub taught we accepted without question. Devendra Nath Tagore was our spiritual preceptor ; Keshub was our philosopher, guide and friend. We never cared to claim the right of independent thought. We had plenty of spirit, intelligence and emotion ; and we made great struggle to improve our moral character. We never thought it a duty to protest against what our guides told us to do. They moulded us as they thought best, and we suffered it instinctively and lovingly. It was a sweet spiritual discipleship, and nothing like it is known in these days. The band of men who submitted to this kind of leading have now become the leaders of the movement in their turn ; but, so far as visible, few have submitted to their leading. A different kind of relationship now pervades the Brahmō Somaj. In the course of years the rupture with Devendra Nath Tagore occurred, and then we were left under Keshub's direction entirely. He influenced us not so much by any namable influence as by his superior humanity. The fact is that, when we entered the Brahmō Somaj, there was no religion in it. There was some refined social life, some spirit of organization, some amount of moral character, a good deal of pious sentiment in Debendra Nath Tagore, but no faith, no devotion, no aspi-

ration after the holiness of personal life outside his example. All the peculiar type of religious life which the Brahma Somaj has come to possess is the result of the spiritual genius of Keshub Chunder Sen. 'The Adi Brahma Somaj is very much what it was in those days. It is needless to try to give here a metaphysical or historical analysis of how the Brahma Somaj came to be what it now is. I have done that in my books. It is only necessary to say that the union of kindred spirits, worked upon incessantly by the Spirit of God, and led on by one of the greatest men whom the world ever saw, produced all the power and all the promise of the movement. From a small sect it grew up to be a Universal Church.'—(*Heart Beats pp xxix—xxxvii*).

Mr. Mozoomdar's connection with Keshub Chunder Sen dates from his infancy. His family and that of Mr. Sen were distantly related and the two families lived on terms of close intimacy. They both belonged to the same village and nearly of the same age, Keshub being two years older than Protap. The house of the Mozoomdars and that of the Sens, at Colutolla, in Calcutta, were only a few feet apart. So when Protap was taken to Calcutta, at the age of nine, to be educated there, he and Keshub grew very friendly. In all the youthful activities of the latter, Protap was his enthusiastic coadjutor. Keshub with his youthful associates staged Hamlet. He played the Danish Prince and Protap took the part of Laertes. The more Protap's affection for Keshub grew the more illumined youthful piety and moral rigour of the latter called forth all that was best and purest in young Mozoomdar's nature. He accepted the leadership of this mighty leader of men, along with other youngmen of his

age, who were attracted by the magnetic touch of his genius.

The acceptance of the Brahmo Somaj creed produced an important influence on Mr. Mozoomdar's domestic arrangements. His relatives did not much object to a membership, and might on the whole be said to have expressed pleasure, because respectable men mostly joined the Brahmo Somaj. "But when he insisted upon maintaining social relations with out-cast families, and refused to have anything to do with idolatrous or even superstitious practices of any kind, they began to grumble. And when at last he took his wife to the house of Babu Devendra Nath Tagore on the day Keshub was appointed minister of the Brahmo Somaj (in 1862) there was an open and wide breach." (*Heart Beats*, p xxxiii)

Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "I remember very well that dreadful April evening when Keshub and myself took our young wives to that meeting at the house of Devendra Nath Tagore. He had lost his caste; but our caste, though shaky, had not been lost. All went very well. The meeting was successful: the prayers were stirring, and hymns elevating; but, as the dark hours of evening approached, two little missives were brought from our elderly relatives, which said in effect; 'Since you have violated the wishes of your guardians, in taking yourselves and your wives to the house of an excommunicated man, you are no longer welcome at our houses. Go, and provide for yourselves.'"—(*Heart Beats*, p xxxiv).

"Mr. Mozoomdar, determined for once to stand on his rights. He would cross the threshold, and see what came of it. But his poor wife trembled from head to foot. How could she go and show her face to women who were so furious? Her

husband took her firmly by the hand, and said, "We must go." All the houses in the neighbourhood were crowded; every house-top was full of women; every house door was full of men. They were curious to see the destiny that awaited her. There was no open violence, but that fearful boycotting which was one of the consequences of excommunication was immediately experienced. No cook would prepare their meals. No servant would touch their clothes. The people in the neighbourhood would not talk to them. The experience was painful and humiliating. His wife, in this emergency, managed things with the firmness, heartiness, and industry, which have always characterised her.—(*Mr. S. J. Barrows in his introduction to Heart Beats*).

But the young couple felt that their place in the family was every day becoming an anomaly, and they began to long for a little house of their own. In 1870, an opportunity presented itself, when the "Indian Mirror," of which Mr. Mozoomdar was the editor, was converted into a daily paper. To set up the press and the offices of the paper a large comfortable building was rented. Mr. Mozoomdar never accepted any remuneration for his services to the "Mirror." So when he expressed a wish to have his quarters in the new house the proprietors of the paper cheerfully consented. He with his wife removed there towards the autumn of 1870. A few Brahmo-missionaries came there and lived with them, who "were really like friends and brothers." Thus his connection with family household at Colutolla ceased. But he loved the house and its inmates; and, he and his wife often went there and were kindly received. Mr. Mozoomdar worked hard for the "Mirror", and the little household was peaceful and prosperous.

Mr. Mozoomdar's grand father had left some property and he was entitled to a share of about Rs 15000. Owing to mismanagement a large part of the property was wasted. When a settlement was effected he received only Rs 10,000/- For some time he was undecided as to whether he would sue or not his uncle, who was responsible for the loss, to recover the balance. Mr. Mozoomdar describes his inward struggle thus :

“My friends advised prosecution, sometimes my own heart counselled it, my moral sense said it was not wrong and there was Keshub's example, so very fresh then to guide me. There were plenty of people to help me in bringing and carrying on the law suit, and indeed I could ill afford to lose my inheritance, it being my all in the world, so I was troubled in mind, could not decide what to do, often prayed and wished for light, and felt altogether miserable. At last the almost life-long tender relations with my uncle decided the matter. Was he not like my father, long my ideal of a gentleman, sometimes very kind? And were there not uncertainties and troubles in going to law? I made up my mind not to prosecute, and to receive whatever he chose to give. Everybody thought I was a coward, but Rs. 10,000, or thereabout, I did get after all. The settlement, meagre as it was, gave me peace of conscience and undoubted favour in the eyes of the holy All-seer. And now after decades I do not regret my decision. How often have I been obliged to make similar renunciations in different ways, at different trials, most often of course in the Brahma Somaj! If they have not made me stronger, or given me a higher place in the estimation of the world, they have

surely deepened and heightened what is best in me, given me dignity and calmness before the court of conscience, and brought me in close sympathy with the spirit of God in the Son of Man. And in the end, after due calculation, in no case, let me say, I have been a loser for the sacrifice.”—(*Autobiographical notes*).

CHAPTER V.

EARLY ASPIRATIONS AND ACTIVITIES.

After leaving Presidency College (in 1859), Mr. Mozoomdar served in the Bank of Bengal, as a clerk, for a short time. Keshub Chundra Sen was working in the Bank at this time. Mr. S. J. Barrows in his Introduction to Mozoomdar's Heart Beats says that “the young man had an irresistible inclination to write prayers and devotional exercises even in bank hours ; and one day, when the devotional spirit had come over him, he seized a piece of paper, and was writing down his ardent thought when an officer of the bank stepped behind him, and, touching him with his cold, unsympathetic hand, said, ‘Is this the way you are using bank time?’” Soon after this event Mr. Mozoomdar left the Bank.

He now set himself to study, self-examination and constant prayer. His spirit grew, and he became prepared for the

great work of his life. The following prayers, which he wrote during these days, faithfully reflect the aspirations of the young heart : "Holy Father, time like life glides on imperceptibly till both meet in eternity, but thy unfortunate child is still without Thee. How solemn and awful is life, how noble is man's mission, how sweet are his responsibilities ! Where art thou poor pilgrim of life hastening ? To death and to eternity ? Be not in hurry then ; take thought and ask the assistance of Heaven, for the point where this life blends with the next is very awful."

"O thou my Father and Creator, mercifully preserve the life thou hast given me and lead it as year glides after year to that dear Home, where the weary and heavy laden find their rest. In my humble efforts to be virtuous give me thy aid and in all my misfortunes bless me. When in the dangers of life and temptations to sin I happen to lose firmness and strength, as I always do, may I humbly ask thy protection."

"I humbly thirst after righteousness, O merciful Father, and trust that thou shalt fill me. All that makes life pure rests with thee. The soul in all its aspirations finds satisfaction at thy feet. Allow me to possess that firmness of will and strength of resolution which may sustain me in the temptations and follies of youth and enable me in all circumstances to keep up the energy of spiritual life." (*17th. January 1865*).

"What is my destiny ? What is the position I am desired by God to fill in the great economy of his world ? To this day I have stood single-minded in the cause of my country's and the world's religious reform. This sounds strange and absurd, does it not, gentle reader. I, my country's and the world's reformer ! But it is true. God is the reformer, I but

a feeble instrument in his hands. My aspirations are very great, my thoughts too are great now and then. But I do not hazard them into articulation, because I fear the treachery of life. I have stood single-minded in the cause of religious reform did I say? The chidishness and levity of youth cause wavering in life's grand purpose and the bright promises of the world make me unsteady. The apparent negligence of those from whom I expect encouragement, the apathy, coldness and hardness of my country men, the formidable difficulty of the task I have undertaken show sinister signs. Right and left friends fall and those I hoped to be fellow labourers quietly take their place in the ranks and files of the world, to come out if occasion permits, or not to come out at all. Differences grow where harmony ought to have been—differences so great that not much hope of union is left. To stand now in the cause of my country's religious reform, as single minded and steady as before! Yet I think my choice is made. I feel I cannot sink or side. Truly I perceive an unseen agency holding my soul in an iron grasp of destiny; I cannot shake it off, I cannot forget it, I cannot conquer it. With my load of impurities and wickedness on my head, with my doubts and fears it leads me onward upward and truthward, involuntarily as it were, revealing ever before my face a sublime ideal of religious life, now in its fulness, now in its parts, stainless, tender and truly great. A vagueness of mission demands me to move forward, distinctly telling me the *immediate* and the *present*, but hiding the future I would fain know, in the immensity and darkness of Omnipotent Will! It intensifies my faith, it expands my conviction; but to all eager and trembling question that I ask it returns but one

answer, 'Follow' ! I know not whether others have felt as I feel and whether others would not treat me as an impotent visionary, when they, if they ever, read what I write herein. It wakes up before my mind the dangers of life, its prospective evils, its present uncertainties and its traitorous delusions, but the voice says, 'Follow' ! I bitterly feel my own unworthiness, I smart under my bad propensities and under an agonising sense of dread—I turn back from future, I look up tearfully heaven-ward and ask, but still the voice says, 'Follow' ! No, this voice is not imagination, it is not falsehood, it cannot be, it is—I tremble to name it—it is, 'The voice of God' in the soul of man. What then can I do but 'Follow' ? It is no presumption then on my part which persuades me to over-rate my destiny and powers, and gives me the foolish confidence of Reforming India and the world, it is no presumption or self-imposed blindness then. It is the will and voice of God which I cannot forget. I will humbly try; therefore, to obey that will and that voice, through sinfulness, passion, worldli-mindedness and impotence. I will heartily endeavour to obey it still. Through neglect, indifference, cruelty and oppression I will obey it. It will become gradually loud and distinct I am sure, and it will tell other glorious things. The flaming cloud of gold led the blessed children of Israel through wilderness ; when they fled from captivity to the promised land of liberty and joy they were fed on heavenly food, but this hard cold world denied sustenance, so the story runs. To me, a poor man, God's will shall be a flaming light in the wilderness of life, as it has so long been, my light, my joy, as well as hope, giving me food and rest, when I faintly fall before his altar of love."—*Autobiographical Notes.*

“O Infinite God, in the darkness of the world show me the light of thy face. Give unto me, Father, the firmness and power to follow the grand destiny thou dost constantly point to me. When my heart is weak and my resolution flags, when I stand unsettled between the temptation of youth and the invitation of thy unseen Spirit, then in spite of weakness may I keep towards Thee perseveringly. Teach me to trust thy voice before the voice of all others, so that I may grow in peace, love, righteousness and truth.”—*Autobiographical Notes.*

In February, 1865, Mr. Mozoomdar formally enlisted himself as a missionary of the Brahmo Somaj. It meant the giving up of all secular work and devoting oneself, entirely to the service of the Brahmo Somaj. It was a novel sight in those days to see a young man, having forsaken the frequented paths of life (when men attended to their worldly vocations, earning a livelihood for themselves and their families), going in the direction whither the indwelling spirit led him to be consecrated to His glorious purpose. Keshub Chunder Sen preceded him and Protap Chunder boldly followed his chief. Great and far-reaching results have come out of his new ideal of life. Not only have we now in our country a large number of men and women, who with self-sacrificing zeal devote themselves to various kinds of work of public utility, but there is always before us the high ideal of a life, as lived by Mr. Mozoomdar, that with all its culture, faith, insight, wisdom and sanctity, magnifies the true blessings of life. During the first year of his missionary career he visited the following towns in Bengal :—Burdwan, Chinsurah, Krishnagar, Navadwip, Santipore, Katwa, Howrah and Bhatpara.

Mr. Mozoomdar edited the “Indian Mirror” for a few

years. It was about the year 1867 that he was appointed to its editorship, then a fortnightly paper ; but he soon changed into a weekly. When the paper was converted into a daily in 1870, he continued to be its editor. During Keshub Chunder Sen's visit to England, in 1870, Mr. Mozoomdar officiated as the minister of the Brahma Somaj, in Calcutta. The former left with the latter the ministerial seal and casket, which he received from Maharshi Devendra Nath during his installation as minister of the Brahma Somaj.

When Mr. Mozoomdar was thus busily engaged in the metropolis, an urgent invitation, by telegram, was received from the Billower community of Mangalore, asking Brahma missionaries to visit the place immediately. Billowers are very low order of Hindus, corresponding to Pariahs or Chandallas. They sought the help of the Brahma Somaj to save them from the persecution of the Brahmins. Accordingly Protap Chunder with two brother missionaries, Amrita Lal Bose and Gour Govinda Roy, went there. His speeches attracted the attention of the educated men of Mangalore, He founded a Brahma Somaj there, in May, 1870. Mr. Mozoomdar soon returned to Calcutta, to attend to his pressing duties there, leaving the two Missionaries at Mangalore to carry on the work of the Brahma Somaj.

In 1871, Mr. Mozoomdar made a missionary tour in the Punjab and his work was fruitful of good results.

During the middle of the next year (1872) Mr. Mozoomdar proceeded to Bombay with his wife and stayed there for about six months. His presence in Bombay brought a new life into the local Prarthana Somaj. The Somaj was established in 1867. Some of the best educated men in western India, who

occupied good and respectable positions in life, were its members. Unfortunately most of them had not the strength of mind to act openly according to their reformed and progressive ideas in their domestic and public life. Mr. Mozoomdar never insisted on a mere change of outward habits and usages in the family or social circle until the undying life in the Spirit grew within, for when that took place the outward manifestations of life would change as a matter of course. In the evolution of the Brahma Somaj in Bengal, faith, devotion and purity of heart preceded social reformation. He aimed at a similar order of progress amongst the theists of the Western Presidency. His programme of work was comprehensive. He writes :—“There is a sermon delivered regularly every Sunday in connection with the service held in the Prarthana Somaj, and the sermons are of such a nature as to create devotional feelings in the hearts of the hearers. On Saturday evenings oral lectures are given in the Prarthana Somaj on the principles and doctrines of our religion, but they are so treated that they may not merely influence the intellect, but appeal more effectively to the heart. For the ladies there is a prayer meeting every Sunday morning in my family, where some of them come accompanied by their children. In the afternoon some of them go to the Prarthana Somaj, where they sit listening the whole time of the service, and some of them take part in singing the hymns. Every Thursday after-noon there is a meeting of ladies in my residence and they muster, I am glad to say, in large numbers. Here with the aid of some medical friends we show them scientific experiments, explaining these as popularly as we can. After the conclusion of the scientific teaching, some of the gentlemen address the ladies on certain interesting social

topics, confining, their remarks to as few words as possible. I close the proceedings with moral and religious reflections bearing on the day's teaching. I should have mentioned before that to supplement the theological lectures on Saturday, we have for some time opened a morning class, which is held thrice a week, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and where about twenty-six educated young men take regular lessons on theology and read with me the publications of the Brahmo Somaj of India. I hope we may be able to continue this class and that it will exist even when I shall have left Bombay, for I have little doubt that if these youngmen were encouraged and taught, they will be of the greatest use to local theistic church that is soon going to be built. The constitution of this church is to be like that of the Brahmo Mandir in Calcutta." (*The Theistic Annual, 1873*).

While staying in Bombay Mr. Mozoomdar proceeded to Baroda on a short visit. His Highness, the Maharaja, "contrary to expectation, paid the most kind attention to our missionary, invited him to a personal interview, accepted our books, closed his courts and offices to send his ministers and officers to hear the missionary's discourse and in many other ways complimented him and did him honour."

He visited Poona twice first in the month of September and then in December. "On both occasions he was received with an amount of kindness and enthusiasm which far exceeded his expectations, and he was listened throughout with such attention and earnestness as more than compensated for his labours." The palaces and mansions of the late King Bajee-rao Peshwa were placed at his disposal and the resident Christian missionary of the place offered him much kindly help and

gave him the use of his school house on more than one occasion.

In January, 1873, during the celebration of the anniversary festival, Mr. Mozoomdar was present in Calcutta.

Mr. Mozoomdar and his wife were inmates of the Bharat Asram, for sometime. This useful institution was founded by Keshub Chunder Sen in Calcutta, in 1872, with the object of forming an ideal Brotherhood. Mr. Mozoomdar gave regular lessons in theology to the ladies of the Asram. Under his care and guidance some of the ladies developed a character and culture which won the admiration of the whole community.

The Theistic Annual, edited by Mr. Mozoomdar, was first published in January, 1872. The journal contained brief records of the growth of principles and many sided activities in the Brahmo Somaj, which was now fast gaining in importance and making its presence felt in the country. In all some eight or nine volumes of this periodical were published.

For a brief period, during the year 1873, Mr. Mozoomdar, in company with, Keshub Chunder Sen and some missionaries, retired to the solitude of the Himalayas for spiritual exercise. He writes :—“I happened to be with the other missionaries, who repaired to the Himalaya Hills for prayer and contemplation. The particular spot where we went up is called Mussorie and we stopped there for ten days. We did not worship together, but each one descended into a deep glen, and communed with his God alone. The communion generally lasted two hours each day. We sat amidst a thick underwood of various ferns, plants and creepers that festooned themselves on the sturdy moss covered arms of oaks, which gave us shade and shelter.

The evening in Mussorie were spent in deep, candid and hearty religious conversation. It is our belief that this temporary sojourn has changed the characters of some of our missionaries."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

The restless zeal to preach the Gospel of the Brahmo Somaj that took Protap Chunder to the distant parts of India now forced him to go on a missionary tour in Great Britain. The time was opportune. The profound impression made by Keshub Chunder Sen, during his visit to England, in 1870, was still fresh in the minds of men and women there. They thought that almost anything was possible to a religious movement guided by a leader of so great a religious genius. The eloquence, fervour and spirituality of our young preacher was equal to the opportunity. Mr. Mozoomdar left Calcutta on the steam ship "Peshawar", on the 26th March 1874 and reached London early in May.

During the first two months after his arrival he was obliged to have a great portion of his time unoccupied and consequently felt uncomfortable. The first sermon that he preached

was at the chapel of Mr. Peter Dean at Clerkenwell, in the east end of London. The subject of the discourse was, "The Divine Presence." It was a humble place, where the working people of the neighbourhood generally came. The congregation was not large, but among them there were some of his friends from other localities of the city, both ladies and gentlemen. This beginning was very small indeed, and what grew out of it would be seen from the subsequent report of his work.

In London the month of May was full of evening parties and public engagements. To some of these he, of course, went. "The great advantage of an evening party to a foreigner," Mr Mozoomdar observes "is that he comes to see many people together, with whom individually he could never have come in contact in the ordinary engagements of life. One can make acquaintances here that may be cultivated and improved afterwards, and matured into relations of mutual service and co-operation, without which certain great undertakings can not be successfully carried out. I have often asked myself why such a gathering should not be annually encouraged in connection with our University in Calcutta, and the increasingly large body of Brahmos should not have occasional evening parties to bring together different sections of the public."—*Autobiographical Notes*.

A great part of his time was spent in London, but his work lay as much out of it, as in it. On two occasions he preached before Mr. Voysey's large congregation at St. George's Hall. The subjects of his sermons were "Negative and Positive in Religion" and "the Good work of Theism." Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the compiler of Sacred

Anthology, cordially invited him to speak in his chapel at Finsbury. But those whose pulpits he was oftenest invited to occupy were the unitarians. "A host of names occur to me," Mr. Mozoomdar writes "while, I make mention of this fact, and many a genial heart whose friendship was lavished without stint or grudge upon me, foreigner as I was, and in spite of so' much difference of opinion, my good cause being my only recommendation. Prominent among them all was Mr. Robert Spears, the worthy secretary to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, whose house was my house for a long time, and to whom I am indebted for services which no one else could have rendered to me. It was he who made a great many engagements for me in and out of London. On many a sweet Sunday morning, when the pealing music of church bells filled the whole atmosphere of the grand city, and mingled with the delicious sunlight to increase the gladness of all who have worked well during the week, and earned the sacred rest of the sabbath dawn, I hastened to the cab-stand, or railway-station with my good friend Robert Spears, who would give me the chart he had prepared for my local direction, and send me on my way to do the Lord's work with a hearty good wish."—*Autobiographical Notes.*

Of the provincial towns of Great Britain that Mr. Mozoomdar visited Manchester may be mentioned first. Some of the largest meetings that he ever had were held in that town. He was invited to preach in Cross Street Chapel, the largest Unitarian Church in Manchester, and got a good congregation of about a thousand people, to address twice on Sunday, the 9th August. (Subjects of sermon — "Unity in Religion" ; and "Work of the Brahmo Somaj")

On both occasions he was listened to with great enthusiasm. The sympathy and warm attachment shown during this visit led to another invitation at Manchester, and Mr. Mozoomdar felt so glad and grateful that he willingly postponed departure for India to visit the kind friends there. This time the Free Trade Hall was engaged for him. "The hall accommodated about six thousand men and women, and ministers of various denominations swelled the importance of the great gathering."

He met with a most cordial reception amongst the honest, warm-hearted workmen of Bolton in Lancashire. There is a theistic congregation that meets at the Temperance Hall, a capacious building, and he was asked to preach here twice on Sunday, the 16th. of August. The Morning congregation, which numbered about 300, belonged almost wholly to the theistic organization of Mr. Apple Bee, the minister. It was in the afternoon that people at large could attend. There was a gathering of about 1500, and they were most hearty and attentive (Subjects of discourse.—"Revelation, What is it?" and "Religion, a Problem") On the succeeding Tuesday there was a lecture on India, and more than 2000 were present. The Unitarians of Leeds are an influential body of men. As a place of manufacture and commerce too, Leeds is very celebrated. Mr. Mozoomdar therefore, gladly accepted the invitation of Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter to preach for him on Sunday, the 13th September. Mr. Joseph Lupton, one of the kindest and best of men, was his host, and he hardly gave himself rest, or time to do anything else in his anxiety to help the Indian preacher in every possible way.

Protap Chunder stayed about a fortnight in the different parts of Scotland, But it was in Glasgow and Edinburgh that

he did any work, systematically. At Glasgow he stopped with Mr. John Page Hopps and preached both for him and his friend Mr. Mitchell to appreciative congregations. At the Unitarian Chapel in Edinburgh he preached twice on Sunday, the 30th August, the subjects of his sermons being "Inspiration" and "Indian Social Reform." Dr. Drummond, an amiable and accomplished man, was the minister of the Chapel.

The people of a large group of towns near about the Tyne invited Mr. Mozoomdar to New-castle. Here he had very good congregations and a large meeting to address and Rev. Mr. Payne, the minister, did all he could to help him. He discoursed on, "Future Life," "Reason and Revelation reconciled" and "the Brahmo Somaj."

On the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the High Pavement Church, "for the worship of one God," he visited Nottingham. The ceremony was imposing and novel to him. His speeches were attentively heard and fully reported. He made a delightful expedition to Newcastle-Abbey, the seat of Lord Byron.

During this visit to the British Isles, Protap Chunder made it a point to make acquaintance, with some of her leading minds. The perusal of the works of James Martineau had already produced in his mind a deep regard for the sage. He therefore took an early opportunity to see Mr. Martineau and had more than one interview with him. "His sympathy with the Brahmo Somaj" writes Protap "is not merely that of the critic or cosmopolitan but he goes into the very spirit and life of our movement. He evidently feels that the hand of Providence is on it, that it must grow and gain ground, and supply a great necessity of the age."

He saw both the Newman brothers, Professor F. W. Newman and Father Newman. "The former, a name so familiar to the Brahmos, had grown to be an old man, though his heart is as simple and sweet as it could ever have been. It seems that nothing could cheer him more than the complete success of our work and he listened to our aims and aspirations with a delighted sympathy which it was cheering to behold."

"I remember my interview with Dr. Newman" Mr. Mozoomdar continues, "at the Birmingham Oratory. His whole being is absorbed in his vocation. To other demands than those of his faith, he seems to be utterly unmindful. With other men's views and principles, except such as affect his own, he seems not to have the least concern, * * * I was only a short time with him, but came away refreshed from the presence of a man whose hair has whitened over the maturity of his own faith and who, in serving and worshipping, has found the peace and purity we all seek in our hearts. It matters not much to me that he is a Catholic; it is the reality of religious life I have sought in the world and I can safely say that reality *is* in him."

"After Mr. Newman's occurs the familiar name of Miss E. P. Cobbe in every Brahmo's mind. Genial and clever, as she is good, Miss Cobbe occupies in England a high position, not only among liberal religious thinkers, but prominent men of every class and creed. In the advanced ranks of cultivated English women, the influence of whose writings, speech and thought, and above all, the power of whose character is working a slow but sure change in the future of English society, Miss Cobbe stands as the leader. * * * In her, great intellectual vigour has not weakened but deepened the flow of a

healthy and pure spirituality and she sympathises with the emotional development of the Brahma Somaj even more than with the refinement of our views and principles. With her, as with us, piety is the very life of religion."

Mr. Mozoomdar met Professor Max Muller at Oxford and they spent a whole afternoon together. The Professor had just finished his translation of the *Rigveda*, and was in a happy mood at the completion of his gigantic work. They walked together through the town of Oxford, visited the different colleges, the Bodleian Library and other classical spots, the Professor walking so vigorously and pouring upon his Indian visitor such a flood of information in his elegant style, that he could with difficulty keep pace either with the one, or with the other. When they parted at the Railway station Max Muller said, "Send me every information relating to your movement, every book, pamphlet, paper; you will not find me working always. But when my time comes,"—and then bending slightly and touching his hat, he continued, "Here I am;" How true the great professor was to his word the subsequent history of the Brahma Somaj proves.

Amongst the members of the Established Church, "whose advanced views broad sympathies make the Brahma Somaj a subject of deep and devout interest to them", he met two representative Englishmen, Dean Stanley and Bishop Colenso. The character and influence of the former were slowly working a momentous change in the gigantic church organization to which he belonged. "His sympathy with our cause is open and declared, because historically as well philosophically it is a strong evidence of the truth of his own great principle. The true religious reformation of an ancient and highly-organised

society is brought about not by open defiance and hostile combination, but by quietly putting into work the natural elements of truth and spirituality inherent in it, animated and developed by the life, light, and liberty given to the world at the present day."

One other name must be added before we close this list of remarkable men. Mr. Mozoomdar had a most pleasant interview with Professor John Tyndall in the Royal Institution at Piccadilly soon after the great sensation caused by the latter's address at Belfast. "The impression with which I left him," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "was that his whole nature was glowing with a deep, vague and transcendent sense of the Divine life, beauty and love ; but his intellect, self-bound, loyal and logical to its creed, hesitated and failed to grasp or admit the import of that Life upon the origin, growth, facts and laws of being. It is a gross injustice to call him an atheist. "Working in the cold light of the understanding for many years," he said in effect to me as we rose to part, 'we here *do* feel the want of the fire and vigour of that Life. It is all but extinct in England. In saying so, and in not accepting it at the hands of those who have it not, I have become unpopular. Let those who have the Life give it unto us. To you, therefore, in the East we look with real hope ; life came from those regions once before and it must come again. Take, therefore, my hearty sympathy and good will. And know that the sympathies of men like you are the few crumbs of comfort left to me in my unpopularity."

When Mr. Mozoomdar was thus busy in propagating the principles of the Brahma Somaj in England he received an invitation from Germany to attend the meetings of the Protes-

tanten Varien. The Varein is composed of liberal thinkers from a great many religious denominations of that country. It meets once in a year at different towns, when papers are read, discussions held, speeches and sermons delivered. Its object is to organise the "various and isolated instances of independent thought into active sympathy and mutual helpfulness." "The festival lasts two days and eating and entertainments, all on a very grand scale, form as great an item in the proceedings, as the orations and controversies above alluded to." This year the Varien met on the 28th. September at Wiesbaden, a nice little town, where invalids and fashionable visitors from all parts of Europe resort for the benefit of the mineral waters found in abundance there. Mr. Mozoomdar came here and his message to the Varien was the "Development of the Brahmo Somaj." "The friendly treatment accorded to me," he writes, "was very encouraging. I could complain of nothing, My short sojourn gave me some insight into a state of society extremely different from life in England. There are a great many points in the German character which we understand and appreciate. The heartiness, natural simplicity, and sort of square blunt cordiality they show are much more in our way, than the artificial refinement and elaborate courtesying one meets in London, if at times the former is rough and unceremonious, the latter is often unpleasantly cold and unreal. The German's respect for India is vast. * * * The delegates of the Protestant union in shaking hands with me wished long life and prosperity to the Brahmo Somaj."

Protap Chunder left Southampton for India on the 5th November. A fare-well meeting was held under the auspices of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association on the 3rd

November, at Islington, London. Here ministers were present from the Established Church, Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, Swedenborgians, Unitarians and others. Mr. Mozoomdar spoke on his English experience,

The remarkable kindness and sympathy with which he was received among all communities of England made a strong impression on his mind. The "dry, speculative, critical and negative character" of preaching of English theists somewhat disappointed him. "This naturally alienate the sympathy of those who still like to be bound to the old faith of the country." "The mischief of such preaching," Mr Mozoomdar observes "is the insensible falling away of the mind from the advocacy of those great positive principles of truth, spirituality and practical righteousness, that ought to constitute the life and vigor of an infant church. For this reason mainly I am led to believe English theists have not yet been able to make successful appeals to the sympathy of the British public. The Brahmo Samaj embodies in its faith a sympathy with the deepest spiritual experiences of other religions. The natural progress of its principles has led it, in some very important departments of religion, to maintain views that are much more in consonance with the orthodox faiths of the world, than the abstract generalizations of modern rationalism. Whether it be the Roman Catholic Church or the Protestant Church, or any of the minor sections into which either of these is subdivided, or whether it be independent thinkers, workers and philanthropists, who are outside the pale of any organization, with each and all we have certain very important points of agreement, such agreement cannot but secure us a general sympathy, which these different denominations fail to show

amongst themselves. The friendly and congratulatory meetings, attended by all denominations, called to welcome and bid God-speed to our movement, bears abundant testimony to the fact."

Mr. Mozoomdar visited forty places in England, Scotland and Germany and spoke at over one hundred meetings to about 40,000 people.

In a letter to the present writer, from which I need make no apology to quote, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, speaking of this visit writes, "I well recall the impression of his eloquence as a preacher, and above all, the fervour and directness of his prayers. In private conversation he spoke very strongly on the need of direct and spontaneous utterance on the part of the minister in public worship : and it was evident that his devotional life was so vivid, his realisation of the divine presence was so clear, that thought and feeling worked together perfectly naturally to prompt fit words. This was only possible to one who lived habitually in the presence of the highest spiritual realities."

CHAPTER VII.

RENEWED MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES.

1875-1882.

Protap Chunder returned to Calcutta on the 26th November, 1874, and was warmly received by his leader, Keshub Chunder Sen. His mind now burned with a new

zeal to serve his God and country. When on board the steamship, "Khedive," on which he made the return voyage, he wrote the following lines.—

10th. November 1874.—"Every body who returns home after a visit to Europe, tries to think what he will do when he gets back. I too have thought a great deal on that subject. But my plans are not at all certain. If I consulted my wishes in forming these plans, it would be no difficulty at all to form and complete them. But my own wishes here are comparatively unimportant. The thing is I do not mean to be led by my own wishes. How then must I be led? It is my ambition to be led entirely by the will of Providence. How am I to know that will? To a certain extent perhaps my own desires interpret it. But one's own desires are so misleading and treacherous, that I cannot have much faith on such an interpretation. Then those improved and enlightened ideas which a visit to Europe naturally awaken in the mind might also be viewed by another standard. But again these ideas so closely border upon personal comfort and predilection, that their interpretation also must be received with great care. Only one cannot conscientiously play false to these ideas, for so long as they are admitted to be proper and good, and their reverse to be wrong and unworthy, their influence must be recognized and held by. But the distinction of propriety and impropriety on this point cannot be regarded as absolute, it is a variable distinction, variable by circumstances. These circumstances over which one's individual will has scarcely any control, are to me often an indication of the will of Providence. Not that we should not try to modify our circumstances by our will; not to do it would be unmanly. But after

all that we can do to change and control the circumstances of our lives, after all the natural and possible exercise of free will, there remains a residue of what one must call the inevitable arrangements of existence, that may be literally said to have been thrust upon us by a Superior and Uncontrollable Will. Some quarrel against these arrangements and steer their course on the current of their own wishes. Some accept them quietly and try to do their duty in the midst of them. And I mean to accept them. What these arrangements of life are, in future, to be in my case, remain to be seen. Judging from the past, and the past does give some clue to the future, they are just such as will do me good by calling out my best faculties for struggle and action, dependence and prayer. Whatever they be, I go to meet them with a heart full of faith and firm resignation. That I owe certain great duties to myself, to my good and noble wife is undeniable, only let me take care that the ideas of discharging these duties may not be tempered by covert selfishness and love of ease. From the shame and confusion which arise out of idleness, and unfaithfulness to to one's best ideas, and duties, from such unworthiness as arises out of quarrelling with the purposes of Providence, may gracious Heaven protect me!"

"There is one thing on which, however, I cannot but reflect. That is my growing desire of service. The desire of serving my God, my church, and my countrymen is at present uppermost in my mind. I am aware that there is much that is unreal in the desire. It is not as sincere, nor as complete, nor as earnest as it ought to be. It does not take its root, as I wish it would, in the total annihilation of self. It does not yet mean an absolute conformity to the highest ideal of

my mind. It is very imperfect, and circumstances ere long will test its depth and value. Nevertheless this ardent longing cannot be set aside. All excellence, all manhood, all happiness, the entire future are concentrated in it. And so long as the power of supplication and prayer will be left to me, I will ask Heaven to make this strong desire a practical reality. To think of setting the *Hughly* on fire, all at once, will not do. I must go to work calmly, quietly and by degrees. I must be true to my opportunities as they occur, but I shall have to make my opportunities myself. Such work as I principally want to do, will, it seems, necessitate some change in my plans of life. But the work first, other things afterwards. The work includes, let me see, 1st Brahmos in general ; 2nd Brahmo Missionaries in particular ; 3rd Brahmo ladies ; 4th the educated public. Brahmos in general, again may be divided under two heads ; those who do, and those who do not belong to the *Mandir*. For the latter books, tracts, missionary visits and letters are all that I can think of at present. For the former a closer and more compact system of operation seems necessary."

"Let me divide the wants of the Brahmo community of Calcutta into three classes. Their want of study. Their want of spiritual depth. Their deficiency in the rightful discharge of duty. The second want ought to be supplied by Keshub's beautiful sermons and lectures in the Brahmo School. But his labours may be supplemented by me in the *Sangat*. It is of course not essential that I should take charge of the *Sangat*. Any other may do it, but to me the natural work of that institution seems to be what I have indi-

cated above. Subjects in direct connection with the spirit of the time ought to be taken up there, and discussed, and settled with the combined aid of prayerful reflection, and the struggles and experiences of spiritual life. With a view to do this effectively a larger number of people must be invited to attend than used to come in my time, and he that has the duty of presiding over the meetings must think deeply, and feel the responsibility of his work. He must often place himself faithfully in the circumstances of those with whom he has got to deal, and interpret their wants, and aspirations so that he may answer and satisfy them. He must grow with their growth. The intellectual wants of the Brahmos have to be taken into serious consideration. In this matter Keshub requires good and efficient help. With the object of meeting this demand I have tried to collect some books for the Brahmo Somaj. Now who is to read these books, and how are they to be used. I think, that in order that any reform in this direction may be begun I must read the books to show some kind of example. But bare and barren reading I hate. If I read I must use that reading for the good of my people. For sometime I have been thinking whether it would not do for me to lecture with Keshub in the Brahmo School in alternative weeks. This plan of course will have to be approved by Keshub and will depend on him. But if it was possible I would not only utilize my study and feel encouraged in it, but lead my friends slowly to a similar course of study, and we might make some progress together towards more intellectual solidity and doctrinal soundness than we yet possess. The Brahmo missionaries as well Brahmos in general may take part in this course of mental improvement, and a

great and growing want may be thus satisfied. There is the Society of Theistic Friends. We may all from time to time deliver lectures there and keep quite abreast of the principles and progress of the day. The growth of materialism and unbelief among our youngmen in the schools and colleges must be checked. And mere sentiment can not do that work. The intellectual standard of the Brahmo Somaj must no longer be suffered to be depreciated ; and if we cannot hold it up, we are unworthy of the cause. Good study, sound thought, and powerful convincing utterances are requisite. If I can initiate any measure in this line, and show any right example, I shall only count myself too fortunate. But how to begin is the question. It must all lie with the purposes and grace of Heaven. In commencing such a work, let me say, the claims of our women must not be overlooked. If any thing is necessary to be done for our men, it is only more necessary to do the same thing for our women. But it must be done in a different way. My deeply beloved poor sisters, how keenly I feel for you Heaven knows. I can not rest contented until I have done something for you. The destiny of my life will not be accomplished until I can realize to myself good, lasting, substantial service done to you. The Brahmica School and the Ladies' Society are the two fields of work I at present see. The Bamabodhini Patrika is a good thing, but in the midst of the present trouble I don't know how far it can be relied upon. Well if the Patrica will not do, the ladies must have an organ of their own."

During the year 1875 and 1876 we find Mr. Mozoomdar giving courses of lectures to a Theological class in Calcutta. Referring to these lectures Miss Collet writes in her Year-

Book :—"Judging from the brief abstracts given in the Mirror, the lectures must have been well worth hearing."

During the latter part of 1877 he made an extensive missionary tour and visited Kurrachee, Hyderabad (Sindh), Poona, Ahmedabad and Bombay. At the latter place he stayed for a few months. His mind was strongly taken to Bombay and here he worked hard to instil the teachings of the Brahma Somaj into the minds of the men and women of the Western Presidency.

The Secretary to the Prarthana Somaj of Bombay furnishes us with a summary of Mozoomdar's work in his Presidency which runs as follows :

"1877-78.—The routine work went on as usual, but a much greater activity and interest prevailed, owing to Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar's visit to the Presidency, which extended over more than three months. During his stay among us, Protap Babu held Divine Services in the Mandir and at his residence, as also family services at the houses of members, organised ladies' gatherings, open-air meetings and a theological class for the instruction of young men and delivered edifying lectures at different places in the town. He likewise visited several places in the Mofussil where he conducted worship, both in public and private and delivered lectures. With a view to bring into practice all the principles of the Prarthana Somaj, some of the members intimated, through Babu Protap Chunder, their desire to organize themselves into a Brahma Somaj. Babu Protap Chunder, however, subsequently suggested that the necessity of such a movement would be obviated if the Prarthana Somaj changed its name for that of the Brahma Somaj of Western India. Accordingly

this proposition was formally discussed and put to the vote, but it was finally rejected, the votes in favour falling below the number required by the rules. Babu Protap Chunder returned to Calcutta in 1878 and was soon to revisit our Presidency. But he was unexpectedly detained there owing to the agitation in the Brahma Somaj of India arising in consequence of the marriage of the daughter of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen with the Maharaja of Cooch Behar."

Mr. Mozoodar came back to Calcutta in January, 1878, to be present at the anniversary festival. 'It was his intention to go back to Bombay after the festival. Mean-time arrangements were made for the celebration of the marriage of the eldest daughter of Keshub Chunder Sen with the Maharaja of Cooch Behar in March following. He was invited by Mr. Sen to be present at the marriage and the former naturally accepted the invitation. He went to Cooch Behar and was present at the stormy scenes of the ceremony. The events that followed the marriage are a part of the history of the Brahma Somaj. The whole theistic movement in India was in convulsion. As a result of the controversy that followed the marriage, the Sadharan Brahma Somaj was formed, in 1878. Perhaps no other event reveals to its true depth the intense love and loyalty that Mr. Mozoomdar cherished for his leader than this much talked of Cooch Behar marriage. When "virulent" attacks were going on in the press and on platform against Keshub Chunder Sen he stood fast loyally by his Minister, though it meant the sacrifice of some of his best friends, and a promising field of work, viz., Bombay presidency, where his influence was on the ascendancy. His speeches and writings helped in no small

degree to remove the misconception about Keshub Chunder's motives, that took possession of public minds both in this country and in England.

Prior to the formation of the Sadharan Brahma Somaj, Mr. Mozoomdar, as Assistant Secretary to the Brahma Somaj, of India, addressed a letter to the seceding party, from which the following passages are quoted.

"It is my duty, on behalf of the Brahma Somaj of India, to assert most solemnly that this Church is not "capable of schismatic division, and that is cannot, therefore, look upon the present disagreement in the Brahma community as a schism. Constituted as the Brahma Somaj of India is, its integrity is indivisible, its unity inviolable. Its religion is catholic theism, which means unsectarian and absolute religion. Its constitution is such that all who have faith, only in the fundamental doctrines of religion are eligible as members. So long as there is identity of faith in essential matters no division is tolerated * * * Both parties uphold the essential principles of Brahmaism ; there is no doctrinal dispute. * * * A schism, in the true sense of the word, in the sense of sectarian exclusiveness, in the sense of doctrinal disunion, is a moral impossibility in the present case."

When Mr. Mozoomdar came to Calcutta. in the beginning of 1878 he had to put up in an insanitary house. "My accommodation in Calcutta" he writes, "during these days is something which I have not expected and experienced for many years. We are putting in a damp dingy house which is as old as it is out of repairs. We have only one room which is crammed with furniture, and every thing is getting dirty

and wretched with dust and exposure. The hot sun beats into the room and verandah, the water settles and rots a few feet from our bed. Our food is coarse, cold and I fear unhealthy, and served at the most irregular times. * * * From the month of May to September, I suffer from bad health. They I say have caught diabetes. I am weak wretched and awfully nervous. I feel all vitality is ebbing away from me. Endless medicines I take. My dear wife does all she can to give me good food, but I am not cured. The house and surroundings together with the weather have I fear made me so ill I must go somewhere for change. So I leave home on October 5th for the Punjab. * * * I have just returned and am strong and cheerful again. It remains to be seen how I do during the succeeding months."

Keshub Chunder Sen purchased "Lily Cottage" in 1877 and settled here. He now persuaded the Brahma Missionaries to build houses in the neighbourhood. At this time a small house, situated to the north of "Lily Cottage," and adjoining its garden, was offered for sale. Mr. Mozoomdar purchased the house with the paternal money that he had received. He built an upper storey, made some further addition to the house and laid out a garden. It is a picturesque house, situated on the Upper Circular Road. During the rest of his life, when in Calcutta, he lived here in the midst of the many trials of his life and enjoyed within its walls domestic peace and happiness.

On the 1st February, 1879, he writes in his diary as follows "Our new house is consecrated as শান্তি-কুটীর, Peace Cottage. I am really pleased with and thankful for this little house. The trees upon which I look from my windows are a real delight. The whole neighbourhood has a clean civilized

look. The spirit of God dwells with us here. I am at present in very indifferent health. So long as my mind is with Him, it is really a cottage of peace. We are building an upper storey and a portico. My Father is with me in this construction. He advises me in it. He will give me the means to furnish the building. Glory be to His name! My dependence upon Him must be ten times more intense and thorough."

The joy in the possession of a fine new house was somewhat marred by illness, which kept him confined to bed for three months. His diabetes grew worse. An obstinate abscess was formed at a very delicate part of the body and it was operated upon several times. But the pious sufferer reduced all his sufferings into a closer union with the spirit of God. "My pain, my fears, my weaknesses" he writes "carry me continually closer to my God and shall I say to the centre of Christ's love and holiness. All this is a real crucifixion of the flesh, divinely appointed, with a deep divine purpose underneath it. O that I could with the grace of my beloved Father die to the pain and weakness of the body and give it as a willing sacrifice to His blessed will. I cherish in my heart more warmly and fondly than ever the desire of knowing and being one with my Father, and that of glorifying his religion among all the nations of the world. But before I proceed to do that my own faith must be natural and my devotions deepened beyond measure. I will cultivate my devotional nature I will study how I may best fulfil my vocation as a minister and servant of the most Holy. When I meet with depression here, I feel my life is ebbing out. Ah, only if my God will permit me to be his true worshipper and covenanted missionary, I I would willingly bear many more afflictions than those that

have visited me. Weak as I now am, prostrate with disease and anxiety, I feel as strong as ever when I reflect what God will do through me. My destiny yet remains unfulfilled and my whole nature longs to go out to God's service. Remember me!"

22nd. April, 1879 :—“The operation is over I had not to take chloroform. The infinite mercy of my Father was with me clearly and consciously at the moment of intense pain and anxiety. He has delivered me from the disgrace of cowardice and unmanly trepidation. I said to my Father in my heart, ‘Lord when thou givest me the cup of affliction and art pleased to mortify and humiliate me, shall I shrink from taking off my head the full ‘measure of pain?’ The Lord said, ‘My son, I will give thee the firmness to bear the full measure of pain and then I will exalt and sanctify thy heart and thou will somewhat understand the mystery and glory of the crucifixion of him whom thou lovest so well.’ And they put the cruel knife into my body and I have been laid in the dust. And my shame I have had to put away. And there have been filth and unclean matter around me. And I have been humiliated greatly, so that my eyes have sometimes filled with tears. But my Father said, ‘Behold, ‘thou art unclean, I am clean and glorious in my majesty. Cast not thine eyes upon thy self, but cast thine eyes upon me, because I am thy Father and Mother. Thou art weak and feeble, and helpless. I am strong ever-living, unchangeable in joy and lustre. Look upon my face and thou shalt forget thy misery.’ And while I have been pierced with pain and weltering in dirt every day I have looked upon my God's face, and what sublimity of consolation, what unspeakable nobleness of participation in his rightness and peace ! But my flesh is not sufficiently

crucified yet. The measure of suffering is not yet complete. I dare not say to my God, 'Father give me more suffering.' I dare not say, 'Father why dost thou afflict me?' I can but look up to the shelter of his feet in trust and sorrow. If he is pleased to give me healing, I will rise like a lion refreshed. If it pleases him to smite me harder still, I can but lay my head on his bosom. How glad I am to recount his many goodnesses. He took me through foreign countries in triumph and in honour. He fixed my lips with words of inspiration and my soul with the angelic sweetness of devotion. He found friends for me in the uttermost corners of the earth, and he filled my lap with gold and with plenty, when I had not a pice to buy my bread. O, my soul longs to speak of my Father and glorify him all over the world. He filleth my soul with the treasure of deep thoughts and unfoldeth within me the marvellous universe of spiritual realities. An inexhaustible source of meat and drink is he to my deepest nature. I shall never grow old in learning at his feet. I shall never grow weary in praising and beholding him. His service is and shall be to me an endless fountain of enthusiasm and activity; I will yet cross seas and mountains to tell mankind the wonders of his dispensation. He has not made me his servant in vain. And I have not called him my Master in vain. From fear and despair he will deliver me. From shame and weakness he will deliver me. Lord, take me out of my miserable self into thy bosom, make thy dispensation my life and cause me to fulfil the purpose for which thou hast called me."—(*Mozoomdar's Diary*)

29th July, 1879,—“My devotions are wonderful. The sense of divine presence, goodness and holiness is simply

unspeakable. I feel daily the necessity of being silent and secret on this subject. What I have to say I say while addressing my marvellous God. To speak of one's devotional experiences is really vulgar, and very unwise until you meet with a man after your own heart. And that blessing perhaps I am not destined to enjoy. I need not complain. Yet there is one thing very humiliating about me. My devotions do not sustain me to keep within my heart that profound undisturbed serenity and joyfulness without which life becomes a very mean miserable object. The spirit of prayer keeps in check certain natural passions which the mere unaided moral sense cannot conquer, but still a pious man under *all* circumstances, at *all* hours of the day I am not. Take one instance. When my brethren think and say harsh things about me, nay even when they offer the least criticism, I grow impatient. This is specially blame-worthy when I myself criticise others and sometimes say harsh things. At present I am in poor circumstances. Very poor indeed. So much so that some of those who know me watch me to see how I will maintain myself. They do not know that I have a treasury in heaven. The Lord will deliver me through my faith."--(*Mozoomdar's Diary*).

The operation performed by the end of April was the last one and after this he slowly regained his health. With the 'revival of health, the servant of God became restless to return to work in His vine-yard. "Why should I not trust in Him wholly, and do my own duty? Now the time has come to get up again. Let me not lose time. A great future awaits me. I will try to be worthy of it in every way."

The 1st of January, 1880, finds him in Calcutta. On that day he writes in his diary as follows: "The new year has come back, It finds me still in this world, but not so buoyant as before. Why do I begin to fear that my health has been permanently breaking down? But my aspirations do not cease. On the contrary they rise higher and higher."

'On' the 30th March, Mr. Mozoomdar left Calcutta for Northern India. He visited Gya, Bankipur, Arrah and Lucknow. At each of these places he delivered lectures and conducted divine services. At the last place he met Keshub Chunder Sen and his family, who were on their way to Nainital. Mrs. Mozoomdar came up with them. Mr. Mozoomdar joined the party and all reached Nainital on the 18th April. Here Mr. and Mrs. Mozoomdar lived in the same house with Keshub Chunder Sen and his family. During the ten weeks that Mr. Mozoomdar was in this beautiful Himalayan retreat he considerably improved in health and strength.

"Rev. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar delivered one or two important lectures in English and the Minister delivered one in Hindi and another in English. The way in which they were received by the residents of Nainital and the *Paharis* (hill-men) afforded another proof of the growing popularity of our movement. Our friends were publicly entertained and cordial addresses of welcome were given. On that occasion the Minister and Bhai Protap Chunder Mozoomdar entertained their audiences with readings from Shakespeare and Tennyson." (Proceedings of General Conference of the B. S. of India, January, 1881).

Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta in the first week of

July. He left home again in the 4th of November and came to Lahore on the 9th instant. He also visited Multan and Sindh and left the latter place on the 30th November and came to Madras. The following lines are taken from his diary.—

“Madras.—January 1881.—God has heard my prayer. My great Indian tour has been finished and I am lying ill at Madras in the house of the Hon. Gagapati Rao. I left home more than two months ago. Passing through the north of India which I had traversed before in May and July on my way to the Himalayas I reached Lahore on the 9th November last. Staying three weeks in the Punjab, working both at Lahore and Multan, I left for Sindh on the 30th. of that month.”

In January 1881 he returned to Calcutta.

At the General Conference of the Brahma Somaj of India, held on the 20th. January, 1881, Mr. Mozoomdar brought to the notice of the Conference “that the time had come when a serious effort should be made to dispel the numerous misrepresentation which had been made against the Brahma Somaj. There were many subjects, such as the Kuch-Bihar marriage, the minister’s personality, etc., full information regarding which had not been placed before the public. He spoke from his own experience that whenever an attempt was made to place in possession of the right information, it had a wholesome effect upon his hearers. He would, therefore, suggest that steps should immediately be taken to publish all the facts regarding those matters which had not yet been made public.”

The Conference passed the following resolution :

Proposed by Mr. Naval Rao and seconded by Babu Raj Mohon Bose.—

“That Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar be requested to undertake the duty of contradicting the misstatements referred to, and remove misconception from the public mind.”

In accordance with the above resolution Mr. Mozoomdar wrote five leading articles in the Sunday Mirror of February 6, 13, 20, 27, and March 6, 1881.

From the 6th. May to 7th. October, 1881, Mr. Mozoomdar was in the Simla Hills. These five months he spent most profitably. He became stronger in health and more tranquil in mind.

The beginning of the year 1882 found Mr. Mozoomdar in Baroda. He next visited Ahmedabad, Joypur, Ambar, Agra and Lucknow. At the last place he had an attack of high fever and was confined to bed for a week. Not long before his arrival at Lucknow, Sadhu Aghore Nath Gupta died there. On the 15th. January, he conducted, Memorial Service in the room where Aghore died. He came back to Calcutta on the 19th. January, 1882, after an absence of nearly ten months.

The following lines, quoted from Mr. Mozoomdar's diary, give a summary of his work during the year 1882.

Cawnpore,—31st. December, 1882.—“Reviewing the last year I can very sincerely say my heart is filled with gladness and gratitude. My spirit has prospered, because my service has been accepted in heaven. My last New Year opened in Baroda, where I had been invited to witness the investiture of the Gaikowar. His Highness and his whole court listened to my discourse on the New Dispensation in the Durbar Hall. I laboured well and heartily in Guzrat, in a good many Native States, with I believe good effect. Returning to Lucknow,

where my dear wife was waiting for me, I was struck down with a violent fever which caused not a little panic among my friends. I returned to Calcutta on the 19th. January, pale pulled down, not apparently good for much. The wild excitement of the anniversary did not tend to improve my health, but gradually I picked up and set to work with a will. The trials, through which I had passed in the previous year, had chastened my character, sanctified my relations, and reformed my home. I officiated for Keshub in the Mandir, wrote and edited the New Dispensation paper, and began seriously to think of my book. The *Indian Mirror* too had frequent contributions from me. In June, I took a short trip to Darjeeling. All the railway companies to that sanitarium gave me free tickets, so my journey was inexpensive, and the person with whom I stopped at Darjeeling made me physically quite comfortable. I had already begun to grow a little better, and this delightful change added to my spirit and strength. While there I gave a lecture at which the Lt. Governor of Bengal was present and many other Europeans all of whom seemed to be pleased with what I said. Coming down to Calcutta again in July, I set to work with renewed energy and began to send parts of my work to the press. The mission bore some of the charges of my household, namely, the taxes the expense of the monthly supply of rice, dal, oils and spices. But in trying to find some sort of settlement for all that I wanted, I ignominiously failed. The Tract Society promised but did not pay. The *Mirror* office paid Rs. 30/- regularly. The month of July witnessed for these and other reasons another conflict of feelings between myself and my friends. This was painful, but not very unprofitable. Because it added

to my devotions and faith. It also made me work hard at my book* which I was able to publish on the 15th. October. Some money which had gathered in my hands for certain purposes barely kept me up and I saw the year approaching its end with calmness and gratitude. I have consecrated the Brahmo Mandir of Ayodhya, which the Good Master has completed through my efforts, and today, the last day of the well spent year, I am celebrating worthily by prayers and preachings among my Hindustani country men at Cawnpur. We held the open air meeting under the Shamiana on the river side, where hundreds go to bathe in the Ganges. Good many attended our meeting and heard me with sympathy and devotion. Some offered to pay money, which was refused, one man offered a cocoanut and it was accepted. The whole day will be spent in devotion and good work and to-morrow the New Year will begin. I cannot, O my Father, believe that I have many years now to live. But I humbly and heartily crave that the rest of my life be well spent. Yea even the past year often saw me back-sliding and impatient. Father, grant that the whole twelve months be spent so earnestly enthusiastically and usefully, as the single day is. There is yet a whole sea of work before me and behold life seems so short ! With thy own hand take me from day to day, every day nearer, to thyself, keeping faith and finishing the good work. I bless thee for keeping so near to my spirit in every trial and varied circumstances, I bless thee most heartily for kindling in me a warmer and more living faith than before. I bless thee for establishing firm and holier relations with my brother worked and especially with him who is my elder

* The Faith and Progress of the Brahmo Somaj,

in the abstract, to worship God in intellectual forms and obey the abstract cõmmandments of God in the laws of duty. 'God in the abstract' means the conception of a Supreme Being from such facts of the external world, or the mind of man, as offer themselves before the reflective eye of reason." Theism, which the author defines from the stand-point of the Brahma Somaj, " professes to believe God, not only as He manifests himself in the facts of outward nature, in works of design, or power, or goodness, but chiefly as He chooses to make his revelations in the soul, in the events of the life of man and in the records of God's dealings with man preserved in the scriptures of the world. The Brahmo perceives these revelations by the *spiritual faculty*, or faith, that is in him." The faith in God influenced Brahmo's life and character and brought about the development in the Brahmo Somaj, which the author describes in the subsequent chapters.

"The origin of the Brahmo Somaj was the result of a vigorous attempt to revive the old monotheistic worship of the country. The founder of the institution, Raja Ram Mohon Roy, made repeated and unanswerable appeals to the ancient writings of the Hindu to prove that idolatry was false and of modern growth, but that the venerable fathers of our race worshipped the *One God without a second*, So far the Brahmo Somaj was only like one of those monotheistic revivals which had been brought about before by the influence of Mahomedan propagandism upon the unitarian tendencies of the Hindu mind. But there was another influence active in the formation of the Somaj,—one that was absent from all similar reforms ever before. That was the influence of Christianity, * * * The founder of the Brahmo Somaj represented fully

the intelligence of his race, and upon his strong religious instincts the precepts of Jesus acted, as much as the Koran or the *Vedas* had ever done before. In the establishment of the Brahma Somaj, therefore, Christianity had a great though indirect share and formed that unconscious, spontaneous and real alliance with the national spirit of religion which has developed itself in the career and progress of the Somaj during the space of more than the last fifty years."

"The first interesting fact that we notice in the history of the Brahma Somaj is its development into a Church. It is this which distinguishes it from Hinduism, which never teaches the idea of a common and united worship by all classes in theism. The Trust Deed of the Brahma Somaj, which was drawn up in the year 1830, claims for itself the distinct position of a Theistic Church—the first Theistic Church, we may venture to point out in the world."

The next important step in the development of the Brahma Somaj "is the establishment of a regular Membership in the year 1843. A covenant was established, in which signatures were appended to a solemn declaration of faith, and thus was formed the nucleus of that society which has subsequently developed itself into such goodly and natural proportions." The formation of a regular membership pointed out the "necessity of having some definite principles of belief." It was also felt that "these principles, "the ground of doctrinal unity," should be, (1) few and simple, depending on "the plain, natural, God-given intuitions of man's soul, which are found in every country, among all classes and all nations," (2) catholic and universal, (3) progressive, so that the two things requisite in a sound church organization, i. e., harmony or mutual subordination

and individuality or freedom of private opinion might find equal field for exercise.

“The opening of the Brahmo School in the year 1859 led gradually to the formation of these principles. The great doctrine vigorously set forth about this time was the doctrine of Intuition, on which it was pointed out, the Brahmo Somaj was founded. * * * The very life of religions development in the Brahmo Somaj is harmony with all truth. And the doctrine of Intuition meant the harmony of all mental science. It meant a psychological eclecticism to which every school of philosophy contributed its quota. From this harmony other harmonies have in time sprung up. The development of these harmonies has taken us a long time, and may take longer time yet. Its results may be summed up thus ; The Natural and Intuitional Basis of Religion ; Fatherhood of God ; Brotherhood of Man ; Eternal life ; Harmony of all Scriptures ; Harmony of all forms of Spiritual Culture ; Honour to all inspired Saints and Prophets.”

Mere sound organization and principles of a church do not make it living and attractive. For this purpose the deep life of devotional feeling is required. “Hence the emotional development of the Brahmo Somaj commenced from the well-known rupture of 1866. The blessed practice of prayer, the free and real communion of the soul with the spirit of God, forms the centre, not only of the individual religious life, but the corporate life of the Church, devotion is the soul of worship. It has been found, however, that this holy life of devotion and spirituality can neither be cultivated nor kept up if men’s lives are unworthy of their principles and prayers. * * * Beginning from about 1860 for a series of years, the young

men of the Brahma Somaj, in a mutual improvement society, called the Sungat, paid the utmost and minutest attention to the purification of their private conduct and character. * * * This band of earnest, pure-minded men gave the impetus to social reforms in the Brahma Somaj. Because how is personal purity possible in the midst of effete and corrupt social customs and institutions, all based upon slow and mistaken notions of religion? Personal reform necessitated social reform. The Brahma Somaj, in enforcing, therefore, the principles of true righteousness upon its followers, had to undertake great schemes of social reform, which have been as necessary as they are successful. The Indian Reform Association, which has done so much in social matters to improve the Brahma Somaj of India, was founded in the year 1871. The Bharat Asram, in which a large number of Brahma families dwelt together for social and religious improvement, was established in 1872. But all these reforms culminated in the new legislative enactment passed at the instance of the Brahma Somaj by the Government of India, entitled the Special Marriage Act. * This has at one stroke

* This law is known in India as Act III of 1872. It does away with idolatrous rites in marriages, which is a great blow to orthodox Hinduism. It legalizes marriages between different castes, and thereby undermines that institution. It sanctions the re-marriage of Hindu widows. It makes early marriages impossible by fixing the minimum limit of age. It introduces for the first time the modern institution of civil marriage into Hindu society; and besides these, it confers other indirect advantages. These indicate the line of reforms in which the Brahma Somaj has been generally engaged.

paved the way to many reforms that, under ordinary circumstances, would perhaps take centuries to accomplish.

The next development in the Brahmo Somaj is its missionary activity. The leaders of the Somaj felt that "they had a great trust to discharge, a mighty and blessed message to deliver to their people." They travelled far and wide in different parts of their great country and elsewhere and "it is a remarkable fact that unfamiliar and unfriendly as Indian races may be to each other, they have been always so enthusiastic in receiving the humble missionaries of the Somaj that almost wherever the latter have gone they have established congregations of worshippers, till there are at present about one hundred and fifty Brahmo Somajes scattered all over the country, sometimes thousand of miles apart."

"Thus, true service, true prayer, and true faith, these three form all essential principles of religion. These are the three principles taught by the Brahmo Somaj."

Mr. Mozoomdar points out again and again that the various social reforms which the Brahmo Somaj effected so far were "found to be a necessity in the natural development of our religious principles. It is a great mistake to think that the social reforms, which the 'Brahmo Somaj has been able to carry out up to this time, are the results of that spirit of Europeanism which is always protesting against everything in the parent society. We need scarcely point out that the attempts after a strict personal morality which lay at the root of all these (social reforms), were the necessary effects of the spirit of the fast developing religion of the Brahmo Somaj. Growing and powerful spirituality compelled us to look to the holiness of every habit and the holiness of the heart. And

this new force of character compelled us to discover and pursue higher models of domestic and social life than what the parent society could give. The social reforms in the Brahma Somaj then were but the offshoots of its religion. We never desired and never commenced any social innovations which were not necessitated by spiritual emergency. We do not scruple to be radical when our spiritual principles force us to be revolutionary. We do not scruple to be conservative when the same principles demand caution and quietness. We do not understand social reform as apart from religious advancement. We know from experience that spiritual progress always leads to social enlightenment but we know from experience equally well that what is called commonly social reform may often lead to spiritual darkness and moral ruin."

Thus from a small beginning the Brahma Somaj grew into a Church, with definite principles 'which can lay some claim to the contribution of religious thought towards the progress of the land.' The Somaj was not deficient in practical activity. Its work in this direction was commensurate with its devotions. A chapter has been devoted to a detailed account of its many activities in the shape of founding schools and colleges for the education of boys and girls, publishing books and journals, undertaking charitable work in times of famine and pestilence and organising temperance movement.

With these work of public utility the Brahma Somaj steadily grew in fervour of faith and devotion and inner sanctification. This phase in the progress of the movement has been treated in a chapter headed, "The Second Devotional movement."

It was felt about this time that the religion of the Brahma Somaj was a New Dispensation of God, "which shall, in due time, bring reconciliation and revival of all dispensations of truth in every department of human thought and faith, whenever and wherever given, and thus usher in the Kingdom of Heaven." "It brings before us new views of God's nature and attributes; new views of the soul's relations to Him; new aspirations in the nature of man; new reconciliations of religious difficulties and of the scriptures and sacraments of all nations. And for such reasons as these the religion of the Brahma Somaj is called the *New Dispensation*."

In the last few chapters the author elucidates some of the essential doctrines of the Church of the New Dispensation and sets forth the principles that underlie some of its ceremonials.

What the author has recorded here "with reverent hands, to unveil and interpret the active Spirit of Providence in the faith and progress of that Mother Church in whose bosom he has grown up from early youth" will help the seekers after truth to understand the present Dispensation of God and furnish the future historian of the movement, with important materials.

CHAPTER IX,

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

The desire to take a tour round the world had prompted Mr. Mozoomdar for several years before its fulfilment. As

early as October, 20th, 1879, he writes in his diary as follows :—

“Upon a stream of strange and contrary influences the frail bark of my life floats. Whither it shall move, where it shall land, how shall it find a safe and pleasant harbour? * * * My own projects remain unheeded. My want of worldly means is fearful. I fear it may soon demoralize me. I have not yet proceeded to Lahore and as for the grand programme of a tour through the world, that seems to be as far as ever. Yet the idea never ceases to haunt me, being strongest during and after my deepest devotions. When there is no prayer in me and aspirations sleep, I am practically uninfluenced by this project. But as soon as I am awakened, which frequently happens, my whole nature is engrossed by the thought. For years now I have brooded upon it and the desire and impulse have only gained and not lost in strength. I dare not be indifferent to it any longer. These impulses do not rise as before, and I am secretly alarmed at the danger of trifling with them. But in sober wisdom and sustained inspiration I lack very much. I have lost in physical energy of late, and the element of faith has never been very strong in me. There is no friend whose counsel and consultation I may seek, and I am sorry to say K's presence instead of warming me to cordiality and communicativeness freezes my heart to silence and reserve. There is only left to me the old familiar source of light and strength. O, why does not my soul oftener go there, for what it needs?”

The first day of the year 1883 opened at Cawnpur, as we have seen, amidst sympathetic friends and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta on the 12th.

January, after visiting Lucknow, Benares and Dumraon. On the same day he read the "New Year's Proclamation to all Nations," addressed by Keshub Chunder Sen, at the Brahma-Mandir. Now he was in the midst of the excitement and inspiration of the anniversary festival. It was the last over which his great leader presided. Mr. Mozoomdar delivered a lecture on "My Pilgrimage Round the Globe," at the Brahma-Mandir, on the 22nd. January. "There is no withdrawal now", so he writes in his diary.

There was no withdrawal indeed. For on the 12th. March 1883, Mr. Mozoomdar started in his memorable voyage.

"This is the day to leave. Rise very early * * * She (Mrs. Mozoomdar) rises as if by electric sympathy and busies herself in preparation. Very early also Keshub's mother comes, noble, good hearted woman, God bless her. She really feels for us, Then Keshub's wife comes. Then number of freinds, among whom A. M. Bose and Woomesh Chunder Dutt. Prayers, in which poor Saudamini cannot contral her emotions. A hasty meal, a hasty farewell and then is time to start. Reach Jetty No. 8, at quarter to nine. Find it difficult to get on board, the crowd rushing out being great. Impossible even to shake hands with friends. Farewell by moving handkerchiefs and hats. Cabin most uncomfortable. Feel weak, dizzy and foolish."

His cabin lay "in a hole with the cow-house on one side and the slaughter house on the other." Our pilgrim had to live a solitary life on board the ship, for his fellow passengers, who were mostly Europeans, avoided the company of a native of India. The agitation over the Ilbert Bill was then at its height, which served, only to intensify the habitual contempt

that the ruling race feel for the people of the land. He however, writes :—"my eyes and feelings found relief and refreshment in the sight of the deep blue pure sea. The sky above, the sea below, I gaze into the depths and behold the Infinite. ' My health is good, my spirit is apt and God is near."

Three days after leaving Calcutta Mr. Mozoomdar had an attack of dysentery with fever, which lasted for a week, otherwise the voyage was prosperous. London was reached on the 19th. April.

"We proceeded by train to Liverpool Street," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "whence we drove on to the hospitable doors of our valued friend, the Rev. Robert Spears. The kind hearted lady of the house, my affectionate old friend and sister, stood smiling on the door step, the children were excited by running in and out to receive me. Robin, the youngest, a fat Englishman of three or four summers, with red cheeks, massive legs, canny laughing eyes, acted as the porter, carrying one of the packages up stairs, while John and Mary, my friends of the former visit, came and shyly shook hands with me. Thus they welcomed and received me home. Full three weeks have I been under this hospitable roof and must now look for lodgings elsewhere. I do not hesitate to say that the utmost thanks of the Brahma Somaj of India are due the Rev. Robert Spears and his family for the cordial reception and kind help they have rendered to me."

On the first Sunday after his arrival in London Mr. Mozoomdar attended Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, and heard Stopford Brooke preach. At the end of the service he met Dr. Martineau with "the brightness of heaven on his brow and the pallor of death on his countenance." "I am thankful my

life is spared to have once more the sight of you. Next week will be my 78th. birthday. Come and see me on Friday next at 3 P.M.," with these words the great English sage welcomed the Brahmo preacher.

"My chief work in England, was amongst the congregations whom I addressed on Sundays and weekdays. In London alone I spoke nineteen times on subjects immediately and remotely bearing on the Brahmo Somaj and its present situation. I willingly avoided controversies, and mainly dealt with the essential matters of the New Dispensation. But I also often entered into explanations on points which had given rise to misconceptions. On May 16th, at Canon Street Hotel there was a numerous meeting of unitarian delegates from every part of the country. In speaking of the outlook in the Brahmo Somaj I emphatically pointed out the significance of the recent developments as the necessary and natural growth of the popular side of Theism. The Oriental and Western aspects of Religion were contrasted and it was claimed that the East had the pre-eminent right of fashioning religion according to its needs and antecedents. The freedom of spiritual instincts and rational developments were demanded from a people who always upheld free speech, free conscience and free thought. These claims met with a response which was recorded in the newspapers of the time. I made the real statement of the New Dispensation principles in London on May 27th at Hampstead before very influential congregation in the Church of Dr. Thomas Sadler. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Drummond and some other eminent people were present. This meeting opened me the passage to numerous other engagements. On the 1st of June, an important meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon

Street, was held. The ministers of the principal denominations in the metropolis attended and Sir Richard Temple kindly consented to take the chair. Eminent laymen and experienced Anglo Indian gentlemen took part. It was my object at this meeting to trace the progressive series of developments in the Brahma Somaj and to prove that the simple monotheism of the movement was preserved in integrity amidst a many sided growth. I did not single out the misrepresentations which have been made and I did not emphasize any particular line of thought. I presented the whole organization as it now is and threw upon every part of it the primitive and eternal light of Theism."—(*Mozoomdar's diary*).

31 July, 1883. "Return to London after a missionary tour through England, Scotland and Ireland. I had left London on the 9th June for Birmingham, proceeded thence to Manchester, and thence to the Lakes of Westmoreland. I have seen Grasmere, Windermere, Rydal Water, Thalmere, Derwent Water. I went thence to Kerwick, Penryth, and through Darlington to Stockton. From Stockton I proceeded to New Castle, thence to Dundee, via, Edinburgh. Stopping at Dundee at Lamb's hotel, I often crossed the Tay to see my friend D. Macrae and J. Lang. I thence proceeded to Glasgow, where the meeting was not very successful, and thence crossed over to Belfast. From Belfast I proceeded to Dublin, whence I came to Liverpool. From Liverpool I came back to Manchester, whence I proceeded to Oxford at Max Muller's invitation. From Oxford this day I reached London again, being given shelter once more under the hospitable roof of my brother, the Rev R. Spears.—(*Mozoomdar's diary*).

Mr. Mozoomdar "found a most prosperous field of work in Birmingham, more so perhaps than in any other English town. More than one soul in that great town have been permeated with the spirit and life of the Divine Gospel." In Scotland he found the warmest response among a section of the Presbyterians.

One of the first things that Mr. Mozoomdar did after his arrival in London was to see some of the leaders of English thought and political life. Lord Northbrook, the ex-Governor-General of India, "thoughtful, inquisitive, kind-hearted and just, whose presence was a delightful consolation," most kindly gave him "important introductions, besides himself showing considerable interest and anxiety for Indian progress." Rhys Davids, the great Buddhist scholar, very cordially received him. "But no words of cheer," writes Mr. Mozoomdar, "have been more cordial than that of Max Muller, our old well-tryed friend. With the religion of the Brahma Somaj he has very real and deep sympathy. His sympathies evidently comprehend all the three sections of the movement. but he undoubtedly looks upon Keshub as the towering modelling personality that will give to the institution its true character. 'Your movement', says he, 'now cannot perish. It has made its name and mark, it has found its place in the world. You cannot possibly see the fruit of its work. It may languish for a time. But it will grow again. Its spirit is the spirit of the age. Its growth is the want of mankind. Labour earnestly, work hard, give to the world what you have to give. Look neither to the right nor to the left and pay no need to what men say of you. Everything will be right in the end. You may have lost some of your old friends and

your reception may not be brilliant—that does not matter—say what you are doing in India and what you mean to do. People will listen, will think about it and after a time, you will see that the seeds will spring up.’ Mr. Mozoomdar breakfasted with John Bright, “the type of the true Englishman, firm, bold, truthful and profoundly religious.” “The breakfast was a feast of ideas and flow of soul.” They had a long talk on the subject of Indian administration. A summary of this interesting conversation will be found in the Mr. Mozoomdar’s “Tour Round the World.”

Mr. Mozoomdar’s task in England was not easy. The Cooch Behar marriage proceedings alienated the sympathy of not a few of the Europeans who interested themselves in the Brahmo Somaj. In addition to this, the recent developments in the Somaj, with the rituals and sacraments, were not seen by them in their true light and were distasteful to many. Keshub’s opponents found their champion in England in Miss Collet, once an enthusiastic admirer of the Brahmo Leader, now equally ardent to bring his movement into disrepute. But the faith and enthusiasm of our apostle coupled with an able exposition of the principles of the New Dispensation, so natural to him, bore down all opposition. “Our cause,” he writes, “has suffered a little through its enemies who have been active. Renewed confidence has now been awakened in the hearts of men and women. Clouds of mis-representation have been removed. The children of God have rejoiced to receive our message, feeling that a great light has begun to dawn upon the world.”—(*Mozoomdar’s diary*).

13th. August, 1883. “My last religious service I conducted yesterday at Hope Street, Liverpool, and day after

to-morrow, on the 15th, at 4 o'clock I will leave for America. My mind is calm, my spirits undisturbed. I worked hard yesterday, preached successfully and slept well. I wish to say a word or two on my sojourn in England. I arrived in London on Thursday, the 19th. of April at 4 P.M. So nearly for four months I have laboured in this country in different towns. My time has been about equally distributed between the metropolis and the provinces. If I could have stayed longer the effects of these labours might have been consolidated. Now it seems to me that as if I have cast bread on the waters and I shall have to wait elsewhere for its return. There has been no lack of cordiality and no lack of hostility shown to me. Through the midst of it all I have gone with decent determination and fair steadiness. There is no place where I have spoken without exciting attention and true interest. There is no town which I have visited without having plenty to do and that plenty well done. But in spite of all this, I feel that my career has not been what I would call brilliant. Only it ought to be admitted the more frequent one's visits are, the less of display and sensation they must cause. We make greater progress in producing solid impression. Now if Keshub comes, he will really find the ground somewhat prepared for him. From my whole heart I can say that God has been exceedingly gracious to me. His bounties both in material and spiritual gift have been unlimited. Really my character has grown during the last six months. The intervals of depression still occur, but they have no doubt become less frequent. I have not the least doubt in my mind that if I had greater opportunities given me, I could much more satisfactorily establish the truths of the New Dis-

pensation. The fear of opposition is now completely allayed. The nation has been fully leavened. The prospects seem to be opening on every side. Certainly this is the way in which God's work has to be done. Here one word is necessary to say about the effect which Keshub's recent departures are producing. I cannot overlook the fact that they are really lessening his influence in this country. All classes of men seem to be penetrated with the idea that he is wandering into vagaries. My explanations have done a good deal of good, but I have not been able to remove the lurking suspicion that all is not right with Keshub's movement. I pray to God to let my honoured friend see how these things are acting in the mind of mankind. I look up to the Indweller in all hearts to help and forward our cause. To that cause and to Keshub as its chief representative I know I will be true to the end. But, O Father why is it the best and deepest realities of thy religion are misunderstood through the difficulties of processes. I need neither magic, nor drama, neither rite, nor symbol to behold the soul of thy teaching. Lead all mankind to simple, pure, primitive truth." (*Mozoomdar's diary*).

During Mr. Mozoomdar's stay in England he received an affectionate letter from Keshub Chundr Sen. As Keshub passed away within six months of writing this letter, it is reproduced below in full :—

Simla, 8th July, 1883.

MY DEAR PROTAP,

Yes, I broke down on the way, and when I arrived here I was suffering from fever and diarrhœa. Within a few days, however, I recovered ; and I now feel pretty strong and able

to work. But I was so horribly pulled down during my late illness that I fear I have not yet been able to regain the flesh I have lost. People say I am awfully lean. In other respects I must congratulate myself on my Simla sojourn. It is a fact that I usually write in the morning from 6 or 7 till 10 A.M. Besides I work during the day. There is no doubt that the change has done me immense good so far as brain work and general health are concerned. Except in the matter of appearance, which Durgadas says, may not undergo considerable improvement, I am much better here than at Calcutta, and I am very glad I came up to Simla. They say I ought to stay here till October and spend the whole season. I hope to do so, if possible. Perhaps you will have left England by that time for America. You say you have finished your work in London. Why so soon? It seems to us here that your metropolitan ministry has been rather brief and that the commencement of your provincial tour is sudden and premature. The article in the "Inquirer," Miss Collet's desperate attitude, the letter of protest in the "Christian World" show that the enemy is still active and bent on mischief. That lady's conduct does not of course create surprise, but makes your friends anxious as to what she may yet do. She may take advantage of your absence and try to neutralize the good impressions produced by your lectures after you have left. I do not see why Miss Collet should still be allowed to go on deceiving the English public with the old story of the secession of all India and the absolute downfall of the Church of the New Dispensation. It is time that this story should be exploded with the aid of facts and figures, and the true philosophy of the New Dispensation

fully explained to the thoughtful section of the British public. I am sorry you have met with all this opposition and that your course has not been quite smooth. But I believe you were not wholly unprepared for the attack. We have no reasons, however, to fear or be in a desponding mood. "In fact I was never more hopeful. The Lord's church is buoying up triumphantly above the surges of opposition, and all good men will have to turn round both here and in England. We have given the enemy five years, and that is long period. *But* (no more). Our day of victory has come at last, and we shall sing zion's glory, with rapture and enthusiasm. Fight bravely, fight uncompromisingly, fight prayerfully, fight with whole heart for our beloved church of the New Dispensation, and the Saviour will bless you. Go on, my dear Protap; fear not, faint not. We were not created for shameful defeat but for glorious triumph. We fail! That cannot be. Accounts continue to reach me of squabbles and quarrels among our brethren in Calcutta. But these are nothing to my church. They do not affect its grand issues. Can the sins of men thwart God's work? I have already said a great deal, both as warning and rebuke, on the subject, but in vain. Do you think I shall be always handling this dirty subject? *cin bono?* * * * My wife sends you her *namaskar*. Kashiram and Rullaram are my neighbours, and we meet almost every evening for conversation, which lasts till 11 or 12 sometimes. I hope you have read the Durbar's reply to the *Inquirer*.

Yours affectionately,

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

On the afternoon of the 15th August, when the wind was high and it was raining Mr. Mozoombar embarked on S. S. "Marathon" of the Cunard Line, bound for America. "My very kind host and friends, Mr. Meade King, came to the steam launch, which was tossing from side to side on the agitated water. As we got out to sea the weather became fearful still, many of us were attacked with sea-sickness, and almost all started vomiting copiously. But I felt the Mother Supreme was with me." He recovered soon and this was the first and last time in his life that he had this kind of trouble. The passengers of "Marathon" experienced the full fury of the mighty Atlantic, with all its disadvantages, as the gale grew into a regular storm. The weather was, however, not uniformly bad. "If there has been bad weather," Mr. Mozoomdar writes. "There has been some exceptionally beautiful weather also, the latter all the more joyous for the former. Bright weather on the Atlantic is a marvel of nature. There is sunshine every where, but the glorious light seems to call out the profoundest life from every thing. Every colour, even the flaring rays hung about the ship, suggest wonderful secrets in me, many hued joyousness in which infancy, youth and manhood are blended. The sea is blue every where. But this resplendent rippling blue, bluer than all heaven and earth, relieves and responds to the blessed light, speaking in half-articulate sounds to the universe, to God and to me. It is infinite harmony. Let my thirsty soul drink deep of it. If my mind were pencil, and my thoughts were colours, I would paint a portrait, I would worship in poetry, say how many messages do the winds bring and how many blessings do the canopied clouds shed on my raptured spirit. Lord, I fall

down in the dust, and thank thee that thou dost suffer me to live. The mere animal life thou hast given is a hymn of glory to thee. But there is more, indestrubably more. Have I not seen the Atlantic sunset. I felt so deeply sad when the softened sweetened sun sank into the far waters of the west. It was really as if the glory from a living all-influencing soul passed away. But the heavens glowed and the ocean flamed after the departure, and those mild eternal stars came out one by one. As if the pentacostal spirit descended upon creation. The son sent the Comforter, the giver of repose. And then, O, the pregnant darkness of night! My soul like an angel soared into the star-depths. It was all above the so-called sky. The infinite beyond was peopled with lustrous masses of universe, deep within-deep, high above high. Like the sands of the sea creation crowded above my gazing wondering eyes. What am I that thou shouldst look upon me? Yet my little life is large enough for me. The weight of my duties and cares could not be borne by my strength. Lord, sent by thee for a brief moment into this glorious creation of thine, let me not dishonour my Creator. With fear and circumspection let me go through my little destiny and be remembered by those who will care to remember me, as having come to do thy work and gone home again."

Protap Chunder landed at Boston, on the 28th. August without welcome or friend. The people of the New World had a vague idea of the progress and principles of the Brahmo Somaj. That he felt at times misgivings as to his success in America will be seen from the following inspired prayer written by him on board the S. S. "Marathon."

23rd. August, 1883.—"My soul is often afraid and unrest

creeps into my heart, O my God, lest in the New World whither I am going I fail to do thy appointed work."

"My foolish son how canst thou fail to do the work if I have appointed it for thee?"

"Do I then, O Father, distrust my calling and doubt thy appointment?"

"Aye, in as much thou dost doubt and distrust, in so much is thy weakness and misery, but in as much as thou castest thyself upon me in loving trusting dependence in so much is thy peace."

"Behold, O Father I know no one where I am going and I am poor and neither learned nor clever. My helplessness is all very well known to thee. I therefore feel nervous."

"My son, search thine own heart, side by side with thy helplessness. Dost thou not perceive a strange strength and repose, an assurance which, though thou knowest not its basis, it is not in thy power to put away?"

"Yea, there is that power and repose in me. I know it is neither self-confidence nor rashness, nor anything I call worldly. I know, O gracious Master, it comes from thee."

"My son, this is my grace. It is cast on thy soul to cheer thee on thy way. Fear not, faint not, trust in me and cheerfully penetrate into the new land where I send thee."

"Merciful, loving, glorious Spirit, I need not utter, but thou dost know my wishes. I have no cause to be ashamed of my prayers. I have cause to cry unto thee night and day to answer my supplications. Enable me to proclaim thee and thy dispensation over the hemisphere thou callest me to, and strengthen me to establish thy cause. Wash me clean from every iniquity, drive out all manner of self-seeking from me

and let me rest on thy unmistakable assurance. Bring to me the men and women who will help me in my work, provide me with the worldly means to carry it on successfully and make me thoroughly independent of all human aid. Prepare me for the discomforts and sufferings, which my work must necessarily bring upon me. See thou that I may not succumb under difficulties and discouragements. Cause me to remember that thy right hand still worketh miracles. Cause me to remember the wonderful things thou hast done and shown for me in many foreign lands. O my God, my mission is now going to assume its true seriousness. My trials are now going to commence. Be thou in consciousness every moment and keep my spirit from sinking."

After landing on the soil of America, Mr. Mozoomdar's first thoughts were directed to Concord, the picturesque little village not far from Boston, where Ralph Waldo Emerson lived. Here he had a warm hearted friend, named Dr. Alfred Putnam, whose acquaintance he made in England. Mrs. Emerson invited Mr. Mozoomdar to her house on Sunday, the 2nd. September.

"I entered with reverent steps into the little gate on the shady roadside, the gate which, they say, is never shut. I walked over the broad marble floors to the low wide doorstep. On one side of the house is a thick mass of pines, casting their deep gloom over the study windows where Emerson wrote and contemplated. On the other side are tall stately chestnuts leading to the farm house in the rear. The whole house, which like American houses in general, is made of wood, has a most simple, unadorned, primitive aspect, giving also the idea of neatness, peace and refinement."

Mrs. Emerson gathered the villagers in her wide parlour to talk to the Indian preacher, as her husband had gathered them many a time to talk to other pilgrims. Emerson's household and all the local celebrities flocked to hear him in the old Church. Thus in Emerson's village Mr. Mozoomdar received his first greeting. These two great minds had a good deal common in them.

"The Genius and Character of Emerson," published by the Concord School of Philosophy, contains an article headed, "Emerson as seen from India," contributed by Mr. Mozoomdar. "Yes, Emerson had all the wisdom and spirituality of the Brahmans," Mr. Mozoomdar observes, "Brahmanism is an acquirement, a state of being rather than a creed. In whomsoever the eternal Brahma breathed his unquenchable fire, he was the Brahman. And in that sense Emerson was the best of Brahmans. * * * While wandering last year under the classic shadows of your great trees at Concord, my dear friend Dr. Putnam often talked to me of the rapt, thought-plunged figure of Emerson so often seen in those Arcadian walks." These lines describe equally well our Brahma devotee, who, while residing in the Himalayan retreats, Simla, Kurseong or Darjeeling, used to take his long walks on the quiet, unfrequented paths, immersed in deep meditation.

Early in September he was invited to attend the annual meetings of the Social Science Congress, an influential society in Saratoga. "Saratoga is a fashionable watering place in the United States, about a hundred miles from Boston. There are extensive mineral springs and palatial hotels. The wealth, the intellect and the aristocracy of America gather at the Saratoga springs towards the end of summer." The

meetings lasted three or four days, and there were three sessions a day, at each of which Mr. Mozoomdar was obliged to speak. He "did not make more than two or three religious speeches, one of them being on the subject of our Church. The rest were social and general statements." Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "As soon as the regular speeches were over half a dozen men waited to besiege me with 'questions' on my way from the platform to the gate. And when fagged and over worked I reached my hotel, there the ladies waited on the piazza with graceful smiles and asked if it would be too much for me to give them 'a talk, a mere talk you know,' in the parlour! I often yielded to these requests. But the state of my brains and nervous system soon warned me to be careful. I saved myself by sheer running away." The meetings of Saratoga served him with the golden opportunities of an introduction to the people of America. His speeches aroused considerable interest on India, and "invitations began to pour in from every town." He returned to Boston on the 7th. September and on the 16th. preached in a Congregational Church from the pulpit of Dr. J. Duryea, a scholar, philosopher, and reformer. "Joseph Cooke undertook to introduce him. The audience including all denominations was large. The next Sunday he spoke on the New Dispensation from the pulpit of the venerable, gentle Dr. W. Freeman Clarke." The Institute of Unitarian Ministers invited him to address them at Lowell, a manufacturing town near Boston. Here he spoke on "Protestantism in India." The principles of the Church of the New Dispensation made a strong impression on the minds of his hearers and they in a body testified to the purity of his cause and exercised their influence to gain for him an extensive and

influential hearing. The leading newspapers of Boston reported well of him. The people here were so much satisfied with his preaching that they gave him a public reception at Hotel Vendome, where the leading men of the city assembled and gladly listened to his message. Thus day after day the sphere of his work widened and as he left Boston for other towns, a universal greeting awaited him everywhere. In the great city of New York he spoke many times to large and enthusiastic audiences. "No community and no church had any deep objection, to the principles and attitude of the New Dispensation. And as to its spirit, they hailed it with acclamation." The Episcopalian Congregation of the Rev. Heber Newton procured, for him a first class passage, both by rail road and steam ship, from New York to Hong Kong.

The following lines are quoted from his diary :—Boston, Hotel Vendome. 8th. October, 1883.—"A miracle has been wrought in my circumstances. How solitary, friendless and wretched when I arrived ! I was a begger of every man's fearful bounty, and felt fortunate if any one lifted up his countenance to me with an occasional smile. Today I am a celebrated man in America. This change in a little over one month. Every one pays his homage to me, courts my services, entreats me to speak that he might hear. The most prominent men, ex-governors, Presidents of universities, merchants, leading ministers give me an enthusiastic public reception. They are enchanted with my speech, which I sincerely despise. Every newspaper praises 'the Indian Teacher.' They publish my books, apply to me for articles, it is lionizing run mad. And amidst this universal deluge of sugar plums, how feel you my friend Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. Are you convinced thou

art a great man, indeed an unrecognized Sakya Muni, a mute inglorious St. Paul? Poor, poor fellow! I am filled with pity to look at thee. Thou art laughing at thyself. Thou art also weeping at thyself! Humbled to the dust by this unexpected, unseemed praise, feeling more and more helpless in the bewildering mazes of Divine love thou feelest like a rational fool. God's Dispensation, all this glory is thine. I am but a feeble worm crawling to my destiny. Keshub, accept all this sympathy as a tribute to thy genius. Avoid it not because it comes through me. Tell my dear brethren not to turn away their face because they give this honour to me. I am but a passing shadow, the Church of God is everlasting substance. I am but a handful of flying dust, which disease and death will soon sweep away. And now one deep desire fills my whole soul. Father, my beloved, my own over honoured Father, enable me to give my whole souled work to my native land. Teach me to labour for India. Before thy witness it is impossible for me to doubt that I have the power, the will, and the wish to serve my fellow country men, and they need my service. I, therefore, entreat thee to give me the opportunity. Thou knowest that I should, if possible, work in loving harmony with my brethren, but if they do not find their way to help me or sympathize with me, teach me still to work in the way most acceptable to Thee. But I pray Thee soften my soul to the other workers, give me the peace of love and unconditional forgiveness, so that I might say like thy son, Forgive my trespasses as I forgive them who trespass against me."

Mr. Mozoomdar worked in the United States of America for about three months and spread broadcast the seed of the New Dispensation. As a result of his preaching, "the at-

mosphere of America is ripe for every influence of the New Dispensation. In our movement they behold the rise of a universal light which will gladden all mankind." During his stay in America "Oriental Christ" was published, which "excited more attention than ever to the Dispensation of the Brahmō Somaj" The book proved a powerful aid to his onerous task there, by setting forth the ideal and aspirations of the Church of the New Dispensation.

On the night of the 21st November a select evening party was held in the house of Dr. H. Stebbins of San Francisco, "a wonderfully kind and good man", to bid him farewell. On the 22nd, Mr. Mozoomdar embarked on the "City of Peking," and "the pilgrim turned his face homewards", with a heart full of joy and gratitude for the great things that the Lord achieved through his chosen apostle.

He writes in his diary as follows.—

26th November, 1883.—"How many many hundred's bade me godspeed! How many more have wished me a safe and prosperous voyage home! Those men and woman have compelled me to look upon my own destiny in a new light. It seems I am wanted in the world, that some of God's children have joy and hope in me. Their impulses are born elsewhere. Their blessings have a warmth of inspiration in them. It cannot go wrong with me. It cannot go but right with so many benediction on my head. The grace of God overshadows me. Only let my thoughts awake to the importance of my destiny. I have gone through a great undertaking, which has elevated me, given me a glimpse of my own manhood. Now I am really returning home, laden with the love and sympathies of mankind. What awaits me in my own land? I anticipate

the cold reception of friends, the envies and jealousies that will search me through and through. 'Yet, is there any work for me?'

"Indwelling Spirit, O Thou glorious shining Apparition, who encompassed me, reveal and explain thy purposes. Ripen me for my destiny, teach me to meet and fulfil it. Thou askest me this question, thou alone canst answer it. The duties before me are more serious than any I have yet gone through. I wait for thy light and guidance. Teach me to follow the indications of thy will. Let thy revelations visit me. Prepare me for the great work of my life by the conquest over my passions. Let no malice, no persecution affect me. Let no ill-treatment have the power to throw me out of my path by a hair-breadth. Let no praise give me a false self-estimate. I am a fruit on the tree of thy great Dispensation. Purify me, sweeten me, brighten me, save me from every secret sin, and keep me from every inner fire of passion."

1st December, 1883. "Pride not at thy achievement. Its worth is small beside the idea. Any way, the actual amount of thy success is small. It is not the *achievement* but the *idea* that ought to elevate. That thou a feeble Bengalee, without influence or education, shouldst travel round the whole globe with no passport but what the grace of thy God gives thee is a marvellous fact. That men should receive thee, in His name as a teacher, a thinker, a holy man, this is miracle. A hundred errors thou mayest have committed thou mayest have caused and met a hundred disappointments. Rightly thinking thou hast but little excuse for self-esteem. Thou art exceedingly small in insight, and perhaps smaller in the sight of a good many others. But, O my soul, what doubt is there that the work is

God's glorious work and he has graced it and blessed it? Yet I have set my king on my holy hill of Zion. I have declared His decree to the nations, I have proclaimed His Providence throughout the world. And now let it be unto me as thou wiltest Lord. I stand humbled at thy door. Let me live from idea to idea. Let me go forth from purpose to purpose. Thou art my idea, thou art my supremest purpose. The Spirit of my Life thou art, I only ask to be permitted to struggle and strive in thy service according to the light thou gavest me. I again say I pray not for pleasure. I covet the honour of consciously devoting my whole existence to thy glory and thy work. Let no other aim or ambition find place in me. Let no other object or wish have approbation in my sight."

The voyage across the Pacific was uneventful. Mr. Mozoomdar reached Yokohama on the 12th. December. He left San Francisco with a heavy cold and bad throat, which did not leave him during the voyage. When he reached the Japanese port at night he feared that his illness would prevent his going on shore the next day. But to him the sight of the sacred continent of Asia was like catching a glimpse of dear long-lost home. About this feeling he says:—"And as the ship drew near land, there was the feeling as if I crept near to a mother's bosom." He was able to take a drive through the city the next morning.

On the 14th. December he gave a public address in the afternoon, Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary "Today I have had a meeting of Japanese educated men in the University lecture hall. About two hundred were present and I spoke of the principles of Buddhism and gave them an idea of the synthesis of the New Dispensation. The lecture was improved

by a social gathering at the instance of the Vice-Director, Mr. Hilton. People asked about the Brahmō Somaj and one of them knew the name and reputation of Chunder Sen. Unfortunately it seemed to me that most of these young men are saturated with the spirit of secularism and modern unbelief. I believe they have translated some of the works of Herbert Spencer, and fed upon them. My lecture no doubt evoked interest, and good many went away impressed. But a regular campaign is here necessary to produce any real influence."

"Thank God, I have been the first to speak about His glorious message of the New Dispensation in the land of Japan I wish I could have done it with greater power and more visible effect. But still in Thy name I have done it. Accept my thanks giving."

The voyage across the great Pacific came to a close on the 21st. December, when the "City of Pekin" entered the harbour of Hongkong. Mr. Mozoomdar had a prosperous voyage on the whole, though the attack of cold sometimes threatened to bring on serious complications. The sea was not very quiet. His fellow passengers were mostly missionaries to Japan and China, who treated him courteously and respectfully. He writes, "I have read, written, contemplated and prayed. though I cannot say I am satisfied with myself. And now the voyage is going to end peacefully. God be thanked. Thy mercy be glorified. My crown, my honor, my joy, my wisdom, my Father, if it pleases thee, cause all distance to be removed between thy Spirit and mine. I have sometimes tried to think how my poor wife is and how my dear Keshub is. I have not heard anything from home for the last three months nearly. Sometimes anxiety creeps into

my soul. Yet the Lord says, 'Be fearful for nothing. But in everything let thy desire be known in prayer and supplication to the throne of the All-merciful.' I desire to return home in peace. I desire to find my wife in hope and happiness waiting to receive me in gratitude. I desire to meet my honoured and dearly beloved Keshub in good health and perfect spirit, waiting to give me wisdom and the light of heaven. I desire to find my respected and dear friends kindly and charitably disposed towards me. And, O my God, as soon as I go home I want to devote myself to thy work with all my mind, heart and strength. Dost thou say, 'Amen' to these things ?"

Eager as Mr. Mozoomdar was to reach home by the shortest route, on reaching Hongkong he was distressed to find no direct steamer sailing to Calcutta. "At the conclusion of these long travels why does uncertainty visit me? In trust and gratitude let my spirit rest on God. He will grant me guidance and light when the right moment arrives." He left Honkong on the 26th. December and reached Singapore on the 31st. He had some hope of finding a direct passage to Calcutta from this port. He writes in his diary. "Reach Singapore early morning. Went on shore and spent the whole day in driving and walking about. At the very nick of time while the passage tickets were being written out by the B.I.S.N. agency sending us to Calcutta, via, Rangoon, we learnt their ship would not reach Calcutta before the 24th, stopping several days at each intermediate port. We suddenly changed our minds, and ran off, to the P. and O. Office, and took a through ticket to Bombay, at double the expense. I don't regret this change of course at all. I believe it has been providentially effected. I wait to see what is in God's mind.

I implicitly trust in His assurance that he will take me home somehow and when it is best for me to return."

We shall soon find what was the purpose of God to get the trusting pilgrim change his plan. From the early dawn of his religious life it was Mr. Mozoomdar's habit to look up to Heaven for guidance even in the smallest affairs of life.

The first day of the year 1884 dawned when he was sailing on the Chinese Sea, amidst the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Penang was reached on the 2nd and Colombo on the 7th. January. The following lines are quoted from his diary—

7th January. The miracle has come to be ; On reaching Colombo this morning I am astonished to learn that the steamer for Calcutta is waiting at the port, announced to leave at 10 today ! Such things seldom happen. The P & O. ships are punctual. But this one the *Teheran* was detained for four days in the Suez Canal. So I am able to get the direct route home, not spending a single day on the way unnecessarily. Things were strangely pre-arranged for me. O, I am very glad and grateful. Let me kneel and kiss the dust in acknowledgment of thy grace, my well Beloved August Mother, Thou dealest with me as if thou wert a human friend. Thy Providence is strange in its harmony to personal needs. I raised mine eyes to thee in tearful resignation, I dared not pray. And thou hast done this wonderful thing for me. It adds many times to my happiness and trust. In remembrance of such unexpected grace let me live sinlessly, meekly and prayerfully."

8th. January. "The Indian Ocean again. How welcome thy dark restless waves. Thou homeless wilderness of waters, thou hast really to me a home-like look. Ocean, carry the poor tired pilgrim home on thy fatherly bosom.

Overwhelm me not with thy dangers. Delay not the hopes of my lonely exiled wife. Bear me on thy majestic tides to that holy festival wherein the soul shall widen like thee far in the horizon of the eternal heavens.

9th. January. Last night towards the morning, at 4 or 5 o' clock I suddenly awoke from sleep. The sea was all darkness. It broke around the ship with a restless loud sob. The vessel was trembling and swaying. The waters made mysterious noise. Why this vague dread seizes me? Whence this deep sense of helplessness? I resigned myself to the bosom of the All-watching mother, the lap of Infinite mercy around me and fell asleep again."

He adds the following in a foot note.—

"I know it now, my heart, I know it now. It was about that time that the spirit of my beloved master was passing away from the earth. The vague indication came. I was crossing the outer sea, he was crossing the ocean of time to Eternity. He touched me while he passed. Touch me and awake me often, beloved spirit, for I am so sleepy and indolent. And when my time comes take me away with thee to the mansions where thou hast gone."

Mr. Mozoomdar landed at Madras on the 10th. January and full of joyful expectations went to the telegraph office to send a message to Keshub. What took place is best described in his own words.—

"Going to the telegraph office to send a message to Keshub, they look queerly at me. One of the clerks comes out and says, *Keshub was dead*. My head, heart and liver are fire, my throat and mouth as dust. What strange unearthly sounds are these, what abnormal thought? Keshub Dead !!! Stop,

sit down, drink some cold water. The ground sinks under my feet. Utter confusion seizes me. O God, where art thou? How can this be? Anticipation of glad welcome, after ten month's separation turn into the wilderness of despair. Blank, blank, heaven and earth all blank. My friend, my master, my brother how is it thou art gone, I who have been with thee from infancy, I left behind! O Keshub, my crown, 'my' consolation, I cannot connect death and thee together. It seems to be an evil act. Yet it is too true! I wander about the town to get more information. Alas, it is too true! This grief threatens suddenly to bring about a relapse of my old disease. It will crush me if I don't mind. Keshub for thy sacred beloved sake I will live a little time longer. Now that I can see thee no more in this earth, let me live a few days to perpetuate thy name. * * * Lord, Father, thou sweetness of Providence, O thou nameless Love, who hath stolen him away, tell me how I shall fitly mourn for my master. He is not like other men. I disdain to honour him with common grief. I wish to consecrate to him my life. I pray to Thee teach me how I may make the whole world, all mankind rejoice that he was born. O I can do nothing, I can think nothing. I leave all to Thee. I leave myself to Thee. From this day forth make me the vessel chosen and appointed to hold my master's glory. O God, take me."

With a heavy heart Mr. Mozoomdar left Madras.

14th. January.—"I will raise my eyes in mute sorrow and trust, to my God, the tower of my strength. I will lay bare the darkness of my soul before Him. After long and weary wanderings I will return to my Father's home. Alas, after all this great exile my God calls me home to a feast of sorrow,

such sorrow as will break my heart. My loved master has departed and his place shall know him no more. Say God who will take the master's place? Where is the genius, where the spirituality, where the saintly holiness? When he went on distant journeys and I sat in his seat, I felt like on a pe in an emperor's throne. Now he has gone away for ever. I could not say good bye. I could not kiss the dust of his feet. I could not ask a parting benediction. And they cruelly say I must take his place. Take me God, make of me what thou wilt. Hide thou me. This day I expect to get home. My God, my Father, I bow in the dust before Thee in grateful love for safely taking me home after these ten long months of wanderings and work. Thou hast blessed me beyond hope. I praise and adore thee. But O my safe return loses its rejoicing in view of the irremediable loss. Keshub will no longer welcome me, nor talk, nor smile, nor teach. O God, I have become friendless and fatherless, I will not speak to him face to face again, no more draw inspiration from his voice. Father, I can not realize this, cannot understand this. I know not what will become of me, nor what will become of the Brahmō Somaj. I often thought I would die before him. I was so weak and ill, he so strong and beautiful. But now he is taken by Thee and I left in all my weakness and misery. The dreaded epoch has come, to me so suddenly. Come to thy cause Behold, Lord, thy servants are disunited, they are jealous and unforgiving of each other. He warned them, entreated them, rebuked them in vain. Wilt thou deign to descend, enlighten and unite us? O give us the sense of the dreadful responsibility. Cause our great sorrow to chasten us and soften us. Bless thy cause, thy household, thy Truth."

On the 15th. January S. S. "Teharan" reached Calcutta and the mournful pilgrim returned home. On reaching home he exclaimed :—"O, the dreadful vacancy caused by Keshub's loss. Really home does not seem like home."

THE LIFE OF
PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

Vol. II.

BY
SURESH CHUNDER BOSE.

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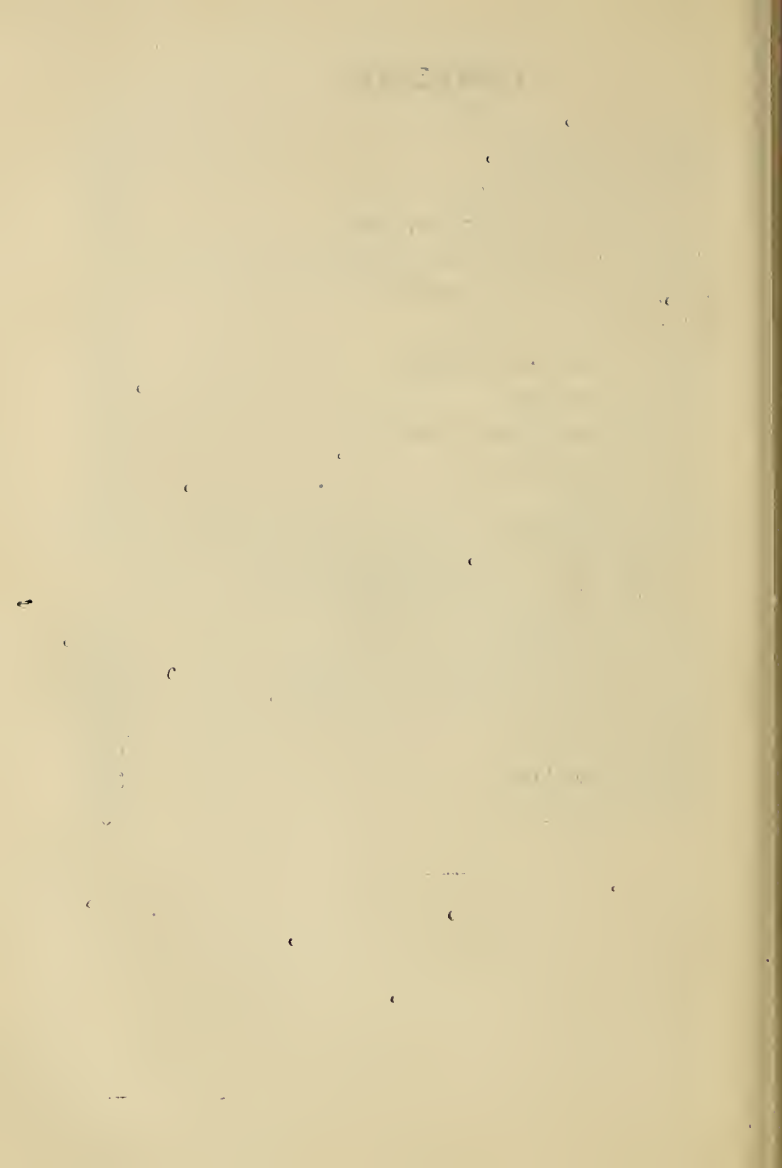
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THE LIFE OF PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

CHAPTER X.

ORIENTAL CHRIST.

One of the important events in connection with Mr. Mozoomdar's first American visit was the publication of "Oriental Christ", in 1883, by Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. The fine get-up of the book befits its contents. It is said that when the book came into the hands of Keshub Chunder Sen, to whom it was dedicated, he was highly satisfied and said that the Brahmo Samaj had got amongst its publications a worthy book. "Oriental Christ" has helped to keep the memory of its author fresh in the minds of American people. It would not be too much to say that the book had gained a world-wide reputation.

In the preface the author states that in early youth as a strong sense of sin weighed heavily on him, he "was

mysteriously led to feel a personal affinity to the spirit of Christ." "The whole subject of the life and death of Christ had for me a marvellous sweetness and fascination." "About the year 1867, a very painful period of spiritual isolation" came upon him. With this state of mind he sat one evening near the tank in the Hindu College compound and meditated on the state of his soul, and the peace and brightness which was the lot of God's children. He cried and shed hot tears. "Suddenly, it seemed to me, let me own it was revealed to me, that close to me there was a holier, more blessed, most loving personality upon which I might repose my troubled head. Jesus lay discovered in my heart as a strange, human, kindred love, as a repose, a sympathetic consolation, an unpurchased treasure to which I was freely invited. The response of my nature was unhesitating and immediate. Jesus, from that day, to me became a reality whereon I might lean." Mr. Mozoomdar asserts that the vision was not that of a bodily Christ. What was revealed was "a character, a spirit, a holy, sacrificed, exalted self, whom I recognize as the true son of God. According to my humble light, I have always tried to be faithful to this inspiration." "My aspiration has been not to speculate on Christ, but to be what Jesus tells us all to be." The labour which such an aspiration entailed on him, was followed, with the grace and activity of the indwelling presence of God, by certain spiritual experiences that he tried to embody in the book.

Mr. Mozoomdar introduces the principal theme of his book with a statement of "the main views of Christ's mission and character, as laid down by Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahma leader." Keshub spoke for the first time on this subject in his lecture on "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia," in March, 1866. In 1879 he delivered his lecture on "India asks Who is Christ," and in 1882 on "That Marvellous Mystery, the Trinity." "Beginning to receive the founder of Christianity as a great man and a reformer in 1866, proceeding to recognize him as a divine or ideal humanity in 1879, the recognition and development culminated in 1882 by rehabilitating Jesus as the second person in the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity. In this last and newest statement, it is Keshub's object to trace the continued evolution of the Logos, and its graduated development through everlasting stages of life."

It should be noted that in his very first lecture Keshub Chunder Sen pointed out that Christ was an Asiatic and he was more congenial and akin to the oriental nature, more agreeable to the oriental habits of thought and feeling. The Brahma Samaj has always kept in view this aspect of Christ's life. Mr. Mozoomdar studied the life of Christ by trying to live in the spirit of his life and devoutly studying the New Testament. He used to say that he rarely took the aid of commentaries to understand the Bible. How deep he entered into the life of Christ the readers of Oriental Christ will easily understand.

The book is divided into thirteen chapters, each of which has a characteristic heading, viz., The Bathing Christ, The Fasting Christ, The Praying Christ, The Teaching Christ, The Rebuking Christ, The Weeping Christ, The Pilgriming Christ, The Trusting Christ, The Healing Christ, The Feasting Christ, The Parting Christ, The Dying Christ and The Reigning Christ. The chapters present the known portion of Christ's life, beginning with his baptism and ending in ascension, with a vividness that the devout reader forgets the distance of centuries and feels himself to be, as it were, in the very presence of the Messiah, seeing the sublime oriental life that he lived and hearing the divine words that he uttered. As the reader goes through page after page the hidden depths of Christ's life and character are revealed and gain more and more in clearness, till the sacred personality of Jesus, with all its oriental beauty and simplicity, faith, love and holiness, becomes a consoling and uplifting presence from which he can draw peace and strength beyond measure.

The following letter, reproduced from the Interpreter is a specimen of the many congratulatory letters that Mr. Mozoomdar received from the different parts of the earth.

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA

To

P. C. MOZOOMDAR ESQ.

Dear Sir,

A copy of your work, *The Oriental Christ*, has given me so much pleasure that I cannot refrain from taking the liberty

of expressing it, to you without the formality of an introduction.

You have conferred a lasting favour upon the English-speaking world by your beautiful and luminous portrayal of the character and mission of Christ, and it cannot fail to be provocative of profound and stimulating thought.

I feel a deeper interest in your work from the fact that my eyes first saw the light in India, and though it was only the home of my infancy to which memory does not reach, the atmosphere of my childhood was impregnated with Indian reminiscences, and so India has always seemed nearer and dearer to me than any other country, save that of my own people.

Through the years of my education I had before me the prospect of a return to the land of my birth as a Christian missionary, but it gradually dawned upon me that I needed to learn rather than to teach, and I was reluctantly compelled to give up what had been the plan of my life.

The decay of faith in the hard, dogmatic orthodox Christianity of the western world, in my own case, is only a single illustration of a very prevalent state of thought in our time, and such as we are, like you, being roughly thrown out of our complacent religiosity, and are compelled to go back to first principles and build up our faith independently of our historical creed.

A voice coming us across the water from "heathen" India, and bidding us God-speed in our efforts, and still more thrilling us with noble and exalted ideas drawn from the roots of our own religion, can be grateful to us, compelled as we are, to reach out on every hand, and grasp the whole round of human experience as a foundation for the reconstruction of our faith.

My missionary friends in India had not given me much to hope from the new movement in India of which you are

a representative, but as I could easily see that I might find much to gratify me where they could, from their standpoint, find nothing, I had hoped they were mistaken in their judgments, though until I obtained your book I had but fragmentary and very unsatisfactory statements of the inner thought of the movement, and could not tell what to think of it. And while I am sure that now I have but a feeble comprehension of it, what you have set forth is so stimulating and inspiring that I can but feel that India with such religious teachers of its own people, is better off than with any that the western world could provide.

Indeed, we on this side the water who, seeking a more rational and spiritual foundation for our faith ourselves, gladly share in the light you are shedding upon the dark problems of life, and though, as you have so clearly shown, race tells in the product of religious thought, and we must perforce see much in a different way from yours, we can at least give you our hand and heart and sympathy, and bid you God-speed in your efforts.

Trusting that my explanation will prevent this letter from appearing an unseemly instruction. I am very respectfully

Yours obedient servant

James J. Dow

I have taken the liberty to quote the following lines from a private letter of Rev. Lyman Abbott of New York addressed to Mr. Mozoomdar :—

‘Your “Oriental Christ,” in my library, which contains a fairly representative collection of the “Lives of Christ,” helped to mark an epoch in my spiritual experience and so in my intellectual life. I do not think I was ever wholly without what may be called a mystical element in my religious experience, and perhaps for that very reason it appealed to me so strongly ; it did more, I think, than any book I have

ever read, or have read since, to enable me to see that Christianity properly understood is not an Occidental religion; that in interpreting it as Occidental we had misinterpreted it; that the current objections to the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel were largely due to our Occidental narrowness of vision; and that we should never fully understand Christ's character, teachings or spirit until to an Occidental conception of his practical and individualistic teaching we added something of an Oriental conception of his spiritual teaching, involving both a relationship of man to God and of man to his fellow men in a divine organism transcending any to which either our theology or our sociology had given interpretation or to which our literature, our sermons or our hymnology had given any adequate expression. I find it very difficult to express my own thought, partly because it is ill defined to myself, probably because I am so absolutely and exclusively Occidental; but it seems to me that we of the Occident have put too much emphasis on the individual and on his separateness from all other individuals; while those of the Orient have put too much emphasis on the unity of all individuals in one divine organism, pervaded by one divine life; and that we shall not get the full apprehension of that spiritual life of which Jesus Christ is the supreme historic manifestation in the individual, nor reach the kingdom of God, which is a brotherhood of individuals united in one spiritual organism, until we come to see that the unity of the race is and must be a unity of many persons in one social unit.

CHAPTER XI

THE HOURS OF TRIAL

The troubles of life are the dispensation of God. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations ; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be *perfect and entire*, wanting nothing," so says St. James. It is when a meek sufferer meeting with disappointment in the world, turns inward, within himself, and perfects his character with patient toil, to work out his destiny, as pointed out by Providence, that we find the noblest service of sorrow. Great characters are reared thus. The world has often been flooded with love, faith, heroism, sanctity and noble thoughts that welled up silently in the devout sufferers' hearts. When we think of these benefactors of the human race, how eagerly we wish that they had smaller share of the ills of life. But secret are the ways of Providence. The flag of victory is raised on the bloody field of battle, and much sorrow and heart-rending must precede before the souls of men are clothed with the glorious robe of the eternal son of God.

The gloom of sorrow that overshadowed Mr. Mozoomdar after the death of Keshub Chunder Sen

deepened as the days rolled on. With the universal expression of grief at the death of Mr. Sen the public in general greeted Mr. Mozoomdar as the next leader of the Brahma Somaj. Most of his missionary colleagues, however, did not like this idea. In fact, they would have no body to succeed the late minister. The majority of the laity were for Mr. Mozoomdar's succession. Unfortunately, they did not make any serious attempt to act according to their wish. So soon, after the death of Keshub Chunder Sen a great confusion came about in his church. Fortunately for posterity Mr. Mozoomdar has left a graphic but short account of the incidents which preceded his separation from the Bharatbarshiya Brahma Mandir. It runs as follows :—

From 1884 the history of Keshub Chunder Sen's Church has been the history of the ruin of a great cause. Strong mutual jealousy, inherent incompetence and a wild passion for self-advancement have caused this downfall. I am inclined to think such utter destruction of a noble cause from such motives could take place nowhere outside of India, perhaps nowhere even in India outside the province of Bengal. As I am the unlucky and unwilling cause of the disgraceful scenes that followed, it is necessary I should try to describe my share therein.

It has often been said that disunion among Keshub's immediate followers during the latter part of his life was notorious. When I was in England in 1883 Keshub (only a few months previous to his death)

wrote from Simla thus :—"Accounts continue to reach me of squabbles and quarrels among our missionary brethren in Calcutta, but they are nothing to my church. They do not affect its general issues. Can the sins of men thwart God's work? I have already said a great deal both as warning and rebuke, but in vain. Do you think I shall always be handling this dirty subject?" But he could not get rid of the subject, try as he might; it embittered the remaining few days of his life, it hastened his death and after his death it has broken up his cause and harmed his reputation. The sins of men *have* thwarted the cause of God. The minor issues and men's squabbles have not only affected but entirely obscured the main issues. Perhaps nothing could have averted this disaster, but it was hastened thus. The jealousies and quarrels among Keshub's missionaries assumed more than usual bitterness when I was concerned, because when they fought with each other they were generally divided, when they fought against me they were practically unanimous. They had the advantage to point out that I was not only against the missionaries, but against the leader himself and they claimed that Keshub shared in their antipathy against me. The fact is my position in Keshub's little body was every day becoming peculiar. My habits, tastes and ideals were different from those of the other missionaries indeed, in some respects different from Keshub himself. My place in our church was nearer to Keshub's than

that of any one else ; I was independent in my views and conduct ; the public gave me considerable attention and prominence ; my missionary work was generally more various, extensive and uncontrolled and I did not accept the pecuniary support of the Brahma Samaj Mission office. If any money was ever advanced to me I took care to give it back as soon as I could. All these things annoyed my missionary brethren, because they gave me an air of singularity and superiority, disposed them to contrast themselves with me and to offer me as little sympathy as they decently could. This was well-known to all who knew anything intimately of Keshub's organisation. All such chronic ill-feeling, however, was brought to a climax by my missionary tour round the world in 1883. They said Keshub did not sympathise with the object of this tour. I cannot say how far this is true, for he took an active part in gathering subscriptions for me, sick as he then was. He went and long stood on the steamer-jetty to see me off and did other little things to show his affection and sympathy. The temporary importance to which my missionary tour round the world raised me was found too much to be put up with and some of the Brahma missionaries were resolved to demonstrate what they felt on my return home. In the mean while Keshub's health steadily declined and a week before I came back to Calcutta he departed this life. The dreadful event did not abate the intensity of what my missionary friends

felt towards me ; it made their dislike more intense if possible. One reason of this was that they felt I would be taken by the public as the next leader and minister. At other times Keshub's presence would check and neutralise the unseemly exhibitions of feeling, now his guardian spirit was gone and they found unlimited scope for the expression of what they thought and felt. And they found the safest method of doing it under the disguise of expressing loyalty and honour to the departed great man. * * * * I returned to Calcutta on the 15th January, 1884, after a long and wearisome tour of ten months to find my dearest earliest friend gone for ever. I was too much overcome by grief to think of anything else, but the terrible loss we had all of us suffered. The newspapers, however, while speaking of Keshub's greatness with enthusiastic admiration, welcomed me back with cordiality and reintroduced me to the Indian public as "the new leader," "the new minister" etc. There was a very wide response to this welcome both within and without the Brahmo Somaj, both in India and abroad. Everybody expected I should succeed to Keshub's place and do his work with the other missionaries. But the greater the outside welcome, the warmer the public expectation, the fiercer the internal jealousy, the more bitter the attitude of Keshub's apostles and his household. Their fears were confirmed. They resolutely determined never to recognise my position, never to allow me any headway. They all felt

it was a sore and unbearable offence to their dignity as well as the greatness of Keshub himself, that anybody and particularly that I should be named as his successor. They all and equally were his successors. Men are apt to think that sorrow softens the intensity of anger and ill-will, but one bad passion is so closely allied to another that misfortune very often inflames them all and many people, especially religious ones, are most fanatical and cruel when under the excitement of grief and breavement. They seemed to feel as if I was in some way responsible for their great loss, as if I had ill-treated and slain Keshub and now crept close to purloin his place and influence. They therefore must show their sense of my conduct. In their pious horror they determined I should never be leader and minister of the Brahma Somaj. So just three days after Keshub's death the Brahma missionaries solemnly, passed a resolution in the "Apostolic Durbar" which they called an "inspiration from heaven." It went thus: "Our Minister and Leader, though in heaven, yet continues to be our Minister and Leader in truth and in spirit; we therefore resolve to set apart his pulpit or *Vedi* in the Bharat-Varshiya Brahma Mandir vacant, and erect a separate *Vedi* for the Upacharyas or subministers." This of course meant there could be no other minister in future. Some of those present at the meeting saw through the proceedings. Under the disguise of doing honour to Keshub their object was to exclude me from the pulpit and if not to drive me away

altogether, to assign me a very subordinate place, similar to their own in the organisation of the Brahma Somaj of India. But the means they took to carry out this purpose was fatal to their own interests and those of the cause in general. The wording of their resolution was to the effect that "the pulpit of the Brahma Mandir was to be kept vacant in token of our eternal relationship to the (late) minister." This was against the spirit and principle of the Brahma Somaj. Apart from the policy of keeping the pulpit of a place of worship for ever vacant, a material object to symbolise spiritual relation is the beginning of idolatry (see my pamphlet, "Crisis in the Brahma Somaj," published in June, 1884). Such was the first scene of the miserable drama.

The second scene came on the day of Keshub's *sradh* ceremony on the 22nd January. Both the family and the missionaries refused to let me take any part in the ceremonies on the melancholy occasion. The whole public however expected that as Keshub's successor I should take the principal part. I quietly determined to do my duty and in spite of all their opposition I did it. If I knew how deep and bitter the ill-feeling was I should perhaps have kept aloof, but I thought it was a passing ebullition and firmness and tact would put an end to the folly. Their opposition collapsed for the time, but soon became as virulent as before. My Town Hall speech at the memorial meeting in honour of Keshub showed this.

I was to speak on the "Aims and Aspirations of Keshub Chunder Sen." They knew I would speak in enthusiastic sympathy, yet the scene of my public appearance where Keshub so lately appeared was to them unbearable, it would look like a recognition of my successorship. And so Krishna Behary Sen on behalf of the family held out all manner of threats. I offered to speak elsewhere if they could find a place. They tried and failed; so the Town Hall meeting was held and was a great success. Thus every step I took, however, well-meant, however judicious, only made the relations worse. It deepened their suspicions, aggravated their jealousies and made their treatment more cruel than before. The month of January was spent in the anniversary celebrations from which, because I presided, Keshub's family and the missionaries at their elbow kept away. On the 10th February I occupied the vacant pulpit of the Brahma Mandir. Out of a reasonable concession to the feelings of Keshub's family and friend I had suffered it to be kept vacant for a month, but it would be an unheard of absurdity to leave it vacant for ever. So I occupied the pulpit. They all, I mean the family and the Brahma missionaries except three, left the Mandir, vowing never to come again. In the Lily Cottage prayer-room which is only a few yards from my garden, they indulged in sacred maledictions, long abusive prayers and indignant appeals to Heaven, which were so loud that I could get the advantage of hearing them

from my sitting room. But in spite of all this foolish uproar I steadily continued to preach and conduct public service. However, I was beginning to feel that it was no longer proper to act on my own responsibility. I knew that the congregation (to whom the Mandir lawfully belonged) and the public at large fully approved of what I had done, but I knew also that an influential section of our body, viz, the majority of the Brahma Missionaries and the relatives of Keshub Chunder Sen, both near and collateral, were opposed to the steps I had taken and would keep up and carry on the quarrel to greater lengths. * * * So I wanted to have a definite expression of opinion from the general body of Brahma worshippers. I called them to meet in the Brahma Mandir on the 24th February, 1884, and discuss the questions at issue. About 400 men came. Just as I was entering the place of meeting two letters were handed to me, one from Gour Govind Roy on behalf of the missionaries and the other from Karuna Chunder Sen, Keshub's eldest son, on behalf of the family. The former was a foolish rigmarole which set forth the claims of the "Apostolic Durbar" upon the Mandir, but the latter was significant. It asserted the claim of Keshub's family upon the premises of the Brahma Mandir as their father's personal property. Unless I made it over to them at once I was threatened with a law-suit. The reading of this letter was received with shouts of ridicule and indignation and the next day's newspapers came out with scathing

comments on the absurdity of the claim. The scandal of the proceeding was indeed too great and it was sure to lead to worse. As for myself I felt that my position as minister of the Brahma Mandir was the sole cause of all this unseemly exhibition, but I felt also that I owed a duty to the public in the matter of making over to them the property which their contributions had created and which was undoubtedly theirs. So while I resigned on the one hand my office as minister, I meant to make one effort towards the creation of a trust-deed. The following is a short summary from the public papers of what took place at the meeting:—

A general meeting of the members of the Brahma Mandir, called by the Secretary to the congregation, Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, was held at the premises of the Mandir on Thursday last, the 24th February, 1884, at 7 P. M. About four hundred people were present. Before the proceedings began, the Secretary handed to the meeting two letters which he had received just before entering the hall. One of these was from Babu Karuna Chunder Sen, the youthful son of the late minister, and the other was from eight of the Brahma missionaries. The former claimed to be the proprietor of the mandir-premises, and stigmatised the meeting as an unjustifiable interference with the property of his father, adding these words: "I hope you will not drive me to go to law to protect the rights of the estate in regard to the edifice and the land of the Brahma Mandir." In the other letter the eight Brahma mission-

aries, protested against the meeting, 'as a piece of disrespect to the memory of the departed minister, and to the apostolic durbar. The congregation gave vent to repeated expressions of sympathy with the Secretary, Babu P. C. Mozoomdar. The latter then rose and made a pathetic speech, of which we give the substance below :—

"The circumstances of the Brahmō Mandir present a double difficulty—on the one hand, the congregation and the constitution of the place of worship demand that the spirit and the order of the services here should be preserved intact; on the other hand, a number of respected Brahmō missionaries unite themselves with the family of the late minister to demand an interference with that spirit and order. When I returned to Calcutta last month, I found germs of this opposition, but hoping that time and reflection would effect its cure, I took charge of the services here, as I had been accustomed to do whenever my honoured friend, the late minister, could not discharge his duties. The constitution of the Brahmō Mandir lays down that 'no sculpture or painted object of any kind can be set apart in these premises in memory of any particular individual.' Keshub Chunder Sen himself laid down this principle, which is widely and universally known. The pulpit of the Mandir is a sculptured edifice of marble. I have been required to set it apart in memory of the late minister. Though my love and loyalty to the opposing missionaries and the minister's

family are great, I am not able to violate the constitution of the Mandir of whose congregation I am the Secretary. Setting apart the pulpit, therefore, for the period of one month as a term of mourning I have occupied it for the last two Sundays to conduct the public services. The abuse and peresecution to which I have been subjected for this plain course of duty are great. The letters which have been read before you give you some indication of that. But I decline to enter into that subject just now. Suffice it to say that I have done my duty in the name of the Mandir and of the congregation, and that mere ill-treatment' cannot deter me. But I have also a duty to my respected friends, the Brahma missionaries who oppose me, and the minister's family. I cannot, therefore, proceed further without additional authority, and I lay myself, and my charge before this vast congregation, and for the present bid farewell to the functions of my office as minister. If you men of the congregation can unite with all the Brahma missionaries and the minister's family to re-elect me, I will be delighted to serve you. If not, I will not permit my presence to cause contention and strife in the house of God. I would have a decided expression of public opinion before I resume my duties. The Theistic Church is as wide as the world. I will have plenty of occasion to serve my God and my fellow-men elsewhere. Adieu !"

As Mr. Mozoomdar was leaving the Mandir, the entire congregation, numbering about four hundred

men, followed him to the late minister's house, where the other missionaries live. With one exception they refused to meet the people assembled, eventually the crowd dispersed.

Thus my opponents succeeded in putting an end to my ministry in the Brahma Mandir and henceforth I held services in my own house. But this did not put an end to all trouble, because as Secretary to the congregation I had a responsibility in the right disposal of this property. So I announced further meetings with a view to take measures for the appointment of trustees. A meeting was announced to take place in the mandir-premises on the 27th February. Such a meeting, it was feared, would interfere with the alleged rights of the family of Keshub Chunder Sen. Therefore, this time the hostile missionaries headed by Keshub's sons determined to use open violence. So, on the day of the meeting they hired out a lot of street ruffians, went to the Mandir building, locked every gate, barred every passage and built up every opening. A large number of police were also requisitioned, while every arrangement was made to lay violent hands on me should I try to enter. We all went in a body to hold the meeting, but seeing the situation retired peacefully, and in one of the public squares I addressed the congregation to take things calmly and do their duty. What was that duty? Try to take away the property from the hands of Keshub's family and put it in charge of trustees as representatives of the public. How could

such representatives be appointed? I took the opinion of the Advocate-General and he advised a meeting of the donors and the congregation. Meetings were called outside the mandir-premises henceforth and a Select Committee was appointed. But what could trustees do, even if appointed, but recover possession of the Church building property by a law-suit? A law-suit, however, was not desirable. So I tried a more peaceful and honourable plan. While continuing the public agitation I influenced some of the highest Government officials, men like the late Mr. Gibbs, who officiated as Viceroy at the time, Sir William Hunter, Mr. (now Sir) Courtenay Ilbert, then the law member of the Viceroy's council, to undertake an arbitration of the dispute with a view to save the reputation of Keshub Chunder Sen and that of the Brahma Somaj from the exposure of an action at the law-courts. They kindly consented to act under the condition that their award was accepted as final by all parties.

The Lily Cottage party, ** through their agent Krishna Behary Sen, acceded to the proposal. Both parties were asked to prepare written statements of their case. But my adversaries were so utterly demoralised by what they had done that they feared the arbitrators would decide against them. On one pretext and another they delayed to submit their statements, and at last backed out of their agreement altogether. The whole thing fell through. The officials were disgusted

and the public after these repeated scandals ceased to take interest. There was one course open now, to appeal to the law-court. Public opinion was on my side, law was on my side.

But my duty was yet unaccomplished, the property of the Church was in the hands of a * * * private family. How could I rest? The committee that could appoint trustees had been organised. They were ready to act. Public sympathy was warmly in our favour. The mild and constitutional way in which I had proceeded drew the acknowledgment of men like Sir William Hunter, Sir Rivers Thompson, the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, and others who said all that now remained for me was to have a motion made in the High Court and they said there was no doubt of the result. One of the Judges of the High Court, Sir William Cunningham, encouraged me and the public in general looked out to the prospect of a big law-suit in the Brahma Somaj with all its amenities. The Lily Cottage party, the opposing Brahma missionaries and Krishna Behary Sen were alarmed. I had hopes of being aided with funds if I decided to go to court and every prospect of winning my case. But the thought in ^{my} mind was "would a law-suit effect what I wanted?" I would undoubtedly recover at least a portion of my rights in the Brahma Mandir, of which were unjustly deprived. But would the Brahma Somaj gain anything substantial? In the first place the transactions in regard to the business part of the Brahma Mandir were all

along so irregular (not deliberately so, but in the nature of the circumstances) that if analysed in a court of law they would reflect great discredit upon the conduct of everybody concerned, chiefly upon Keshub himself whose reputation for integrity had already suffered owing to the foolish claims of his family on the property of the public. In the second place if I had any access to the pulpit of the mandir, the family, the opposing missionaries and some others would surely secede and set up a rival movement in Lily Cottage or else-where. This would be the creation of a new sect in the Brahma Somaj. In the third place the law-suit and its thousand exigencies would oblige me to spend time, money, energy and effort, the effects of which on my moral, physical and spiritual constitution I greatly feared. * * * *

The personal relations among the members of the Church had grown so bad that any common action or understanding after the authoritative decision of the dispute by the court was impossible. Under these circumstances I decided not to court the exposures and the harassments of a law-suit. Specially as the other side expressed some solicitude for the appointment of trustees, though they did not approve of the process I had adopted, I decided not to quarrel about the ways and means, but to avoid public scandal by just seeing that some kind of trust was created, that public property was formally made over to the representatives of the public and then I meant to wash my hands

altogether of the whole thing. When it was impossible to establish right principles or act together according to right relations, I judged it unworthy of a religious man to continue to fight about mere *property*. I felt my responsibility was over if by any effort direct or indirect, some men took charge of the mandir-premises on behalf of the public. This was done. Pundit Gour Govind Roy, Amritalal Bose and Krishna Behari Sen became trustees. I was asked to join them, but I declined. I was sure there would be further disputes, the men were sure to be at logger-heads and there was neither any hope of peace nor progress in an organisation that was thus propped up. Thus ended my connection with the property of the Bharat Varshiya Brahmo Mandir. The settlement I must say was a farce. The property remained practically in the hands of Keshub's family as before, only a bogus trust-deed gave them a disguise under which to exercise their autocracy. The community sufficiently demoralised did not care. I was sorry. But my responsibility was morally ended, as my spiritual ministration had ceased before. My plan henceforward was to stand outside the dismembered organisation and make personal endeavours to establish better feelings in the poor little community. With this view I showed my sympathy with whatever good that there was in every party and every individual. With this object I tried to establish the Brahmo Somaj Union (composed of the members of the three Somajes) which held its meetings from

time to time in, 1888. Since my resignation, Keshub's little community has split repeatedly and hopelessly and his whole movement has been wrecked by those who should have preserved it.* * * * *

The principles and truths which made the soul of Keshub Chunder Sen's work can never die ; his genius and personal character will be always honoured. These principles are sure to be embodied in some other form, under some other organisation, under some other leader.. * * *

I now fervently pray to God that the handful of young men in our midst, handful but predestined to great ends, may unite themselves to invoke God's spirit to lead them to occupy the vacant field left by Keshub's old and immediate followers.

The following lines are quoted from Mr. Mozoomdar's diary :—

O God, what marvels of meaning underlie this gift of divine adversity ! It illumines me, deepens, broadens, and purifies my whole nature. My father, like a little child I constantly need correction. Like a very foolish man I need constant restraint. 23rd January, 1884—How different the world seems ! Keshub has taken away with him all peace and goodwill. Old friends have taken the attitude of firm distrust. The missionaries are every day withdrawing from the work of the Brahma Somaj. 30th January, 1884—Strange, strange, my soul, thou hast so little to tell thy Lord. Last year in thy pilgrimage thou didst fill the pages of thy diary with prayer and aspiration. This year when thy pilgrimage is still more far-reaching and important, o why art thou dumb ? Last year thy anxieties and fears for the success of thy

undertaking forced deep faith and dependence. This year it is the hand of the Lord that has thrown thee into graver anxieties and troubles than thou hast 'yet known. Where is thy faith, where thy dependence? Dost thou not behold that the Spirit of the Lord hath caught thee by the hair of thine head? Man, thy time hath come. Stir thy soul with the profoundest prayer. Let apostolic fire burn in thy whole being. Let zeal for the Lord's service devour thee.

I am feeble and despondent, O Lord, lift up my soul with thy right hand, and pour into me strength and vitality. Thou hast now called me to great work. I do not know how to do it. My friends have become my determined adverseries. I have no one save thee to call my own. Let me behold the glory of thy face. Let me hold firmly to thine Almighty Arm.

14th February, 1884—The combination which these men have made against me is by no means contemptible. They have in their hands all the news-paper organs of the Brahmo Somaj of India. Some of them are men of very good moral character, one of them is a devotee. They have position and power in the Brahmo Somaj. There is no doubt they mean to do me harm. I must be prepared for gross and bitter charges. Is it not time I should think of making some statement before the public.

Pray unceasingly, pray to thy God. Pray for sweetness, peace and consolation. Pray for strength, firmness and enthusiasm. For great holiness and genuine piety pray. That there may be forgiveness in the heart, and good in return for evil may always be. Take heed this is not the time for good impulses to dry up and for bad impulses to rush in. Men will not talk of God and His mercies. They will talk of bitterness and sin. My soul learn to speak as little as possible. Speak when it is unavoidable. Rest with peace in God.

21st February, 1884.—Obey any Law higher than the law of your own wishes. Find and follow Personality higher than your own. All religion is here. Be guided, controlled and commanded. Offer thyself as a sacrifice and be filled with peace.

3rd April, 1884. The chief and I might say the essential difference between me and dear Keshub was this. He not only discovered and laid down the great essential principles of the New Dispensation but insisted upon seeing them carried out in every detail of life. Any failure in that not only put him out but filled him with deep despondency. In word and act I continually protested against this dominion over details. The *principles* I have accepted, and cordially honored. The attempt to regulate the minutest items of personal and domestic life I have incessantly deprecated. Latterly Keshub felt a good deal of mental alienation from me on this account. He tried to organise the other missionaries according to his views of an apostolic community. These men now call themselves the Apostolic Durbar. How far they keep the minute rules of private life Keshub laid down for them I do not undertake to say. But they have undoubtedly broken the great essential principles of the Dispensation by their conduct in the *Vedi* (pulpit) question, the private occupation of the *Mandir*, parade of Keshub's carpet and wearing apparel, and disgraceful exclusion of myself and some other ** missionaries. And another thing is certain—their violation both of the spirit and letter of Keshub's teachings broke the heart, and hastened his death (see Keshub's letters to his brother Krishna Behary). So this attempt to force the details of personal life, which should have been left to every man's conscience, has defeated its own object, and what is worse has upset every thing, the very fundamental principles of the New Dispensation. Herein lies Keshub's *failure*.

1st May, 1884. *A constitution.* The Brahmo Somaj of India divisible under the general community or membership of the body, and the congregation and donors of the Brahmo Mandir. Each of these bodies to have its Secretary. There is to be the Apostolic Durbar or Society of Elders answering to the general purposes of an Executive and deliberative committee carrying on the work of the whole movement, as well as suggesting measures of reform both spiritual and practical to the community. The Secretary is to dispose of these measures either in his executive functions, or call meetings of the general body of members to discuss and adopt them. The Apostolic Durbar is to have a president, and Secretary, and members. Both the president and the Secretary are to be elected from time to time. The members are to be chosen from the missionaries as well as from prominent laymen according to their capacity and interest in the affairs of the Church of the New Dispensation. The congregation of the Brahmo Mandir will with the help of its secretary and apostles discuss and decide all the measures relating to the general management and services of the Church.

19th November, 1884, *Keshub's Birthday.* He would have completed his 46th year today if he had lived. This is his first birthday after his ascension to heaven. Festivities used to be held on the anniversary of his birth and he used to offer beautiful prayer. Now his spirit prays in the abode of the blessed, and we hold the feast of sorrow in his memory. O Keshub, O friend, brother, it is too early for you to have gone away. Behold, how our hearts are sad and desolate. Thy birth in this world has made it blessed. Unborn generations will hold high festival on thy birthday. What wonderful achievements didst thou do. A great New Dispensation of religion hast thou announced to the world. Thou hast called men to life devotedness. Thou hast revolutionized thy land

and nation. Thy example shall be the light to guide thousands in all ages. By and by all India shall celebrate thy birthday in joy and honor.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD

Driven away from his rightful place in the Bharat-barshya Brahmo Mandir, Mr. Mozoomdar now set himself to serve in the vineyard of the Lord, which is not confined to any party or nation. True love has a service to give which extends all the world over. It has a mission for every soul stricken with sin and sorrow. Wisdom, insight and genuine spirituality appeal to every one, whether born in the Orient or the Occident.

One of the principal tasks to which Mr. Mozoomdar now addressed himself was to create a better feeling and mutual regard amongst the members of the different sections of the Brahmo Somaj.

"The three Somajes are independent of each other," he thus voices his sentiment, "and do not seem to lack resources to continue their operations, without in any way needing the aid of the others. But to the well-wisher of all three there is a manifest weakness in the isolation and severance

of sympathy. It means sure degeneracy in the near future." "I deprecate distrust in each other's sincere convictions, I set my face against mutual exclusion, and the evil of sectarianism. When any Brahmos or any Brahmic organisations set down the principle that they must cease to associate with other theistic bodies, I call that a grievous sin. When any Brahmos express a disinclination to pray with each other, or admit each other into their respective places of worship I call that a most grievous sin. Is there not a Providence at the bottom of all these organisations? Does not the recognition of His hand necessitate a certain amount of mutual recognition? We may decline to associate with a man individually, socially we may not find it profitable to mingle, but every organization in which the church is subdivided must be recognized as coming from God, and therefore worthy of respect and consideration. I rejoice to observe a mutual approach in principle. If the prominent members of the Sadharan Samaj have begun to admit the truth of a Divine Dispensation in theism and some prominent members of the Brahmo Samaj of India have begun to recognize the necessity of inviting the public to settle the internal differences of the Church and the Adi Brahmo Samaj by holding joint services of all the different parties in the mansion of the Pradhan Acharya recognises the importance of union on some common ground, who knows better than myself that such recognition is not sufficient for unity? Yet I beseech you brethren, to behold in your hearts one church only with many organizations; one brotherhood with many centres; one cause with diverse fields of works; one salvation with various modes of attaining it. I ask you not to tolerate sins and moral deficiencies, nor to overlook errors of organization and church government. Discourage all these by a healthy and righteous public opinion. I ask you only to have an all-inclusive love, forgiveness and forbearance, above all faith

in the all-powerful Providence of God who brings good out of evil."

"It does not appear to me to be the purpose of Providence that any one of them (the three Somajes) should be utterly destroyed. Nay, on the contrary, I wish and pray unto God that they may all live, and under the guidance of His Spirit fulfil the important mission entrusted to them. I can no longer persuade myself, as I did at one time, that any one particular section of the Brahma Somaj can do all the work which the country and the age demand from that movement. I tell you brethren that at the present moment my efforts are directed *not so much to the introduction of a forced unnatural unity, as to the prevention of further disunion*. I have tried to prove that the very basis of the religion of the Brahma Somaj precludes the chance of any fundamental disunion."

Keshub Chunder Sen once asked his missionaries to sign a sort of pledge that they would never form sects. Mr. Mozoomdar was so sure of never having an ambition in that way that he declined to sign it. It displeased Keshub, but he was firm. Future events justified Mr. Mozoomdar's trust in himself. While deserted by his colleagues and persecuted within his own fold he received overtures from the other two Somajes to join them and take therein a leading part; but he would never make or join a party.

"To Keshub personally and to his cause I have tried to be loyal to my utmost power." Loyal as he was to his chief he tried to be, "Loyal to conscience and to truth also."

"This strictness of loyalty to truth," Mr. Mozoomdar continues, "has made me universally unpopular, and

been the fruitful cause of every want and loneliness, but it is also the cause of everything that is deep and divine in me. If men had not hated and forsaken me I should have never drawn close to God. The gain and loss weighed, I have been a gainer in my own sight. Yet the grief of the loss of dear ones, of means, of place, of health, sometimes overcasts my whole soul, and then from under the deep waters, as it were, I cry out to my God, and the psalm of sorrow brings back the hallelujah of rejoicing."

"These parties and sects (in the Brahma Somaj) are there. I did not create them, I cannot destroy them. My attitude towards them is uniform. I love what is lovable in them, and hate what is hateful. The Adi Samaj, the Sadharan, and the remnants of the New Dispensation are all so many fragments out of which the future Church is to be constructed. And God helping me to that work of reconstruction I devote myself. Let antipathy against persons and parties forever cease in me. Let the purpose and will of God be my sole guidance."

With a view to the "consolidation of the Brahma Community by mutual sympathy, good feelings, and assistance, both pecuniary and otherwise" Mr. Majoomdar founded a Society, named the Brahma Samaj Union in 1888. It evoked considerable enthusiasm. Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore took a deep interest in the Society and encouraged it in every way. Prominent members of the different sections of the Brahma Samaj

joined the body, and united devotional meetings were held in their respective houses. These meetings must be fresh in the memory of all who were present on the occasions. Those held in the house of the Maharshi were remarkable for their cordiality and for their brilliance. How well does the present writer remember the radiant face of the venerable Maharshi when in one of these gatherings the service over, he stood in our midst and recited the verses of the Upanishads with an intensity of feeling which arises only in those who live in the spirit of the verses! What Mr. Mozoomdar most eagerly sought during the days of trial and isolation was deep communion with the Spirit of God, so that fresh light and strength might visit his soul and the further roads on which to advance were pointed out to him. The solitude of the Himalayas is most helpful for spiritual exercise, and the weary enervated people of the plains can readily repair their health in the cold bracing climate of these regions. With these advantages in view he purchased, in 1885, a bungalow at Kurseong, a hill-retreat on the Himalayas, with an altitude of about 5000 ft. The house is situated on the top of a spire, with deep wooded valleys before and behind. In front of the house, the hills of Nepal are seen in successive ranges; behind, two cataracts glide down the hill that rises from the other side of the valley, and the music of the perennial strain can be heard all the year round. Birds sing there all the day long. It is a romantic place. The house was

consecrated on the 18th October. The following lines are quoted from the Interpreter.

"An interesting ceremony of consecration was performed on Sunday, the 18th October, at Kurseong in connection with the little bungalow lately bought by Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. The house was profusely decorated with flowers, ferns, and leaves in the early morning, and a number of Brahma devotees and friends went from Calcutta and other places to take part in the proceedings. At the conclusion of the morning service Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar spoke to the following effect, "Brethren, it has been long felt as a necessity that there should be a mountain retreat for our devotees and workers who are fatigued or struck down by disease on account of their labours and anxieties in the cause of God. It is a further necessity that such men when their spirit craves for communion and contemplation should find uninterrupted opportunities for spiritual culture and exercise. I have often experienced this as a personal need, and I have no doubt others have felt likewise. Our late beloved Minister, in his latter days, strongly expressed the wish of having such an Asram. In obedience to such impulses and necessities, I have ventured, under the guidance and help of God to purchase this little house. Herein, God has been most gracious to me and provided me with unforeseen facilities. I am glad so many of you have thought it proper to be present on this occasion to consecrate our humble hermitage. Let it be called henceforth by the name of *Shailasram*. Let it form a sacred resort where the devotees of God may find repose, peace, and firmer consolation. Let those who come here seek God, the blessedness of *Yoga* and *Samadhi*, Let those who come here converse on things holy, helping each other towards the eternal Kingdom of the Spirit. These Himalayas have ever been the seat of divine wisdom and pure spiritual life. The great awful associations fill our minds when we

tread on these consecrated grounds, when we are here let us try to live the life pointed out to us by the great *Rishis*. May all carnality be conquered here, and all spirituality cultivated. Let us live up to the spirit of the Himalayas. Brethren, I venture to hope that when I and my wife are dead and gone, this place will continue to be the resort of holy and spiritually minded men and women, and that your devotions will be beneficial to our souls both in this world and the next." After further prayers and hymns the congregation went out in procession to the open air, and in the grounds adjoining Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar and his wife planted some pine trees; the devotees present, also planting one. The trees were put in the soil with prayers to the effect that as pines grow on the Himalayas slowly, stately, fragrant, so in the soil of the soul may *Yoga*, *Bhakti* and *Vairagya* grow, filling the atmosphere with beauty and sweetness. The congregation then went several times round the *Asram* singing and finally resumed their seats to pronounce the solemn benediction of peace, peace, peace."

During the rest of his life, in the summer months, when he had nowhere to go, Mr. Mozoomdar used to retire to his mountain home. There amidst nature's beauty and silence he was engaged in his quiet occupation of study, meditation and writing. Most of his books and other profound writings were written there. His life in the Himalayas is a delightful and profitable study. He used to get up early in the morning and walk on the lonely road in front of *Shailasram* for a short while, immersed in meditation. Tea was made ready by this time, which he took alone sitting on the verandah, facing the hills. He then went out on a long walk alone, going along lonely

roads, plunged in thought. "The chief enjoyment of my life is walking," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "If the climate is fine, the weather dry and bright, the road good, the scenery agreeable, I am simply in a trance. But then is my spirit most active, thought profound, heart most forgiving, resolutions formulative and final. The greatest inspiration for my writings and speeches come when I thus wander about for miles." Sometimes he took with him a copy of the "New Testament." "*Bhagabatgita*", or "*Brahmo-Dharma-Grantha* and sat down by the road-side, in a shaded place, and read a chapter of one of the books. He returned home at about 9 o'clock, and at once sat down to write and was thus engaged till 11 o'clock. Bath followed which was to him a daily baptism. He now entered his sanctuary and spent about an hour in devotion. Who will forget having once seen the solemnity and sanctity of the occasion? His adoration of the Deity was an echo of some celestial music. "Perhaps my chiefest delight is in my devotions", Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "These are often unconventional (though a part of them is systematic always) long, or short, word, or meditation, prayer, speechless meditation, with the unspeakable Divine Presence' for my only witness. Can the best and highest in man be more active than my spirit is then? Every molecule of my being, as it were, is in measureless motion, every capacity receives its heavenly fulness, every doubt and perplexity set at rest." Breakfast followed, during which

time he was in the same devout mood as characterised his morning hours. It was indeed to him a feast of the Spirit. Meal over, he read one of the daily papers, usually the "Statesman", after which he rested for a while. From three to five O'clock in the afternoon he again wrote. After this he took a walk for an hour or so. In the evening friends, some times, called on him and he talked with them on a variety of subjects, domestic, social, political, literary or religious according to the nature and character of the visitors. When alone, he used to read. After supper, which he took between eight to nine, he rested for a while, and then went to bed. On Sundays he conducted divine service with a few friends at the *Shaila-Asram*. In the morning hours Mr. Mozoomdar did not like to receive visitors. This was the usual routine of his life whether he lived on the hills or the plains. Naturally the concentration of his mind when he lived on the plains was not so constant as it was on the hills.

On returning to the plains his mind longed to "rise to the same level of devotion, meditation, *Samadhi* in these heated plains as in the cool sun-lit mountains," "Where are those sweet serene mountain heights now where I used to commune with the glory and purpose of my Father? I am sent down to the old work-day world with its noise, heat, struggle un-belief and self-interest. That Himalayan communion is like a beautiful dream of some past life, like the brightness and innocence of youth some joyous childhood of the

spirit. Yet this strenuous tiresome labour of duty is very dear to my heart, it is a dear God-given privilege, it is the tilling of my Father's vineyard, the self-invited hardship of love."

Mr. Mozoomdar began to edit a monthly journal, named the "Interpreter" in May, 1885. Through its pages he served the Brahma Somaj, and the Theistic world at large. He continued to edit the paper till the last days of his life, though, owing to lack of proper management etc., it ceased to appear at times. The last issue of the paper was published in March 1904, shortly before his fatal illness. The contents of the paper were mostly written by him, but friends now and then contributed to its columns.

On the first appearance of the paper Mahrashi Devendra Nath Tagore wrote him as follows:—"On this first day of May in reading your *Interpreter* my heart opens out, light comes to my eye. My blessing is—may you live for ever, and do the beloved work of God."

The remarks of the *Indian Messenger*, the organ of the Sadharan Brahma Somaj, will be read with interest:—"One thing strikes us as a very commendable feature of Mr. Mozoomdar's journal. It is the fair and impartial spirit in which the work of all the Samajes has been noticed. If it be conducted on these principles, it can not but be attractive to all the sections of the Brahma Somaj."

The following extracts from a letter of Minister

Keshub Chunder Sen to Mr. Mozoomdar, dated the 4th November, 1876, Allahabad, show that it is the former who gave the latter the name, "Interpreter":

"Perhaps you should all for a time at least learn the art of interpreting my words to others. You should take up the mission and vocation of "Interpreters", instead of attempting to start original theories and institutions. Is it not the design of Providence that you should do so?*** My friends and brothers, tell others what I have told you and shall yet say unto you. You *are* able to do it. Then do it."

Early in the year 1885 Mr. Mozoomdar went on a missionary tour and visited Burdwan, Bhagalpur, Mokamah, Arrab, Ghazipur, Bankipur and Gaya, In October he went to Kurseong where, as we have seen, he purchased a bungalow; and lived there till the end of the year. On the last day of the year he writes in his diary as follows:

"So the year has gone. Farewell to the past eternity, glad, grateful farewell. It leaves me better, wiser, readier for the eternity before. I behold the scenes around with a clearer, firmer vision, I bear the burdens of life with quieter power and a more thankful heart. I look upon men with a peaceful spirit, and willing honour. Glory be to God. His name be hallowed. In the past year he has been exceedingly gracious with me. Health of body and peace of mind I have had in very great abundance. I have been enabled to serve the public much better, both in the pages of the "Interpreter" and oral ministrations. The force and intensity of persecution have much lessened. I have been enabled

to get a little house on the hills, which I mean to make the abode of meditation, spiritual exercise and labour. Some friends have shown me attachment and sympathy for which I must be grateful. I lived without pecuniary want, in comfort and independence through the protecting mercy of God, so that men have wondered who has supplied my needs. My aspirations are very much higher, my devotions deeper, my meditations more absorbed. I am altogether in greater sympathy with nature, with the goodness and justice of God, and with the progress of my fellow-men. And now in profound trust and loving dependence I commit my future into the hands of God. Lord bless thy kneeling *Sevak* or (Servant)."

In January next year (1886) he was in Calcutta, and took part in the anniversary proceedings. On the 13th February he left Calcutta, and went on an extensive missionary tour. "For a good while, and never so much as in the utmost heat of the late controversies, have I had the desire to make a tour through the country to watch the effects of the agitation, and confirm men in their faith in, and attitude towards the simple religion of the Brahmo Samaj." His first halt was at Bankipur, the principle city of Behar. "One peculiar feature of the Behar Brahmo Samajes is the number of good Brahmo households that have congregated there. The ladies are as enthusiastic and God-loving as the men, and show a touching tenderness of sympathy for every worker of the Church which I cannot soon forget. Brothers Prakash Chandra Roy, Apurva Krishna Pal, Hari Sunder Bose, Paresh Nath Chatterjee, among

many others have cultivated domestic piety with great zeal and success. May the Lord bless them. Ghazipore though geographically in the United Provinces, has to all intents and purposes formed a part of the Behar group of Brahma Samajes. I paid a flying visit to Ghazipore, and had some excellent communion with Brother Nityagopal Roy. Brother Nityagopal is the life and soul of the local Samaj, and though professedly not a missionary, he discharges the functions of one, joining thereto the active duties of a religious householder and member of society. His services to the Church of the New Dispensation are worthy of remembrance and record."

He next came to Indore, whence "repeated requests had come to visit the place." There was a *Prarthana Samaj*, composed mostly of youngmen belonging to the public offices. "Some of the members are forward and progressive, men who in their domestic and social life follow the injunctions of the Theistic Church. The Maharaja of Indore, H. H. the Holkar is not inimical to the Samaj, though of course he showed no active sympathy. His well-known friendship with our late Minister has undoubtedly affected his attitude to our whole movement." In Indore Mr. Mozoomdar lived as a State-guest. "I had to speak both in English and Hindi, large audiences of every class, including even the most orthodox, gathered, and so catholic and spiritual are the principles of the New Theistic Dispensation I preached that every body felt that our faith

and doctrines were his own, and that I was his friend and brother, the utmost cordiality came to me from all sections, and I left many friends behind me at Indore."

From Indore he travelled direct to Bombay, the old field of his work, where he was cordially received. "I was eagerly invited to conduct the services, which I did as often as I could. The anniversary being just the occasion I wished so much to attend, the work which was entrusted to me I did to the best of my power." The venerable Debendra Nath Tagore was at this time staying at Bandora, about 10 miles from Bombay. "The weary traveller stayed with him a few days, enjoying a short respite from his continuous travels and labours. "What shall I say of the spiritual intercourses I had with the venerable man, of the fatherly encouragement and unstinted sympathy he bestowed upon me? In Keshub's absence, never to be filled up again, these words were as bread and meat to me. I am profoundly grateful to God for the opportunity of such exalted communion with one whom I might justly call my spiritual father. God bless him, and keep him with us for many days yet."

Mr. Mozoomdar paid a flying visit to Baroda at the invitation of the Maharaja and stayed there for a few days in the last week of March and was entertained as a guest of the State. "I had a most cordial and delightful conversation with the young Gaikwar, whom I have no hesitation in calling a model prince. His Highness is not only well-read, but entirely free

from the stiffness and ceremony for which Native Indian Courts are celebrated. The questions he asked about men and things in general, and foreign countries like Japan and America in particular, were so interminable that I was in some difficulty to satisfy his curiosity. He does not seem to have any faith in orthodox religions and customs, but how far he has a positive and constructive faith I cannot say for certain. He requested me to deliver two or three lectures, but I had time only for one at a meeting held in the palace, to which officials and others were specially invited. I pointed out to His Highness that the civilization and progress which he justly admired in other countries, were to a large extent the products of religion, that all mankind looked upon India as the cradle of the world's wisdom and faith, that in cultivating morality, spirituality, and wisdom, lay the hope of this country. The people should under the rule of enlightened princes find opportunities for excelling in the virtues which peculiarly belonged to our race, and the princes should, by righteousness and truth, set an example not only to their own subjects, but to the world at large. His Highness, who very carefully listened all the time, expressed himself interested and instructed."

A visit to Ahmedabad in Guzerat brought to an end Mr. Mozoomdar's tour in the Bombay Presidency. The *Prarthana Somaj*, there, owed its flourishing condition to its president and leader, the venerable

Bholanath Sarabhoy, who was very ill at this time and to which he succumbed after a few weeks. "The simplicity of his life," writes Mr. Mozoomdar, "the genial serenity of his disposition, made his presence welcome to every community where he went. His love of God was so true, so devout was his bearing, that when he took up the cause of the *Prarthana Somaj*, it became a really popular movement in the highly orthodox city of Ahmedabad.***The religious capabilities of Guzerat I have always considered to be very great. As soon as a competent leader arises in that province, it will compete with the most advanced parts of the country in spiritual development."

From Ahmedabad Mr. Mozoomdar proceeded to Simla, where he arrived on the 20th April, "after a very hot and fatiguing railway journey through the wilds of Central India." Mrs. Mozoomdar had already preceded him there. This year he went to the Himalayas not only for the benefit of his soul and body, but "he had, besides, the object of completing certain important writings that he had undertaken, and cultivating the acquaintance of some of the official classes whose sympathy and support he valued towards the progress of his cause." He had to put up at first in an unhealthy house, situated at the Bazaar, "where all the traffic, noise, and unsatisfactory circumstances of the town gather." In the midst of this "uncomfortable and humble beginnings of life at Simla, the voice within cried, 'Patience!' 'Patience.' On the 17th June

he "by God's grace removed to Skipton Villa, a house which suited him well. On the 19th., he presided at the consecration of the Himalayan Brahma Mandir. "The ceremonies were impressing and impressive, and the local community, both Native and European, was sufficiently represented. * * * The Himalayan Brahma Mandir is most favourably situated, its position beautifully adapted to the purposes for which it has been founded. Many are the devout hours I have spent in contemplation and prayer under the deep shadow of the pine forests which surround it. Many are the impulses and thoughts which the solitude and calmness of the scenery have inspired in my heart. * * * I hope and trust in God that he will bless this little institution, and make it a worthy hermitage for the souls of men and women, who, tired with the cares of the world, or the fatigues of the flesh, are disposed to retirement, communion, and spiritual exercise. * * * I generally practised about five to six hours' close mental application each day, and, cannot say, was very much the worse for it." He gave a few public lectures at Simla, one of which was given at the Himalayan Union Club on "Force of Character." At this time some of the newspapers conducted by the Indians indulged in violent languages in criticising Government measures. The high Government officials, whom Mr. Mozoomdar often met, remarked that these criticisms were characterised by ignorance and misrepresentation of

facts. He was pained to find "the intense irritation and strong race feeling which this illjudged severity of tone created" and "felt that every well-wisher of the country ought to exercise such influence as he had to bring about a better mood of mind on both sides with a view to improve mutual relations."

"As a religious man had I any duty in the matter? Upon repeatedly thinking I felt that I owed it to my countrymen as well as to the Government to express my disapprobation publicly of the attitude of some of our newspaper writers: * * * Once on a while, I feel the preacher of religion ought to step out of his prescribed limits, and raise a voice of warning against the corruption of public morals."

In this lecture, Mr. Mozoomdar pointed out "that the force of character lay in the power of self-control and the violence in which some of our journalists indulged, often under the impulse of personal pique, was unworthy in the extreme."

"Though my audience listened to me with applause at the time," Mr. Mozoomdar continues, "yet by the instigation of some persons who ought to have known better, violent misrepresentations of my language and thought were made. An agitation was got up, the results of which were nothing but personal insults to me and endless falsehoods about my own attitude and that of the New Dispensation to the authority of the Government of the country. I bore everything quietly, and allowed this impotent wrath to spend itself,

having in the end the satisfaction to find that some of my most violent critics secretly felt the justice of my reproof, and perceptibly toned down the character of their criticism.”

He had several interviews with the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, who was pleased “to receive every one who was a friend of Keshub Chunder Sen.”

Mr. Mozoomdar reports one of these interviews in the following words :

“One pleasant incident I recall at about this time. His Excellency the Viceroy graciously gave me a long interview in the course of which he very fully explained his views and attitudes towards the political manifestations in the country. * * * In speaking of the violent tone of public criticism adopted in some of the Native journals, Lord Dufferin said he read a good many of them to saturate his mind with, popular sentiments, but that more respectfulness and sympathy towards the Government would give the opinions of these newspapers greater weight of influence, and that they should, before they made their criticisms, take greater pains to acquaint themselves with the facts of the matters they discuss. As I was departing, the Viceroy very cordially expressed himself to this effect, “Remember I am an Irishman. And is it possible for me not to sympathize with the aspirations of a nation so similarly circumstanced as my own? Or is it possible that the Empress should send out for the Government of this country men who are indiffererent or inimical to the best interests of its people? But India has gigantic and conflicting interests for all of which I must have an impartial regard. By violent criticism it is as hard to force me to act against my principles, as to make the sun deflect from his course. But I am never insensible to the claims of loyalty

and confidence." As I left the Viceregal presence, I expressed the wish that some day I might be able to bring some of my leading and really influential countrymen before His Excellency to hear the words he had graciously spoken before me, an insignificant person."

Lord Dufferin laid down his Viceroyalty in December 1888. When the guns from the ramparts of Fort William were booming his hour of departure from India, and great crowds were out sight seeing, a short affectionate note of farewell in his own handwriting reached Mr. Mozoomdar. The letter runs thus:

9th December, 1888.

My Dear Mr. Mozoomdar,

I have not forgotten my promise to mention your name to Lord Lansdowne. I have made him acquainted with the respect and regard I entertain for you as a legal, conscientious and talented subject of the Queen Empress.

Yours Sincerely,

Dufferin

In his interviews with Lord Dufferin Mr. Mozoomdar sometimes criticised His Lordship and his plain speaking at times made the Viceroy very angry. But His Excellency "never bore any spite." Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "He was very irate with educated Indians at times, and he once said, 'Look at this parcel of impotent school girls, they laugh at me! They can hope to turn me from my policy as they can turn the sun from its course.

We have made them what they are, and now they want to unmake us!' But being remonstrated with, he soon relaxed, and spoke more kindly. When the Burma war was about to end in annexation he tried to show that if the British did not annex Burma, the French undoubtedly would, and on being told that this would be no moral justification for that act when it was inherently wrong, he was not angry, but smiled one of his mysterious smiles, and said, "Mr M. you speak like a philosopher, I speak like a statesman, wait and see'!"

On the 23rd September Mr. Mozoomdar delivered a lecture on "Can Monotheism ever be the future religion of India," over which Sir Charles Aitchinson, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab presided. He pointed out in his lecture that the future religion of India must be a national religion. It must satisfy certain cravings of the Hindu mind. These he enumerated as follows:—Firstly, Superabundance of Faith. Faith in Providence, faith in Divine forces, faith in the Divine laws of events, faith in men, preceptors, rulers, guides and others: faith in the powers and possibilities of all things; unlimited, intense faith is the characteristic of the Hindu nature." Secondly, Emotion. "The Hindu cries and laughs before his deity, dances, sings, raves and is excited as an enthusiast." Thirdly, Imagination. "Rites, ceremonies, symbols of all kinds, parables, and allegories, bells, vestments, incense, flowers, and ornaments have an indescribable charm for the Hindu devotee." Fourthly,

Love and honour for intense forms of self-sacrifice. "Self-sacrifice in the East takes the name and shape of asceticism. Mortifications of the body ; conquest and extinction of desires, passions, and joys ; poverty, sleeplessness, mendicancy, homelessness, solitude, prolonged devotion, and disciplines, these things are associated with the moral consciousness of the Hindu worshipper. * * * Any monotheistic religion that hopes to convert the nation shall have to cultivate this principle of self-sacrifice to the extent of asceticism. Austere practices and the absence of passions and desires are the things which the Hindu shall ever expect from his religious teachers."

On the 20th October, carrying in his heart "the abundance of grace and joy" he bade farewell to Simla amidst the good wishes of friends.

"I finished my sketch of the Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen," Mr. Mozoomdar writes. "My cause received due recognition and sympathy from all sections of the community, chiefly from the European part of it. My meditations and communions have been profoundly satisfactory and beneficial to my spirit ; my health has improved, I am prosperous in body and mind. I have received much hallowed light on my appointment and place in the Brahma Somaj. My heart has yearned for brotherhood, peace and progress in God's household. My views on men and things have received much confirmation. The mission of my life is clearer than ever."

What does Mr. Mozoomdar mean by "appointment"? The following lines quoted from his diary give the answer :—22nd September, 1886—"Walking under the pines this morning a strange light descended on me with an appointment to Keshub's successorship. The torch seemed to be handed over to me. The voice came "all his perfections shall be grafted on to thee, in addition to thy own." I was marvellously consoled and strengthened."

16th October, 1886. "Great thoughts about "appointment" both last night and this morning."

The life of a devotee is for ever a life of self-discipline and self-culture. The following lines reprinted from the "Interpreter" which were written by Mr. Mozoomdar, show what a strenuous life he lived on the hills. The hills were no pleasure haunts to him.

"The culture of a devotee's life on the Himalayas consists of three departments. First of all, frequent communion with the marvellous Spirit and Life of outward nature which in those sacred regions finds such unexampled development. The result of this spiritual concentration results in the second department of culture, namely, personal sanctification. One part of it is the suppression of propensities and passions relating both to the body and mind, and the other part is the practice of holiness by daily service both to God and Man. The bodily and mental nature is wonderfully calmed by the outer influences of scenery and atmosphere; morbid excitements are laid at rest; desires and disappointments are robbed of their poignancy; good feeling and goodwill are called forth to the whole creation.

This state of mind naturally leads to the 'third kind of culture, namely, devout work for the benefit of the children of God. The prolonged spiritual exercises in which I was tempted to indulge were much helped by what I looked upon as my "daily bread." This was made of three things, Every day some share of genuine suffering in token of the Cross where upon humanity was and should be crucified. Every day some amount of genuine happiness and consolation assuring the spirit of the supreme Motherly grace which accompanies it for ever. And every day some given opportunity to make myself useful and sevicable to my fellowmen without any hope of reward. This threefold gift was a nourishment and discipline to my heart, and furnished numerous causes for fresh contemplation and new life. My constant prayer was "Three testimonies, O Lord, do Thou give through me to all Thy children ; that Thou feedest and keepest those who in absolute poverty depend upon Thee ; that Thou savest the most miserable sinner through Thy grace ; and that Thou dost establish Thy glorious kingdom on earth through The most unworthy of instruments."

From Simla Mr. Mozoomdar came to Lahore, where he stayed for about a month. Here he gave three public lectures on "Thoughts of the Eternal," "End of Religious Reform" and "Westward Ho !" and conducted divine services at the local Brahmo Somaj. While staying at Lahore he went on a short visit to Rawalpindi, Peshwar and Attock and from the latter place "saw Jamrud and Khyber from a distance." He left Lahore on the 24th November, and came to Lucknow the next day. Here he gave public lectures, conducted divine services and held conversational meetings, as it

was his wont when he went to a place to preach. Leaving Lucknow on the 4th December he came to Dumraon on the 6th, and stayed here for four days receiving "most hospitable and attentive treatment" from the Dewan of the Maharaja, Rai Bahadur Jai Prakash Lal. He reached Calcutta on the 11th December; by the infinite grace of God "returned home early in the morning."

The year 1887 was spent in Calcutta and Kurseong, except that in December he took a short missionary tour in East Bengal and visited Dacca, Mymensing and Narainganj. On the last day of the year he writes in his diary as follows: 31st December 1887: "This year finds the accomplishment of another of my most cherished objects, namely, the work on the Life and Teachings of Keshub. I have been labouring at it for the last three years, amidst difficulties which all know. Who knew what has befallen the Brahma Samaj. I give glory and gratitude unto the God of infinite goodness. My communion with Him during the last twelve months has been most unrestricted. To His Spirit I owe all I have achieved, all the encouragement, hope, and peace that have blessed me. My work has been well-received by the world. Inside the Brahma Samaj we have tried to establish as much peace and goodwill as self-humiliation and respect unto God's household could effect. I have taken part in the service of the Brahma Mandir, and have mixed with my brethren as freely as I could dare. But the recognition of my

place by them is as far as ever. Never despair, never be weary, O my soul, labour unto life's end, glorifying God, doing good unto all men, the issues are in the hands of Infinite Wisdom."

CHAPTER XIII

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

The book was published in 1887. It was welcomed with delight by the Press of this country and abroad. The opinions of some of them are quoted below :—

The Englishman :—This is not only the best biography ever written in English by an Indian, but it is probably the best life of Keshub Chunder Sen that will ever be published. The late reformer was as unlike the generality of men as that totally different man, Dr. Pusey. In order, therefore, to write his life properly, the biographer required to know the man intimately, to be thoroughly in sympathy with him, and to have a vivacity of literary style adequate to conveying his conceptions to other men's minds. Mr. Mozoomdar possesses these qualifications. He and Keshub were fellow-villagers, as well as life-long companions, so that we have a graphic picture of the reformer's boyhood and school-days that essentially valuable but most

difficult thing to obtain about a great man. As a piece of work this memoir deserves high praise. It is eminently readable, which is always a good point in a biography. It is also of the proper size, that is, a little smaller than one of Dr. George Smith's abridged biographies. It deals with the subject of the memoir only, when the temptation to descant on collateral subjects was as greater as ever assailed a biographer. It is simply and correctly written, with a happy command of language. The various discussions in which Keshub was involved after he became a public leader are described with more than a friend's impartiality, and admirable taste is displayed in avoiding the least reference to the state of things in the New Dispensation after death took away its Minister. Wisely, kindly, and cleverly he has sketched the life, work, and character of one of whom we wrote at his death that no Hindu ever made his name 'so widely' "known beyond his own country, or drew the attention of the public so closely in his own day to the details of his career."

The Indian Daily News :—This exhaustive and interesting work, which covers over five hundred pages of well-printed matter, speak favourably for the ability and perseverance of its author, and forms a standing monument of no mean value to the memory and merits of the illustrious person whose life and feelings, whose thoughts, words, and sentiments, are recorded within its pages. One almost feels inclined to regard Mr.

Mozoomdar as a sort of "Brahmo Samaj" Boswell, or Pepys, in a different style, so deeply, so carefully has he entered into details concerning his beloved master Keshub Chunder Sen's life. Mr. Mozoomdar's work is one that will fully repay the reader, since it is most interesting from beginning to end, and though to English ideas a great deal has been said that might have been left unsaid, and it is somewhat verbose in parts, as a whole, it is a book that should take its stand as a valuable addition to the literature of India.

The Statesman: Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar's narrative of the life and teachings of his spiritual guide and friend, the illustrious Keshub Chunder Sen, is executed in a style worthy of its object. The book is certainly one of the most interesting and fairly written biographies that the present century, so fruitful in literature of this class, has produced and it will be widely read and valued by all who are interested in the work of the great Indian Reformer.

The Bengalee: With regard to the life and teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen, by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, we may say that it will be the most durable monument which the spirit of worship or gratitude may raise in honor of the great Brahmo leader. It is a biography, full, copious and sympathetic, and as such it is one of the most interesting books we have read. The writer exerts a spell over the reader throughout his work. * * The book is written by a Bengalee, a stranger to the English tongue, but it affords fresh proof of the

wonderful command which some of our countrymen have acquired over the language of their rulers. If it was written by an Englishman it would have won for him a no mean place in the literary world ; but in this country we fear, merit too often goes without recognition.

The Epiphany: Mr. Mozoomdar is to be congratulated on the completion of a most valuable and interesting work. It is a mere truism to say that in the religious and social history of India during the last twenty years Keshub Chunder Sen, played one of the most important parts. It is, therefore, of the greatest advantage that all who are interested in the future of India should have within their reach a biography of the famous reformer written by one who was not only his contemporary but his intimate friend, and the sharer in all his hopes and labours. Not even the severest critic, we venture to think, will complain that Mr. Mozoomdar has not done his work well. The literary merits of the book are considerable and friend and enthusiastic admirer of Keshub as the author is, he has nevertheless honestly carried out his purpose of being "a faithful recorder", and has not, as is too often the case with enthusiastic biographers, slurred over those passages in the life of his hero which at the time excited the most adverse criticism from his opponents. Mr. Mozoomdar has therefore given us not only a vivid portrait of the Minister of the *Church of the New Dispensation* but he has made a

most valuable contribution to the history of our times.

The Hindu Patriot: Babu P. C. Mozoomdar's work is worthy of his great subject. He has given a true sketch of the life and work of the late Brahma leader. Every page of the book bears evidence of the author's deep admiration and affection for Keshub Chunder Sen who was not only his spiritual leader but also a near relation; but we have not been able to detect a single sentence in which he has allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment, or to give a false coloring to those incidents in the life of Keshub Chunder Sen which not a few regard as dark spots in his career. From beginning to end the correctness of the delineation is unassailable and the execution admirable.

The Christian Union: * * From no hand would we so gladly receive the volume of his history as from that which we have once clasped in welcome to America, and which has ever been a right hand of fellowship to the man who, amid the shifting, surging tides of popular feeling, now overwhelming him with perilous adulation, now recoiling in a passion of dislike, must have rejoiced to feel the pressure of its constancy and strength. Mr. Mozoomdar, a kinsman of India's latest Prophet, not only after the flesh, but after the spirit also, presents a sympathetic, but by no means blindly partial treatment of his character and ministry.

In pursuance of the "often expressed wish" of Keshub Chunder Sen, as well as his own, Mr. Mozoomdar

took himself to his "sacred duty" with an ability which called forth universal praise. "My humble object has been to describe my friend as I have always known him, concealing nothing, nor setting down aught in malice. * * * More than any thing else, I rely upon what I have known, seen and heard in my constant companionship."

We should note here that the book was written under trying circumstances of which we can scarcely form an adequate idea from this distance of time. "When the storm of opposition was most fierce and merciless against me I wrote that book under an incessant strain of solitude and responsibility which often made my head reel."

CHAPTER XIV

THE YEARS 1888 to 1892

Much of Mr. Mozocmdar's time during these years was taken in forming two associations namely, the Brahmo Somaj Union and the Society for the Higher Training of Young Men, and writing two moral text-books, one for young men and the other for ladies. We wrote about the Brahmo Somaj Union in a previous chapter.

The Society for the Higher Training of Young Men

took its origin in the following way. Mr. Mozoomdar writes :—

“One morning, in September 1890, at about ten while returning from one of the outhouses at “*Shailasram*”^{*} I felt a sudden upheaving of spirit about initiating a movement for the good of our youngmen. The sun was streaming down his glory, the leaves in the forest close by were glancing, and dancing, and laughing in the fresh autumn breeze, the stray bird notes were penetrating the stillness of the young day, my heart gave a great bound, yes, something must be done for the students. Though it was time to bathe, I returned to my quiet room, and jotted down a plan of lectures.

On returning to Calcutta in November next, Mr. Mozoomdar arranged for a course of four lectures. With the help of Sir Stuart Bailey, the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, the meetings were made imposing and attractive. His Honour graced the first meeting with his presence when Mr. Mozoomar lectured on “The Hindu of the Twentieth Century.” The other lecturers were the Hon’ble. Justice Gurudas Banerjee, Dr. Mohendra Lal Sircar and the Rev. Kali Charan Banerjee. The Educational Department of the Government of Bengal bore the cost of “the meetings, three of which were held in the Town Hall of Calcutta

The meetings produced good impression. The success they met with encouraged Mr. Mozoomdar “to have

* Mr. Mozoomdar’s home at Kurseong

some definite organisation for the moral improvement of youngmen."

The next year (1891) he inaugurated the Society for the Higher Training of Youngmen. A managing committee was formed consisting of representative men of the different communities of Calcutta, amongst whom were the Hon'ble Justice Guru Das Banerjee, the Rev. Kali Charan Banerjee and Babu Bankim Chunder Chatterjee. Mr. Mozoomdar became its Secretary. The Society began its work by providing rational recreation for the student community. But Mr. Mozoomdar's real aim was to provide a non-political platform on which the best men from all communities would meet the advanced students and influence them to higher culture, and purer principles. One effect of the political agitation which was being carried on in the country at this time was that the students were taken into its vortex, the moral effect of which every sensible man deplored. Entirely apart from the question as to whether the Government deserved this abuse hurled against it by some of the leaders of the agitation, the rancour and race-feeling thus generated embittered the immature minds of the youths of the land against its constituted authority, and its demoralising effect was quite apparent. It is to fight against this evil that Mr. Mozoomdar sought an union of all communities on a social and moral platform, so that peace and goodwill may be established in all hearts. Sir Charles Elliott, who was then the Lt.-Governor of Bengal, patronized

the movement. Acting on Mr. Mozoomdar's advice, His Honour invited the members of the Society for the Higher Training to parties both on board the Government yacht and at the Government House. The Lieutenant-Governor's unabated kindness and goodwill to the student community was beyond praise. "For the time he entirely put away the dignity of his great office, and mixed with the youngmen as if he was one of them, putting their minds at perfect rest on the score of their saying or doing anything which might not be liked." The Lieutenant Governor's example was followed by leading Hindu gentlemen like Maharaja Sir Jatindra Mohon Tagore and others. As an example of the interest which the Society created in the minds of the highest officials of the country, H. E. Lord Lansdowne the Viceroy of India, unaffectedly presented himself, to the delight of all, at the party given by Sir Jatindra Mohan. All these produced the most wholesome effect. Lord Lansdowne, as Chancellor of the Calcutta University, in his convocation speech for the year 1892, took a most generous and encouraging notice of the Society, promising at the same time a contribution of Rs. 5,000 for the furtherance of its objects. Mr. Mozoomdar now persuaded the Government to lend the Society the Eastern Wing of the Hindu School, which provided it with a lecture-hall and rooms for the library. Another work which Mr. Mozoomdar undertook in conjunction with some of his colleagues in the managing committee, viz. the Hon'ble Gurudas

Banerjee, Mr. Rajani Nath Roy, and a few others, was to pay occasional visits to the students' lodgings and hold there conversational meetings. Thus within a short time after its establishment the Society did much good work. "It has influenced youngmen by public lectures, frequent meetings, private precepts and examples. It has given them opportunities for daily physical exercise, furnished them with occasional recreation, and brought the student community in friendly contact with the leaders of society both European and Indian." "The youngmen themselves were persuaded to organise a practical section for mutual help; and to discuss and adopt certain rules of personal conduct. For instance, they resolved to give up the habit of smoking, a great source of mischief among students of tender years; they resolved to give up going to places of amusement where public women acted and so forth."

In 1893, Mr. Mozoomdar went to America to attend the Parliament of Religions. Prior to his returning home he addressed a letter from Boston (dated, 1st December 1893) to the members of the Working Committee of the Society resigning his Secretaryship. "I shall have so many calls upon my times and attention when I return home that it will not be possible for me to do all the Society needs just now." He, however, promised "that whatever I can do will be always done to advance the essential interests of the Society."

Shortly after this, the name of the Society was changed to "Calcutta University Institute." Mr. Mozoomdar did not like this change of name. He feared that with the change of name the objects and principles for which it stood would also change. With the help of the Government the Society is now located in a magnificent building of its own. It would have gladdened the heart of the founder had he lived to see this material prosperity of the institution for the establishment of which he worked hard under circumstances of much difficulty and discouragement, the true nature of which can scarcely be understood by those who now enjoyed the fruits of his labour. They can, however, show their appreciation of his labour by fulfilling the ideal for the realization of which the Society was founded. Mr. Mozoomdar summed up this ideal in one of his speeches to the members of the Society.—

"The Society for the Higher Training was founded with the object mainly of improving the moral character of youngmen. Its fundamental principles were bodily health, mental culture, moral purity, social intercourse, and religious advancement. All those principles, carried out on an unsectarian basis, led to a higher tone of personal character. This was the chief object of the Society."

The two Moral Text-Books that Mr. Mozoomdar wrote, the one in English (Aids to Moral Character, published in 1891), testify to the keen interest that he felt for the formation of character of the young men and women of his country. He spent much time and

thought over the works, to make them really useful. Some of the lessons, imparted therein have been drawn from oriental scriptures and celebrated books of the East. Amongst the examples of noble lives narrated by way of illustration are those of some eminent Indians of the present age. All these together with the author's practical suggestions, presented in a lucid way, make the books interesting and impressive to the Indian minds and admirably serve the purpose for which they were written.

In September 1888, Mr. Mozoomdar visited Rungpur. "This short visit here has been very profitable and will leave some lasting impression", he writes.

In the year 1889, Mr. Mozoomdar was appointed a Fellow of the Calcutta University and was "surprised at the honor. Never sought it, never desired it, and don't think much care for it. But still grateful to God and Government for the honor."

The following lines quoted from Mr. Mozoomdar's diary will be read with melancholy interest. Perhaps it would have been a comfort to the great political leader to read these words of appreciation of his services to the country from the pen of Mr. Mozoomdar :—

"18th March, 1890 :—Yesterday they gave a parting dinner to Surendra Nath Banerjee. I was not there, but I am much pleased. Surendra has served the political party of the day more perhaps than any other man. And any honor shown to a deserving man is

an honor to me. God bless Surendra Nath in his mission to England."

8th March 1891 :—Brother Kedar Nath Dey died at 8 30 P. M. at Gobardanga. He died like a saint, full of peace and faith. (Mozoomdar's Diary.)

In March 1892 he went to Chittagong on a missionary tour. On the 11th January of this year General Booth came to Peace Cottage and took tea. Mr. Mozoomdar presided at a meeting held in honor of the great Salvation Army General.

The 31st December 1892 found him at Cawnpore. He writes in his diary as follows :—

"The year closes with abuse and persecution on the one hand and zealous work for the Master on the other. Great external pressure, great internal peace, still on trial. Year out, year in, still struggling to find and attain Thee. Lord, be not far from this devoted servant."

In December of this year Mr. Mozoomdar gave a lecture in the Hall of Sadharan Brahma Somaj on "Way of the Spirit in History."

This gave offence to some of his missionary brethren and they took to "instant attacks" on him in the press.

In the midst of this dreary scene of unbrotherliness and undeserved persecution it is refreshing to find warm loving service that comforted the life of the hard-pressed zealous apostle. The following lines are quoted from his diary :—

"27th February, 1892.—Reached Bankipur, tired and cold. The love of Parèsh and Prokash (Dr. Paresh Nath Chatterjee and Mr. Prokash Chandra Roy) warmed me up however. It is indeed a religious household that they have established."

CHAPTER XV.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

Mr. Mozoomdar entered the year 1893 with the prayer : "The year opens with doing Thy work, O Lord, let it continue and finish with Thy work." He was then celebrating the anniversary of the local Brahma Somaj at Cawnpore.

To commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America the people of the United States organised the Columbian Exposition on a very grand scale which was held at Chicago in 1893. "It was the most comprehensive and brilliant display of man's material progress which the ages have known." Arrangements were made that side by side with these material splendors, man's intellectual and moral progress should be set forth. "A series of Congresses covering the chief departments of knowledge was soon provided

for by the wise and far-seeing managers' of the World's Fair." None of the congresses excited greater interest than the World's Parliament of Religions. "The whole world became interested in the approach of the historic convention, whose importance was to eclipse the expectations of the most hopeful. No other gathering ever assembled was awaited with such universal interest. It was looked forward to with ardent hope and eager curiosity by thoughtful men everywhere. The spirit in which the Parliament was organised will be best understood from the following lines, quoted from the Preliminary Address which the organisers of the Parliament sent out to the world :—

"Believing that God is, and that He has not left Himself without witness, believing that the influence of Religion tends to advance the general welfare, and is the most vital force in the social order of every people and convinced that of a truth God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, we affectionately invite the representatives of all faiths to aid us in presenting to the world, at the Exposition of 1893, the religious harmonies and unities of humanity, and also on showering forth the moral and spiritual agencies which are at the root of human progress. It is proposed to consider the foundations of religious Faith, to review the triumphs of Religion in all ages, to set forth the present state of Religion among the nations and its influence over Literature, Art, Commerce, Government and the Family Life, to indicate its power in promoting Temperance and Social Purity and its harmony with true Science, to show its dominance in the higher institutions of learning, to make prominent the value of the weekly rest-day on religious and other grounds, and

to contribute to those forces which shall bring about the unity of the race in the worship of God and the service of man."

In August 1891, Mr. Mozoomdar received a letter from the authorities of the Parliament intimating his appointment as a member of its Advisory Council. "The objects of this congress excite my deepest sympathy as the first organised attempt after International Brotherhood. It would be an honor and joy to promote this object," wrote Mr. Mozoomdar. About this time the American Consul General saw and asked him to co-operate. He was repeatedly invited to be present at the Parliament and represent liberal Hinduism there. "Their call is a cordial one, the occasion which prompted the call is worthy, their idea is grand—the very conception of the Church of the New Dispensation. So I have made up my mind to go." He had not money to make the long expensive journey. His health was not strong. Nevertheless he prepared himself for the journey. How? "I set myself upon making my mind and character fit, upon doing the first elementary duties toward the accomplishment of the grand object. I study, correspond, think and above all things ask the light of Heaven in constant communion." In a speech at a public dinner in Boston, Rev. Dr. C. L. Rexford, an old staunch friend of the Brahma Somaj spoke as follows:—

"There is one man who is likely to be at Chicago whose known position and practice will enable him to hold an easy and consistent place in that august assembly. I refer to

Protap Chunder Mozoomder, of Calcutta, the leader, since Keshub Chunder Sen's death, of the Brahma Somaj or Theistic Church of India."

Some of Mr. Mozoomdar's friends in this country raised a sum of money to pay for his outfit and the organisers of the Parliament paid his passage. On the 11th July, 1893, he embarked in S. S. Khedive and left Calcutta. "I am wonderfully calm, clear-minded, and self-possessed. Not a shadow in my mind but that I will accomplish the good work for which I am going." For some time before his departure prayers were offered every evening at the Peace Cottage. They grew in earnestness and enthusiasm as the time of his parting drew near and in the general outflow of good feelings all party dissensions were forgotten. The Missionaries and Apostles again met together in mutual love, their sincere recognition of the work to which their brother has been called and of his fitness for the mission was most unmistakable. Obeying the general wishes of the congregation he delivered a sermon in the Brahma Mandir and bade them farewell on the evening of the last Sunday he was here. More than a hundred people went to the jetty to see him off. The steamer weighed anchor at 11-30 A. M., and amidst the enthusiastic shouts, the waving of handkerchiefs and the sincere prayers of his friends and sympathisers, Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar waved his last farewell till he was completely out of sight as the ship steamed down the river.

Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "I go without the slightest

fear or misgiving. In the fulness of faith and enthusiasm, poured almost hourly into my soul by the blessed In-dweller, I go. I go with our simple Gospel of one God, one Humanity, one Salvation to the ends of the world as I have gone before. I know my Gospel shall overcome every obstacle on the way, and create a response in every faithful child of God. Surely the destiny of God's New Dispensation is the National Church of the modern Aryans, and the Universal Church of all mankind."

He believed that the event would be a turning point in his life.

"Every new circumstance opens a new opportunity. You call that a trial, which is an invitation to your final reward. * * * In some far away firmament your life-star will give yet a ray of cheering light. In some lands of drought your example will shed a dew-drop of sweet comfort. Nothing is lost. Your prayers will return to you and to those who love you, and your services are not entirely useless," he wrote during the voyage from Calcutta to Colombo.

Mr. Mozoomdar reached London on the 17th August and on the following Sunday preached both morning and evening, at the Unitarian Church, Highgate Hill. On the 26th August he embarked in the Cunard Royal mail ship "Umbria" at Liverpool and reached New York on the 2nd September. The voyage across the Atlantic was delightful. "I am a capital sailor, the roughest sea does not affect

me except favourably." By repeated requests of some fellow-passengers he gave two lectures on board the *Umbria*. On the 3rd September he preached in the church of the late Henry Ward Beecher at Brooklyn. He left for Chicago on the next day "stopping only for a day at Niagra. The old great cataract set forth the same eternal roar, the whirlpool rapids rolled in their dark mysterious deeps, the heavy spray's kept up their region of perpetual showers and rainbows, and the strange noises rose, resounded and filled the heavens. The primeval forests still, gloomy, suggesting worship. The golden sun shorn of all his fierceness was setting with a sad dignity, the trees were almost human in their solemnity and awe. It was so full of God! O shall I ever come again."

He arrived in Chicago on the 6th September "in perfect bodily health and peace of mind. Praise and gratitude be unto God."

The great Parliament of Religions began its sittings on the 11th September, 1893, in the Hall of Columbus within the Art Palace of Chicago.

"Preparations on a suitable scale had been made, the roof was covered with the flags of all nations, and the pillars were hung with the armorial bearings of each. Over all floated the immortal stars and stripes. The Hall with its double-storied galleries seated about 4000 men and women, a great ocean of faces. The long platform was filled with the religious representatives of

the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Greece, Armenia, Liberia, India, Siam, China, Japan, New Zealand, and other places. The following religions were represented:—Christianity in every one of its denominations, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, Parseeism, Buddhism, Jainism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Tao-ism. The great Bell of Liberty in the Administration Building of this City rang out ten chimes in the early morning to denote the ten religions represented, and the crowds that besieged the Art-Palace-Stairs hours before the proceedings commenced, cannot be described.” (Dr Barrow’s History of the Parliament of Religions).

“The first act of this strangely diversified assembly—the representatives of various tribes, kindreds and tongues on the platform, and the densely packed, thousands throughout the Hall—was, an act of, common worship to Almighty God.” This was followed by addresses of welcome by the organizers of the Parliament. The Archbishop of Zant, Greece, was the first to respond. He was followed by Mr. Mozoomdar who spoke as follows:—

“Leaders of the Parliament of Religions, Men and Women of America :—The recognition, sympathy and welcome you have given to India to-day are gratifying to thousands of liberal Hindu religious thinkers, whose representatives I see around me, and, on behalf of my countrymen, I cordially thank you. You have to-day given effect to the teaching of our *Shastras* “that is the true religion which includes all religions.” You have realised the ideal of Asoka, you have

realised the dream of Akbar. But India claims her place in the brotherhood of mankind not only because of her great antiquity, but equally for what has taken place there in recent times. Modern India has sprung from ancient India by a law of evolution, a process of continuity which explains some of the most difficult problems of our national life. In prehistoric times our forefathers worshiped the great living Spirit of God and, after many strange vicissitudes, we Indian theists, led by the light of ages, worship to-day the same living Spirit God, and none other. (Applause.)

Perhaps in other ancient lands, this law of continuity has not been so well kept. Egypt aspired to build up the vast Eternal in her elaborate symbolism and in her mighty architecture. Where is Egypt to-day? Passed away as a mystic dream or lingering as a memory in her pyramids, catacombs and sphynx of the desert.

Greece tried to embody her genius of wisdom and beauty in her wonderful creations of marble, in her all-embracing philosophy; but where is ancient Greece to-day? She lies buried under her exquisite monuments and sleeps the sleep from which there is no waking.

The Roman cohorts under whose victorious tramp the earth shook to its centre, the Roman theatres, laws and institutions—where are they? Hidden behind the oblivious centuries, or if they flit across the mind, only point a moral and adorn a tale. (Applause).

The Hebrews, the chosen of 'Jehovah, with their long line of law and prophets, how are they? Wanderers on the face of the globe, driven by king and kaiser, the objects of persecution to the cruel, or objects of sympathy to the kind. Mount Moria is in the hands of the Musalman, Zion is silent, and over the ruins of Solomon's Temple a few aged men beat their breasts and wet their white beards with their tears.

MOTHER OF RELIGIONS YET A POWER

But India, the ancient among ancients, the elder of the elders, lives to-day with her old civilizations, her old laws, and her profound religion. The old mother of the nations and religions is still a power in the world, she has often risen from apparent death, and in the future will arise again, (Applause). When the *Vedic* faith declined, the esoteric religion of the *Upanishads* arose; then the everlasting philosophy of the *Darsanas*. When these declined, again the Light of Asia *Sakyamuni* arose and established a standard of moral perfection which will yet teach the world a long time. When Buddhism had its downfall the *Shaiva* and *Vaishnava* revivals rose one after another down to the invasion of the Mohammedans, The Greeks and Scythians, the Tarks and Tartars, the Moguls and Pathans rolled over our country like torrents in destruction. Our independence, our greatness, our prestige—all had gone, but nothing could take away our religious vitality. (Applause)

We are Hindus still and shall always be. Now sits, Christianity on the Imperial throne of India, with the Gospel of peace on one hand and the Scepter of civilization on the other. Now it is not the time to despair and die. Behold the aspirations of Modern India—intellectual, social, political,—all awakened; behold our religious instincts stirred to the roots. If that had not been the case, do you think Hindus, Jains, Buddhists and others would have traversed these 14,003 miles to pay the tribute of their sympathy before this august Parliament of Religions? (Cheers.)

But no individual, no denomination can more fully sympathize or more heartily join your conferences than we men of the New Dispensation in the Brahma Somaj, whose only religion is the Harmony of all religions, and whose denomination is the brotherhood of all denominations. (Cheers.)

Such then are our aspirations and sympathies, dear brethren, accept them. Let me thank you again for this welcome in the name of my countrymen, and wish every prosperity and success to your labors. You have glorified God. You have magnified humanity, and may the blessings of both abide with you. (Great Applause)."

The speech at once established his reputation as a great speaker and whenever he rose to speak he was listened to with keen interest."

On the third day of the Parliament the reciting of the "Universal Prayer" of Christ, with which the proceedings of every day began, was led by Mr. Mozoomdar.

"The first paper of the morning" writes Dr. Barrows in his "History of the Parliament," "had been looked forward to with exceptional interest, because of the author personally and because of what he represented. And when the successor of Ram Mohun Ray and of Keshub Chunder Sen came forward to speak of the Brahma Somaj, he was greeted with loud applause."

"At the conclusion of this address, the multitude rose to their feet and, led by Theodore F. Seward, sang the hymn 'Nearer my God, to Thee.'"

In his address on the Brahma Somaj, Mr. Mozoomdar traced the growth of its principle. The religion of the Brahma Somaj was new but it came from the very roots of the Indian national life which existed thousands of centuries ago. In 1830, when India was immersed in polytheism, Raja Ram Mohun Ray founded the Brahma Somaj for the worship of the one living God. Monotheism was the underlying principle

of the old Hindu scriptures, *Vedas* and *Upanishads*. In the beginning "the Brahmo Somaj founded this monotheism upon the inspiration of the *Vedas* and *Upanishads*," which were held infallible. In course of time, doubt was felt about their infallibility, and "twenty-one years after the foundation of the Brahmo Somaj the doctrine of the infallibility of the Hindu scriptures was given up." The Brahmos now began to feel that the "Spirit of God was the great source of confirmation, the voice of God was the great judge, the soul of the In-dweller was the revealing fountain of truth, and, although there were truths in the Hindu scriptures, they could not recognize them as the only infallible standard of spiritual reality." As in the Hindu scriptures so in the Bible and the scriptures of other historic religions they recognised inspiration and authority; their monotheism thus stood upon all scriptures. It is the indwelling Spirit of God "Who drew our attention to His excellences as revealed in the record, "of holy experience everywhere." Thus being grounded upon the right principle of theism the Brahmos now set themselves to reform their society "as there were innumerable evils around us." Caste-system and child-marrige were done away with. Intermarriage and widow remarriage took place. With the need of social reform the necessity of personal purity was also felt. They were awakened to a sense of sin, which led them to repentance, faith, prayer and devotions. "Spiritual excitement, long devotions, intense fervour, contemplation, endless self-abasement, not merely before God but before man, became the rule

of our lives." The last principle was 'the progressiveness of the Brahma Somaj. "The problem is, how shall we go on ever and ever in an onward way, in the upward path of progress and approach toward Divine perfection. *** God is the one Eternal and Infinite, the inspirer of all human kind. The part of our progress then lay toward allying ourselves, toward affiliating ourselves with the faith, the righteousness and the wisdom of all religions and all mankind.*** For a whole decade my friend, Keshub Chunder Sen, myself and other apostles of the Brahma Somaj have travelled from village to village, from province to province, from continent to continent, declaring this New Dispensation and the harmony of all religious prophecies and systems into the glory of the one true living God." Mr. Mozoomdar said in conclusion that he did not come to the Parliament of Religions as a mere student and sympathiser, he came to enjoy the realisation of the work of his life. What they preached and spread as their holiest gospel, as their special message, the organisers of the Parliament demonstrated that in the great assemblage. "Some day this New Dispensation will be the faith of mankind. Our human errors and extravagances will be forgotten, our divine revelation will abide ever more."

On the 22nd September Mr. Mozoomdar read before the Parliament a paper on "The World's Religious Debt to Asia." In this address he presented in a condensed form his profound thoughts on Insight into Nature, Introspection, Worship and Renunciation—

the lofty ideals of life which Asia taught to the world through its great prophets and seers. We can trace in this paper the law of the spirit of life that the speaker himself lived.

The sessions of the Parliament of Religions were over on the 27th September.

"It was with a sort of pathetic eagerness," writes Dr. Barrows, "that the friends of the Parliament looked forward to its closing session. All anticipated a renewal of the thrilling and hitherto unparalleled scenes of the opening day, but besides all this was the anticipated sorrow of spoken farewells. It will be impossible to describe, and adequately interpret to those who were not there, the great meetings with which the Parliament concluded. The final gathering was altogether worthy of what has been deemed the most significant and important conference ever held. More than seven thousand persons were crowded into the Hall of Washington and Columbus."

Dr. Barrows, who was the soul and organizer of the great Parliament, in his concluding address to the assembly spoke thus:—

"Our hopes have been more than realized. The sentiment which inspired this Parliament has held us together. The principles in accord with which this historic convention has proceeded have been put to the test, and even strained at times, but they have not been inadequate. Toleration, brotherly kindness, trust in each other's sincerity, a candid and earnest seeking after the unities of religion, the honest purpose of each to set forth his own faith, without compromise and without unfriendly criticism—these principles, thanks to their loyalty and courage, have not been found wanting."

Short farewell addresses were given by the representatives of foreign countries. Mr. Mozoomdar, in his farewell address, pointed out that Keshub Chunder Sen in his last public utterance, made in 1883, prophesied such a gathering as took place at Chicago. "For once in history all religions have made their peace, all nations have called each other brothers, and their representatives have for seventeen days stood up morning after morning to pray to Our Father, the universal Father of all, in heaven. His will has been done so far, and in the great coming future may that blessed Will be done further and further, for ever and ever," Mr. Mozoomdar said in conclusion.

Referring to Mr. Mozoomdar's speeches at the Parliament Rev. J. T. Sunderland writes as follows :—

"It is not too much to say that at the great religious Parliament, where he spoke many times, he was listened to with greater and more continuous eagerness and interest than any other speaker, American or foreign. And the interest was not more curiosity, if it had been only that it would quickly have spent itself ; but everybody felt the spell of his eloquence ; and better still, all felt the depth and sincerity of his piety, and the mighty spiritual uplift of his utterances. I shall never forget sitting by the side of a somewhat distinguished orthodox clergyman during one of Mr. Mozoomdar's addresses to an audience which crowded the great hall. The clergyman was curious to see this man of whom he had heard so much ; but he did not conceal the fact that his curiosity was mixed with considerable disgust that a "Heathen" should have been brought over from Asia to teach American Christians. At first he listened as a mere

ritic, without sympathy : but as the address proceeded his attitude began to change : he was impressed by the intellectual reach, and strength of the speaker, but especially by his moral power and his spiritual insight. He listened with increasing and at last with the most absorbed attention. When the end came he was as one who had seen a vision. He could hardly speak. At last he exclaimed in amazement : Is it possible ? Is it possible ? And *this* from a man whom we have been looking down upon as a *heathen* !”

After the sessions of the Parliament he felt “very red and powerless.” “I saw a medical man” he writes. He said that my diabetes was bad. He ordered a strict diet, gave medicines, forbade work. Entertained by the hospitality of strangers, come out to this land for work and work only, having no one near to nurse or take care of me, how can I live according to these injunctions ? I was depressed, resolved not to write anything home about my health, and then resign myself into the hands of the Friend of the Friendless. I would not court opportunities of self-display. I would knowingly break no law of health, but shirk no work, however arduous, that came in my way or appealed to my sense of duty. For such labour was Heaven-appointed. Life and health are very good things, but they have no value in themselves, their value is in their use for the service of God. When I feel convinced, therefore, that I am wanted for that service, so long as my legs will support me and my voice be audible I will stand up and speak.”

He left Chicago on the 28th September.

Halting at Indianapolis and Buffalo he reached Boston on the 3rd October. "It seemed like going home again, I had left so many friends there."

The *Christian Register* of Boston edited by Mr. S. J. Barrows, wrote as follows :—

BABU PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

"No voice commanded more attention or more sympathy at the Parliament of Religions than that of the prophet of the Brahmo-Somaj. Upon no one in the Pentecostal gathering did the cloven tongue of fire more surely rest. Mr. Mozoomdar seeks the blessedness of the peace-maker. He comes to speak a reconciling word. He sees the glory of Christianity, the strength of Mohammedanism, the joy and peace of Buddhism but he seeks to harmonize these precepts, systems, and principles into one system, the religion of the Brahmo-Somaj. Many missionaries have been sent to the Old World, but Mozoomdar is really a missionary to the New World. He has no languid message, but one alive with spiritual power. He comes to summon us to the deepest things in religion and life. It is deep calling unto deep.

When Mr. Mozoomdar was here ten years ago, he met with a warm welcome from Unitarians and liberal Christians of all denominations. He baptized not with water, but with fire. His appeal to-day has lost nothing of its urgency or spirituality. The Brahmo-Somaj which he represents has done more work in India which no Christian mission could do. Yet it is nearer the essence of pure Christianity than are the dogmas which Christian missionaries often proclaim under the Christian name.

Mr. Mozoomdar, having spoken at Chicago, has now journeyed to the East, and will speak in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other places. Those who have opportunity to hear him should not let them pass unimproved. It is n

alone his diction, his imagery, his musical voice, which command attention. He is not only an orator, but a prophet. He unfolds noblest themes the noblest way. He is not a revivalist in the technical sense, but a revival of religion such as he preaches would mean a new quickening of the moral and spiritual consciousness. It is good to welcome him once more to our shores."

A correspondent to the *Christian Register* says:—

"There is an account in the October number of the *Unitarian* of Mr. Mozoomdar's recent rich experiences in London, and certain briefer paragraphs concerning his remarkable personality, and his power as a speaker, while in the Publisher's Department the special portrait this month is a striking picture of Mozoomdar himself—a face attractive, alluring; the face of an eager and inspired leader. The words accompanying the portrait we may here quote:

"When asked who was the greatest orator at the Parliament of Religions, an unbiassed foreign representative said, Protap Mohunder Mozoomdar, the leader of the Brahmo-Somaj. His mellow voice, pleasing inflection, kindling thought, and luminous word do not speak in this picture, but his face itself always carries a message and a benediction. Those who heard him ten years ago, when he visited this country, have not forgotten the spell of his eloquence. Yet those who know him best value the man even more than the orator. When one remembers his Hindu heritage, his command of English; marvellous. Speaking with measured tone and accent, he holds his audience not by a chain of dialectic, but by the sincerity of his conviction, the beauty of his imagination, the charm of his diction, and the breadth and elevation which he adds in his theme. Hospitable in mind, catholic in spirit, appreciating the best in all religious systems, Mr. Mozoomdar; the prophet of a new dispensation of faith, hope, and love,—the apostle of the Oriental Christ."

From the date Mr. Mozoomdar reached Boston (3rd October), till he left America (9th December), most of his time was spent in this city. From Boston he made occasional tours to other places like Washington and New York. On the 11th October the Unitarian Club of Boston gave him a reception. Mr. Samuel J. Barrows read the following poem dedicated to Mr. Mozoomdar :—

“O prophet of the glowing East,
 The harbinger of day,
 From superstition’s night released,
 We greet thy dawning ray.
 With Oriental light replete,
 We trace the morning star,
 It turns to sunshine when we meet
 Our mystic Mozoomdar,
 Sweet heathen of another race,
 Our fathers damned thy sires :
 A gentler flood of Christian grace
 Has quenched those hellish fires,
 Too good to damn, but not to burn
 With Pentecostal flame,
 No more thy message we shall spurn,
 But kindle at thy name.
 O’er foreign continent and isle
 Our mission seed we’ve sown.
 Cornelius comes, devoid of guile,
 To Christianize our own.
 No Brahmin caste or Christian creed
 Divides us at the board :
 We own in fellowship agreed,
 One hope, one faith, one Lord.

The mighty Ganges night and day
Rolls onward to the sea ;
The Mississippi finds its way
To kindred destiny,
So, blending from our rhythmic hearts,
The fountains of our blood
Reach one full sea that nothing parts,
The sea of brotherhood."

Mr. Mozoomdar gave an address dwelling on God's immanence in nature, in the history of mankind and in the soul of man. "To my mind religion, so far as it is to be distinguished from metaphysics and from mere sentiment, means the consciousness of the presence of God. * * When the Supreme comes down as a Person, when He stands before us as a Father stands before a spoiled child, when He forgives us as a Mother forgives an ungrateful offspring, then we realize what personal relation with God means. * * But it is a difficult thing to realize this Divine personality in the petty details and commonplace trials of human existence. Though we all believe in His omnipresence, yet He is so high above and so far away, so inaccessible in His infinity, so unapproachable in His majesty ! * * Here comes the great question of man's spiritual ministry. Each faithful minister of religion stands in some degree as the representative of God before his congregation. We speak of Christ's second coming. * * In every faithful shepherd who tendeth his human flock, in every minister who ' visits the widow and the orphan, in every true pastor who sightheth and weepeth

for the sorrows and sins of those who look up to him, Christ hath come to the world again. The divine services become uninteresting when the minister himself is not fired by the Spirit of God. Let those who have devoted themselves to the spiritual welfare of men be inspired, let the sense of the immanence of God in all creation thrill through every nerve in their bodies and every sentiment in their hearts, then you shall see that God's flocks are as faithful in the nineteenth century as they were in the first. It has been to me a great sadness and a great complaint that your free America is not at all represented in India. We do not know what your religious aspirations and progress are. We do not know what your political achievements are. We know so little about your affairs. We are near enough to England; why should we not be near enough to you? ** O friends, do not be so selfish as to confine all your progress to yourselves! Go out to poor, widowed, orphaned India. * * Realize the case of India; realize the great needs of that country; realize also the profound needs of your own; and let those needs bind us into some such permanent relation, into some such permanent organization, into some such practical sympathy, as may lead to such consequences, as may elevate my land and yours."

At a meeting of the Minister's Union held in Channing Hall, Boston on October 30, a committee was appointed by unanimous resolution to draw out

an address of sympathy to the Brahamo Somaj after hearing the appeal of Babu P. C. Mozoomdar. The following is a copy of the address, drawn up by the committee:—

“Dear Brethren of the Brahamo Somaj :—

We have been desired to express in behalf of the Ministerial Union our sense of the value of that service which has been rendered among us by our friend and instructor Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, and our sympathy with him in the work which he is engaged in among his fellow-countrymen in India. That work is known to the present generation as the mission and service of the Brahamo Somaj, a religious communion which, in its spirit and motive, appeals with special emphasis to those who profess the most liberal interpretation that can be given to a spiritualized Christianity. Some of us remember the deep interest which was felt when Rajah Rammohun Roy, the noble pioneer of that religious communion, came to England to seek the friendship of English Unitarians, when his coming threw a new and sudden light upon the possibilities of our own contact with and understanding of the purer oriental faiths ; when his death set the seal to his mission and fixed him in our memory as one of the holy witnesses of the Divine Life abiding among men. Sixty years have passed ; and the presence of our friend has been to us all, and more than all, which the word of Ramohun Roy promised to our fathers. For, in the passage of near

two generations, the movement he represented has greatly widened out, has embodied itself in more accurate form of thought, has become enriched by absorption from the great world of earlier Christian as well as Hindu traditions, and has been brought in contact at numerous points with the actual religious life of the millions of the Hindu people. Our knowledge of it in that relation is distant and vague. But we are accustomed to think of it as one, certainly among the purest and noblest of forces that are shaping the religious future of the remoter East. As such, we were prepared to welcome its eloquent messenger, whose voice we heard with delight ten years ago, now that he comes among us as envoy to the great World's Parliament of Religions, he has laid strong claims to our gratitude by the freshness of spirit, the wealth of illustration, those vivid pictures of the oriental scenery and life which bring home to us the native faiths in form to make them real to our thought, the frank and cordial manner in which he has won his way among us, so that the land, the man, or the faith he came to interpret seem no longer remote and strange to us, but are a familiar part of our own experience. This is the obligation which with gratitude and respect we hereby express in your name."

Joseph Henry Allen,
Edmund B. Wilson,
Samuel J. Barrows,

Committee of the Mintster's Union.

A high distinction was conferred on Mr. Mozoomdar when he was invited to give a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston. The course consisted of four lectures on the following subjects: The Religious and Social Life of India, Modern Religion in India, The Races of India and Hindu Society.

An eye-witness writes about the lectures thus:—

“The hall held about a thousand people, and it was filled and the demands for tickets (it was a free course to the people) was so great that the management invited him to repeat the course to a second series of audiences and the hall was crowded again. Probably not less than 8000 people heard him in the address.”

On the 19th of November he preached at the Harvard College, both morning and evening. The congregation was immense. President Elliot was present at the evening service. After the morning service a man cried out, “Now tell me how this man’s life can be saved for some years more to serve the generation.”

Mr. Mozoomdar gave his farewell address at the Arlington Street Church, Boston, Tuesday night, December 5th.

It was a day of fearful snow storm. In the evening the snow was several feet deep on the ground and still falling. About 300 men and women came in this weather, some from long distances, to bid him farewell. An abstract of the address phonographically reported appeared in the Christian Register. As the speech,

I think, contains the burden of his message to the West it is reproduced here in full:—

*“Dear Friends:—*In this cold wintry time you have come from various distances to bid me farewell. This is a fitting consummation to the kindness and cordiality which I have received during all the time that I have sojourned with you. I wish to express my sense of gratitude for all your love, but I feel that I have scarcely the power or the words to do so.

It is striking to see how liberal ideas are no longer the monopoly of any particular sect,—how all at once, all denominations are being leavened by them. Perhaps some liberal school here, like the Brahmō Somaj in India, may feel that much of its calling has gone, and that the special truth which it was commissioned to preach has made its way into other forms and rendered its efforts unnecessary; but I maintain that there is a higher calling still now open to us.

For a long time the complaint has been that liberal ideas produce coldness of heart,—that universal principles of religion are good, but that they create a moral dreariness, a paralysis of the heart, an atmosphere of chill, and an alienation from the tender bosom of God. This is true in India, and I know it from observation elsewhere. Orthodoxy is warm, enthusiastic, devout, trusting, tender: heterodoxy is abstract, metaphysical, negative, cold, comfortless. But the higher calling to which liberal men are called

is the endeavour *to reconcile universal principles with personal religion.*

How liberal ideas may produce spirituality is the great problem of to-day. Liberal ideas are mostly the result of intellectual efforts. Universal principles are often the result of logic, the effects of protest, of rebellion to what is known as popular religion. The question is, cannot universal religion be exalted to spiritual reality, cannot liberal ideas expand into the eternal scantities? I say, Yes. The difference between abstract and personal religion will always remain; but the question for us to ask is, is our religion sufficiently personal,—does it go deep into our motive, stir our deepest feelings, enter into our conscience, and influence our daily life?

My friends, it is impossible to have personal religion without fully realizing the personality of God, when God becomes personal, religion becomes personal and worship becomes the sweetest and most indispensable work of the day. The finest ideals about God do not make religion. Even the finest poetry about God's nature does not make religion. Without personal religion how can there be spirituality? Without a personal God—a God Who has a mind, Who has a will, has holiness, Who can reward and bless, Who can comfort and overshadow and embrace us all,—personal religion is impossible. God is the great life of nature, throbbing in all the earth as our own spirit throbs in our own breast. As man's soul beams out

of his eyes and utter his sentiments through the tongue, so does the great Spirit of God throb and pulsate through this immense structure of nature, beam out through the morning dawn, shed its solemnities in the midnight darkness, overflow the world with beauty and harmony, with intelligence and beneficence. As man's spirit makes the whole body its instrument, so does the great God, by His Spirit fill all the universe and make its various powers and laws His instruments to carry out His great ends. The God-life fills all creation, all humanity, all history, all religion, all duty, all wisdom, all morality, all thought. There is a high, silent Personality brooding over this great roaring earth.

Yet this personal God is not present with us as He should be. Hence in my words to you I have insisted upon the duty of every one setting apart a little while every day, that he may commune with the Presence that encompasses him. Without culture, religion is as useless as is learning without culture. The world has many devotees who give themselves up to the great object of earning money and spending it. Yet the great interests of religion are neglected. One hour on a Sunday is thought enough to consecrate to sounding the eternal depths of God's 'nature. Men and women alike, lay and clerical alike, should devote themselves to the earnest culture of spirituality. There should be consecration to the great pursuit of the Infinite reality of God. Therefore, have I often spoken to you of self-sanctification and of union with the Divine Spirit

which, when it is accomplished, makes us the mirror in which His glories are reflected, makes Him the mirror in which our destinies are reflected.

The personality of God, without which spiritual religion is impossible, is a truth which is revealed by human personality. The personality of man is a unique thing, and that alone enables us to reach the higher Personality from which these little units that we are have come. *Human personality unfolds the great personality of God.* What would Islam be without the fierce personality of the prophet of Arabia? What would Hinduism be without the saints and sages about whom so many legends have been invented, and whose memories populate the mighty pantheon of Hinduism? What would the religion of Israel be without an Aaron or a Moses, a David or an Isaiah? What would Christianity be without the central personality of Christ and the great apostles who worked out his wonderful teaching? To me the influence of these great personalities has been chief source in discussing the supreme personality of God. They have for me a spiritual magnetism which draws me into the bosom of the great personal God. It is these Godlike men, these incarnations of God, these embodiments of the Divine Personality, that have made religion to me a personal matter. Our sorrows are so real, our sufferings are so pressing that we hasten to some personality where there is sympathy, where there is love for distress, blessing for misery, comfort for pain, and healing for

disease, and these personalities when they are godly, work in the name of the Supreme Person Whose servants and Whose representatives they are. Therefore, the personal influence of holy men is to me the chief centre around which liberal and universal religion may gather.

My friends, now that I am about to go away from you, I should like to speak one word of my indebtedness to Jesus Christ, the Son of God. His character has expanded for the last two thousand years, as human nature has expanded. Can there be any sorrow which the Man of Sorrows cannot comfort and heal? Can there be any sin which is beyond the limit of wonderful forgiveness? Can there be any pain which communion with him cannot convert into pleasure? The more we appreciate that Divine Humanity, the more we rise into the supreme heights of the personality of God, without human personality, therefore, the personality of God cannot be fully realized.

But why do I speak of Christ alone? Because Christ is the type, the summing up of all those great good men who have blessed the various nations of the earth. Christ is the type of all faithful ministers, of all shepherds of the flock, whose vocation it is to teach men and women about God. Though he was like a man, he spoke with authority. Whence did the authority come? What scripture or council gave it to him? It was his absolute self-devotedness to God that gave him power and authority. If men realized their destiny as

did Jesus, they' would no longer be held back by poverty or disease or browbeating or popular disfavor,— nay, they would no longer fear death.

I maintain that this simple religion which I have tried to lay before you has the power of absorbing to itself all the resources of all the great religions. Believing in nothing more complex than that God is and that He is good, that He is near and that He is loving; believing in nothing more complex than that you are my sisters, my brothers, and my friends,—I have the spiritual wealth of all the great religions that ever flourished. What is there in the enthusiasm and energy of Islam that I cannot accept! What ails my liberal religion that I cannot assimilate that energy, that fidelity, that monotheistic influence, that obedience to the laws of God? What ails me that I cannot assimilate the marvellous benevolence of Buddhism—its self-conquest, its kindness to man and to beast alike, its tolerance, its equality of men and women, its poverty and simplicity? What is the matter with my simple theistic principles that I cannot absorb the wonderful insight of the Hindu into the spiritual constitution of the universe? Why should I not learn from him that introspection by which in his own soul he beholds the glorious manifestation of his supreme *Brahma*? Why should not I learn from him the law of self-reuunciation, of absolute self-forgetfulness, and his devotion in life and death to the search for the glorious purpose of God and the carrying

of them out? Why should I not sing the swelling psalms of David, which have reverberated for so many centuries? And, when we think of Christ and his beloved Father, is there anything that can keep me back from the love of Jesus, the Son of Man? What heights or depths, what tyrannies or persecutions, what diseases or weaknesses or poverty can keep me from loving Jesus? The more trembling I feel, the nearer comes death, the more glorious is his spiritual form to me. All the treasures of all scriptures that teach the dealings of God are mine.

Your articles of faith, your traditions, confine you within an iron wall that you cannot break through. Your theories, your ecclesiastical organizations, are so many stones under which your spirit lies buried; but all walls are broken down to the man of universal faith. My simple principles of belief in God and belief in man will give me a wider view, a nobler destiny, a higher spirituality, a more definite universal religion, than all the creeds and orthodoxies which bigots and priests and fanatics ever tried to establish.

My friends, this night I come to bid you farewell, I am going home. The long distance and the long separation from those I love, ought to make me very glad that I am going home. I am not glad at all. No, it saddens me to part with you. Your cordiality has imprisoned me, your love holds me captive. I came a stranger, and you took me in. I was hungry, and you fed me. I was alone, and you came and visited

me. And inasmuch as you have done this unto me the least of men, you have done it unto your Christ and to God Himself.

I am going away. I wish, my friends, that I could take you home with me, and that my friends could call you friends as I call you friends. You cannot go but your spirits will accompany me. Let it not be between us that out of sight is out of mind.' I have tried to help you in my own humble yet steadfast and hearty way. I have tried to speak a few truths which have been near my soul. Let your blessing go with me. The best of your land have gone to my land. Your Emerson is there, your Longfellow is there, telling my people that life is not vanity, but that it is earnest. Your Theodore Parker is there, and has done for the Brahmo Somaj greater good than you know. Your other heroes are there, all blessing us and helping us onward. And some of our great men are here too. Ram Mohun Roy before I was born sent his spirit to the liberal thinkers of America, and if to-day, Keshub Chunder Sen had been living, he would have stood here before you a glorious figure, a transcendent spirit, a true child of God, a true benefactor of his race. It seems to me that the great men of your land and the illustrious departed of my land are here from the bosom of God, calling us all into greater friendship, into greater sympathy, into greater identity, than there ever has been yet.

And some day I fondly hope that these universal

principles and liberal sympathies will 'find their home and centre in the East—perhaps in India. Those religious influences which once came from the East may perhaps be destined to come from the East again.

O my friends, you send your missions into different countries, do not entirely forget India, but send us your influence, your resources, your manhood, your womanhood.

And now farewell ! Like a long weary day, this great century is first drawing to its end, to mingle in the eternal expanse of time irrecoverably. We are about to launch into untrodden waters and unknown experiences. This nineteenth century has brought with it much unrest, a good deal of uncertainty, a good deal of pains, but it has also brought unto us simple principles, liberal ideas, universal sympathies, which make you and me one. Let us hope that, in the gracious mercies of God, in the coming time these ideas shall fructify into spiritualities and these principles shall ripen into a great structure wherein God shall reign and that these hopes may consolidate themselves into experiences, and that your people here and my people there may all realize that we are one brotherhood, one spiritual kinship, one great family of pilgrims travelling unto God, Who] is our home for evermore. God's blessings rest with you and may He give you peace ! Farewell !"

During the three months that Mr. Mozoomdar was in America he gave nearly two hundred addresses

sermons, lectures and after-dinner speeches. "My hearers", Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "were from every sect, my friends were the liberal of every school, those who gave me the last farewell reception ranged from Oliver Wendel Holmes to the President of the Harvard University * * I went from city to city, labouring with all my heart, often I must say beyond my power, and wherever I was called, angels seemed to drop "down from the heavens to forward my cause. 'Two faces seem to shine out amongst the thousands that smiled in sympathy and admiration—Samuel J. Barrows, and James Howel Reed of Boston.' * * Mr. Reed arranged for the Lowell Lectures, arranged a good many meetings in the great cities, kept me in his fine mansion, 37 Commonwealth Avenue. How delightful are the remembrances of my living in his house. I got up at 4 to 5 in the morning, turned on the gas, made my tea, ate my biscuits, while the snow was sifting down and down, whitening the creation. I set to my work of writing my MS. S., or correctng my proofs, till the sun was high above the horizon, made my hasty ablutions, went through my prayers, rather hastily I am afraid, ran down to breakfast, and after breakfast a long stiff walk of six or seven miles, while the air pricked my ears like needles, and threatened to freeze the nose. The whole day gone in preparation for lectures, or sermons, or passing the proofs and writings on to the printer. Every labour prosperous, every attempt successful, every aspiration realized

till in the four months I felt I had indeed served both God and man."

In a private letter to the present writer, Mr. W. M. Howell Reed very kindly writes the following anecdote which shows how powerfully Mr. Mozoomdar impressed himself upon some of the leading men in the New World :—

"When in New York Mr. Mozoomdar visited Rev. Heber Newton, a distinguished preacher of the Episcopal Church, who had two or three other men of his own profession also as his guests. The question arose as to what might be done to hold in check the prevailing worldliness of the existing society, as a whole, the indifference to spiritual things that seemed to prevail; it was not lost, but in a measure submerged in the great tide of American life that swept around. How to check this tendency was the question. These gentlemen under the leadership of Dr. Newton felt that Mr. Mozoomdar had a message to such people, and could reach them if he would remain and take residence in the city for a time and begin a ministry here. They offered to provide all the facilities for such a movement, and to see it through. It was a great opportunity for him, and had he accepted it, it might have opened a road to influence in that great city. But winter was coming on, he felt that he could not stand the rigors of the climate, nor easily adapt himself to the condition of life in this country, that is for permanent residence in it, and the offer was declined."

"Mr. Mozoomdar's name and his personality," Mr. Reed continues, "will be remembered for a long time with loving reverence by those who came into close relations with him. They recognised in him a rare personage, and felt the influence of his spiritual nature

and the uplift of companionship with him. But in numbers these friends were not very numerous. * * The 'Saviour of Men' impressed himself upon a small company of twelve, and was satisfied to entrust to them his message, and all we can really say is that the seeds sown by Mr. Mozoomdar germinated here and there in some hearts and have borne fruit and will continue to do so as we hope even in the Life Eternal."

Mr. Mozoomdar's friends in America gave practical proof of their admiration for him and sympathy in his work as the following appeal shows :—

THE MOZOOMDAR MISSION FUND

With a view of furthering Mr. Mozoomdar's work in India, in connection with the Brahma-Somaj, it is proposed to organize a "Mozoomdar Mission Fund," somewhat on the plan of the Ramabai Association.

Mr. Mozoomdar himself needs some regular personal support. He has none now. The ministry of the Brahma-Somaj is not organized on the business plan which exists in this country, and which assures a certain income to a minister or missionary. The ministry there exists more on the early apostolic plan, in which men wrought with their own hands or lived on the casual bounty of the disciples. A man of Mr. Mozoomdar's wonderful spiritual gifts ought to be relieved from all financial anxiety concerning the physical support of himself and wife. A thousand

dollars a year will maintain him comfortably in India. Then his work could be greatly extended if he had money to pay travelling expenses, and also to print his message in Bengali, Hindustanee, and English, and such translations as may suit his purpose. Further, much good could be done for the cause of education by establishing scholarships in the college, for the education of young girls, and giving some adequate support to journals already existing.

These opportunities ought not to be neglected by the liberal Christian community in America. Instead of sending out a man to learn the language, we have a man in Mr. Mozoomdar who is native born, and has a remarkable command of English as well as of his own tongue. He has been heard in this country. We know his spirit, method, and character. We know just what gospel he will take to his fellow-men, and we know how the cause of pure religion will prosper in his hands. No new agency has to be created, and no money will be wasted in the maintenance of an organization. Every dollar given will go directly into the great work he has in hand.

The Mozoomdar Association, like the Ramabai, is undenominational. It invites the co-operation of the friends of liberal religion in all folds.

Mr. Mozoomdar has the cordial sympathy in this movement of eminent men and women, representing many of the great divisions of the Christian Church; and there is little doubt that, under the inspiration of

his spiritual genius, a great work will be done in India through the influence and teachings of the Brahmo-Somaj.

Contributions of large or small sums from churches or from individuals may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Howell Reed, 37 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass, and will be duly acknowledged.

EDWARD E. HALE, Boston.

JAMES DE NORMANDIE, Boston.

MARY HEMENWAY,

E. L. REXFORD,

SAMUEL J. BARROWS,

WILLIAM HOWELL REED,

MARY E. DEWEY,

ISABEL C. BARROWS,

Mrs. ELISHA ATKINS,

JOHN CUCKSON,

GEORGE A. GORDON,

Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS,

R. HEBER NEWTON, New York.

W. S. RAINSFORD,

HARRIETT E. DIX, Brooklyn.

H. W. THOMAS, Chicago.

DAVID SWING,

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY, Geneva, Ill.

The fund was maintained for about ten years by an annual collection of money. The money thus raised and regularly remitted to Mr. Mozoomdar, though not large, kept him comfortable for the remaining

days of his life, and helped him to carry on his work in India.

Rev. Heber Newton's congregation in New York often contributed the largest sum to the Fund.

The following extract from a letter of Mr. William Reed to Mr. Mozoomdar (dated 15th July 1896.) will be read with interest :

"The most touching amount received was the last cheque of five dollars from Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer of St. Louis. His church was seriously damaged recently in the great cyclone which swept over that city a month ago, and it also destroyed, *entirely* destroyed, most of the homes of his congregation leaving them all seriously crippled, and unable to rebuild their church. The money for this is now being subscribed from Unitarian Churches over the country.

Mr. Hosmer meanwhile subscribes one half of his small salary to help to rebuild his church—and out of this remnant, he send us \$ 5, to testify to his interest in you. He wrote us that your picture which he valued was lost and we are to send him another."

It should be noted here that owing to the untiring effort of Mr. William Howell Reed and his good wife, the fund was maintained for 10 years.

Mr. Mozoomdar left America on the 9th December and landed at Liverpool on the 15th idem.

To Babu Nitya Gopal Ray, Gazipore.

Arundel Hotel, Strand

London, December 21st, 1893.

Dearest Nitya Gopal,

I returned from America just a week ago and shall

have to stay here another week, because there are people whom I must see. Believe me it was not the want of wish but want of time that made it impossible to write to friends who were never absent from my thought. I have been hardworked as never before in my life and to me it is a miracle I have stood it all as well. At times I felt as if I was going to break down, but the Everlasting Arm was around me, I could not fall. Now improved in health, strong and calm in mind, every dear desire accomplished I stand grateful and joyous about to go home. You must also feel grateful with me. The results of my work are sure to be felt, and I hope before long. Ten years of meditations and solitary prayer have been abundantly justified by an undertaking whose fool-hardiness was apparent to every one but to me. My ambition has ever been to make the inner outer, to make earthly life and heavenly life *one life*, and that life God-life. I have done it partly now; but I shall do it more and more. Now I call upon you all to stand fast to me more than you have ever done, for my time has come.

I hope you will see me on my way home, probably sometimes in the last week of January. I shall telegraph to Pares (Dr. Pares Nath Chatterjee of Bankipur) from Bombay and he will inform friends about the exact date. You can tell him this for I may not be able to write to him separately.

How have you been I wonder this year. I hope this disease diabetes has not gained upon you? Give my

most loving regards to your wife, and believe me ever yours,

P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

On the 29th December he embarked on S. S. Rome at Tilbury and sailed for India.

When the ship stopped at Malta, he "paid a lingering visit to the ancient cathedral of the Knights of St. John with its hallowed gloom and invaluable relics." He landed in Bombay on the 20th January (1894) "grateful, cheerful, strong, and ready for further service in my own land." The members of the Prarthana Samaj of Bombay, both old and young, gave him a cordial reception. "The reception at Bankipore, where no halt could be possibly made, was unique. They had chartered a big railway carriage; decked it out in flowers, flags, and leaves, put the ladies in one compartment, the gentlemen in a second, and in the central one improvised a sort of elevated dais. To this they led their grateful guest, read beautiful addresses to him, sprinkled him with showers of rose water. It was a damp January evening, and the perfumed *douche* promised a bad cold. The decorated railway car was then hitched to the main train, and for some miles the festive proceedings were continued till the next station was reached where the company parted. But nowhere was the enthusiasm of the reception greater than in Calcutta. The tired, wayfaring Interpreter was scarcely out of bed in the morning twilight when the hurrahs and rapid movements of the gathering on the Howrah platform startled him.

Half-dressed as he was, the kind friends besieged and boarded the train, dragged him, hugged him, hustled him, pulled his feet, loaded him with damp garlands and placed a wiry flowery headgear on his aching temples. They followed the carriage in a large crowd, and inspite of the protests, unharnessed the horse and dragged the conveyance to Peace Cottage where all was prosperity and joy by the blessing of God. Let us hope that these affectionate demonstrations were real and would lead to better relations in the congregation than what existed before. Enthusiasm and expressions of kindness are then useful when they produce permanent improvement in the community. May God's Spirit be with us all on this and such other occasions. (The Interpreter, February 1894.)

Telegrams and warm congratulatory letters of welcome came from every part of India ; from Mangalore, Shillong, Lahore, Bankipore, Mymensing.

The members of the Society for the Higher Training of Youngmen showed their gratitude by giving him a warm reception when an address of welcome was presented on 7th February 1894.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BARROWS' LECTURESHIP

Not long after the sittings of the Parliament were over, Mrs. Caroline Haskell, a noble-minded American lady, gave 20,000 dollars to the University of Chicago

with the object of endowing a lectureship in Comparative Religion.

The following is an extract from Mrs. Haskell's letter to the President of the Chicago University :—

"I am in hearty agreement with the conviction that the immense interest awakened by the wonderful Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in September, 1893 makes it eminently desirable that the students in the University and the people generally shall be given wise instruction on the most important of all subjects, and I learn with satisfaction of your strong desire that this lectureship should be held first by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., whose energy, tolerance, and catholicity of spirit, and prolonged laborious devotion gave to the Parliament of Religions in so large a measure its remarkable success."

On hearing the news, Mr. Mozoomdar wrote to the Rev. J. H. Barrows, expressing a desire that similar lectureship might be established in India. Dr. Barrows in a lecture before the University of Chicago spoke as follows :—

"Mr. Mozoomdar, referring to her (Mrs. Haskell) "magnificent endowment" of this lectureship, writes, "How I wish something of the sort could be done in India, but there is no one to lay the foundation." May not some friend of the University be moved to establish in Calcutta, the chief centre of college training in the Asiatic world, a lectureship which shall carry on the good work of enlightenment and fraternity begun by the recent Parliament of Religions? This would be University Extension in the widest sense."

What followed would be seen from the letters of Dr. Barrows and Mrs. Haskell quoted below:—

Chicago, October 16, 1894

MY DEAR MR. MOZOOMDAR,

The suggestion which you made in your letter, or rather the hope which you expressed, which could hardly be called a hope, that some one would found for India, a Lectureship on the Relations of Christianity to the other Faiths, has been strangely and suddenly realised. On the first of October in my opening lecture before the University of Chicago I quoted from your letter, as you will see in the copy of the lecture which I have recently sent. Two days afterwards Mrs. Carolin E. Haskell, who read the published account of my lecture, offered through me to the University of Chicago the sum of twenty thousand dollars for lectureship in India. I enclose a copy of her letter, and I also enclose another letter from myself such as I am sending out to some friends in India. Of course I want your prayerful wisdom in this matter. Naturally, some Committee will be organised in Calcutta with whom we may officially communicate, but I believe that I may leave all these things with those who will be interested in this great plan for bringing the East and the West more closely together.

I have sent you the papers in regard to Professor Swing's death. He will be greatly missed by us all. Would it be too much to ask you to send a brief note to Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, Michigan City, Indiana,

expressing your grateful interest in what she has done? Mrs Barrows and the Bartletts join me in kind regards and the most pleasant remembrances. It may be that God has great results in mind from this International Lectureship. Does it not seem like a realisation of your great Minister's dreams and prayers?

Cordially and fraternally yours,

JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

Chicago, October 12th, 1894

President William R. Harper, PH. D., D. D.

My Dear Sir,

I take pleasure in offering to the University of Chicago the sum of twenty thousand dollars for the founding of a second lectureship on the relations of Christianity and the other Religions. These lectures, six or more in number, are to be given in Calcutta, India, and if deemed best, in Bombay, Madras or some other of the chief cities of Hindustan where large numbers of educated Hindus are familiar with the English language. The wish, so earnestly expressed by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar that a Lectureship, like that which I had the privilege of founding last summer, might be provided for India has led me to consider the desirability of establishing in some great collegiate centre like Calcutta, a course of lectures, to be given either annually, or as may seem better biennially, by leading Christian scholars of Europe, Asia and America in which, in a friendly, temperate conciliatory way,

and in the fraternal spirit which pervaded the Parliament of Religions, the great questions of the truths of Christianity, its harmonies with the truths of other Religions, its rightful claims and the best methods of setting them forth, should be presented to the scholarly and thoughtful people of India.

It is my purpose to indentify this work, which I believe will be a work of enlightenment and fraternity, with the University Extension Department of the University of Chicago, and it is my desire that the management of this Lectureship should lie with yourself as President of all the Departments of the University, with the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., the Professorial Lecturer on Comparative Religion, with Professor George S. Goodspeed, the Associate Professor of Comparative Religion, and with those who shall be your and their successors in these positions. It is my request that this Lectureship shall bear the name of John Henry Barrows, who has indentified himself with the work of promoting friendly relations between Christian America and the people of India. The Committee, having the management of these lectures, shall also have the authority to determine whether any of the courses shall be given in Asiatic or other cities outside of India.

In reading the proceedings of the Parliament of Religions I have been struck with the many points of harmony between the different Faiths, and by the possibility of so presenting Christianity to others as to win their favorable interest in its truths. If the Committee

shall decide to utilise this Lectureship still further in calling forth the views of scholarly representatives of the non-Christian faiths I authorize and shall approve of such a decision. Only good will result from such a comparison of views.

Europe and America wish to hear and ponder the best that Asia can give them, and the world of Asia would gladly listen to the words of such Christian scholars as Archdeacon Farrar of London, Doctor Fairbairn of Oxford, Professor Henry Drummond and Professor A. B. Bruce of Glasgow, Professor George P. Fisher of Yale, Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard, Bishop H. C. Potter and Doctor Lyman Abbott of New York, and of several others who might be named from the University of Chicago. It is my wish that accepting the offer which I now make, the Committee of the University will correspond with the leaders of religious thought in India, and secure from them such helpful suggestions as they may readily give. I cherish the expectation that the Barrows Lectures will prove, in the years that shall come, a new golden bond between the East and the West. In the belief that this Foundation will be blessed by our Heavenly Father to the extension of the benign influence of our great University, to the promotion of the highest interests of humanity and to the enlargement of the Kingdom of Truth and Love on earth, I remain with much regard,

Yours sincerely,
Caroline E. Haskell.

CHAPTER XVII

THE INTERPRETER

Before proceeding further with our narrative, we reproduce here an article published in the Interpreter for August, 1894, which throws some light on Mr. Mozoomdar's life and works :—

FROM '84 TO '94.

“I must own I have very much changed. I am not the same I was ten years ago, perhaps I am worse, perhaps I am better in the sight of men, but I feel I am a new man, I have had a new making up. I passed through great travail in 1884, no one knew whether I should come out of it alive or dead. I was thrust out of my place and work, robbed of my rights in the church, in the community, I was troubled, hated, hunted till I purchased my peace by renouncing to my opponents everything they wanted, perhaps more than they wanted, keeping to myself nothing beyond the purity of my principle, and the repose of my conscience. But in the midst of all these troubles, the signs of a new birth dawned upon me. The old scenes disappeared one after another, old places, old friends, old relations, and the old religion itself changed very much, and to-day in '94 behold I have entered the New Jerusalem. In 1883 “The Oriental Christ” saw the light, my preaching tour in the world was finished. Soon after New-year's Day my great friend departed to his glory; undoubtedly he left his place for me, all the world knows that; but I returned home to see that place usurped by others, and it pleased God to suffer all this, and take me

into a new place, and a new state of being, I was born with Christ into the Spirit of God in 1884. On the 24th day of February, 1884, I resigned my charge of the Brahma Mandir with these words ;—"I lay myself and my charge before this vast congregation, and for the present bid farewell to the functions of my office as minister. If you men of the congregation can unite with all the Brahma missionaries and the late Minister's family to re-elect me, I will be delighted to serve you, if not I will not permit my presence to cause strife, and contention in the house of God, I would have a decided expression of public opinion before I resume my duties. The Theistic Church is as wide as the world. I will have plenty of occasion to serve my God and my fellow-men else-where, Adieu!" The farewell words from which this is an extract appeared in the daily papers of the time. And though subsequently I co-operated with my missionary friends now and then that they may know I bear no grudge against them, I have never taken any place or share in the affairs of the Brahma Mandir. The excellent men who have since then officiated there have mismanaged things, but I am not responsible for that ; it was in a sort of previous birth they opposed me ; I forgave everything long ago ; and I remember it all like a by-gone dream.

How has it fared with me during these ten years ? Never in my life on this earth did I know and worship my God better and never served His children in such numbers and so effectively. I have laboured in different Indian provinces, I have laboured all over the world, and everywhere Thy work, O God, has been blessed with success. The first thing to do was to provide myself with a retreat on the Himalayas where, far away from distractions, I could follow my spiritual pursuit as long as I liked, and where also temporary relief could be had from the bodily infirmities which have never ceased to hinder me during the last sixteen years. *Sailasram*

was purchased at Kurseong in 1885. The first work undertaken there was "The Life, and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen." What anxious solicitude, what continued study, intense selfconcentration, ceaseless prayer for light, what an overpowering sense of responsibility that work entailed, no man shall ever know. No man helped me, but very few sympathised, a good many held out threats, which they have since put into execution. If it had not been for the incessant consolations of Thy blessed Spirit who led me on, and explained to me Thy great apostle, who fanned the new aspirations, who supported, suggested, and revealed Thy wonders both in the beautiful mountains, and in my own soul, I could never have got through the responsibility of writing and publishing Keshub's life. How that work has been received by the world is known to all now.

I am not at all sorry that my health and inclinations forced me during the last ten years to spend from six to eight months on the hills annually. It not only gave me rest for the painful controversies of Calcutta, but opened that habit of intense communion with nature the tendencies of which were at all times strong in my mind. A clear vivid perception of beauty, a warm sensitive imagination, a disposition of brooding thoughtfulness over everything, acted upon by a deep spiritual awakening, the effect of my strained circumstances, led me into the innermost sanctuaries of the great mountain landscape, and unfolded within me visions of God's nature, attributes, and relations that began to take shape in utterances in various moods of various hours. These laid the foundation of "Heart Beats", which at first I had no thought of publishing. But so over-mastering were the impulses that detached expressions did not suffice, and I felt compelled to write one chapter and then another of the "Spirit of God," besides writing a good deal for the "Interpreter" as "Silent Pastor," and in other capacities.

The idea that daily grew strong was (to me) the new revelation that God is Life, the Life of the body of the mind, of all the universe. In the meanwhile my health declined, my means of livelihood became absolutely precarious so that I had to borrow money for my bread from day to day. Nobody but my most intimate friends knew this or cared to know, or could even suspect it, because outwardly I fulfilled all my engagements with the public, though my difficulties were heart-rending. I sought no man's help, complained to no one, silently bore the enmities and cruelties, and misrepresentations were heaped upon my head; sometimes I felt as if I could not live very long under this manifold pressure, but I have found human nature has an indefinite capacity for endurance. As much work as I could find, whether it was writing, or preaching, or travelling or lecturing or founding such societies as the Society for the Higher Training, I did with all my might. But the strain, felt every day, forced my whole being to come nearer and still nearer to that Heart of Infinite Compassion which in Its divine side is the Indwelling Spirit, and in its human side is the communion of saints headed by Christ Jesus the Son of God. Unsuspected possibilities in my nature opened, deep within deep, the profoundest insight into things revealed secret after secret. All my favourite studies became full of glory; in men, and in parties of men, in sects, in communities, in nations, in contemporary events, and above all things in scriptures and heroic men I read a hidden meaning which, used as I am in the art of expression, I could not express, which filled me with rapture in my long solitudes. Let men judge as they may, I can honestly say I have written and spoken nothing but what I felt, that my words and sentiments have penetrated no man deeper than my own self, and that thus acting on my over-exercised heart, God has invested me during these ten years with a newness of being which is another name for immortality."

When Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta from his sojourn in the West, the anniversary celebrations of the Brahma Somaj were going on. Naturally he "was delighted to take part" in them. He delivered his anniversary sermon, as usual at the Town Hall of Calcutta, the subject of his address being, "The World-wide Triumph of our Cause." The Governor of Bengal and a large appreciative audience were present. He made a public statement of all that he experienced in America in the way of religious progress and sympathy with different religious communities. "Now this sympathy and progress exactly represent the position of the Brahma Somaj; the triumph of truth and love means the triumph of our cause," Mr. Mozoomdar wrote.

Towards the end of February, he went on a tour to Behar where the brethren were "eager to hear the glad tidings from the Parliament of Religions." "The whole month of March was spent in touring through Behar and Oudh, holding services, delivering lectures, solemnising marriages, and helping local work of various kinds." In May and June he was in Darjeeling where he conducted the weekly service of the local Somaj and gave lectures in the Town Hall. In July he came back to Calcutta and worked there for nearly three months. A letter to Babu Nitya Gopal Ray Ghazipore, July 13th 1894 is quoted below:—

Dear Nitya Gopal,—Returned to Calcutta just a week ago, I was doing so well at Darjeeling that the

sudden change is not only disagreeable but harmful. Well I come back hoping to be serviceable and have no cause to regret it though it causes suffering. * * Bodily uneasiness, if not mastered, surely brings on moral degeneracy, and all true happiness is mental at the last resort. Calcutta, as it is, is to me a greater wilderness than any mountain or forest, because where as solitary nature always bears me a genial companionship, men are often so contrary that I soon get tired of them, and of the world, and wish to go where "the weary is at rest," you remember the temptations in the wilderness to which Jesus was subject? Well, they clog my path at every step. All this vanity in the name of God and religion is the deepest thorn in my flesh, and I wish I had no more of it to see. A poor old man with faded face and whitened hair every time I look at myself, I sadly feel I have not a moment to lose, that my only home and my only rest is in God's name and service. There is no one to go with me this last part of the journey, no example, no help, not a word, not a song, not a breath to lead me forward! Yet I need and lack, sorely need some kind of human companionship. Where to seek it? The streets are so dirty, the footpaths crowded with unseemly men and women that my only recreation of wandering about with the silent spirit at my side, is every day becoming impossible. The sanctuary within is all that is left now, the final resort and stronghold into which the Spirit leads the spirit. There let us go when every

door is shut, perhaps there we may meet when we do not expect.

Thus have I written in cold blood, to cheer you or depress you? I have not much to wish for in the world. I have not much to seek from men. I have been here too long, though it seems so short and strange. Why not give myself up entirely to God? What do I mean? I do not know, O my God. I wish to be hidden in Thee wholly. Behold I have been with them so long, yet am an utter stranger, they know me less and less everyday. I have no peace here, I wish to go where I am known. My dear Nitya Gopal, my old prized friend, know me, be with me, tell me of God, and Heaven and holiness, and home. Bear me company unto the end. believe in me, and may the Spirit of God give you every blessing.

Ever Yours,
P. C. M.

"DEVI MOHINI"

On Sunday, the 6th May, 1894, died at Simla Mrs. Mohini Devi, wife of Mr. Karuna Chandra Sen, the eldest son of Keshab Chandra Sen. Referring to her death, Mr. Mozoomdar writes as follows: "Ever dear to the little household at Peace Cottage, as any daughter could be, her untimely disappearance leaves behind feelings too sacred for public expression."

The following article from Mr. Mozoomdar's pen is reproduced from the "Interpreter":—

"MOHINI OUR CHILD"

"There is not one like her in all the Brahma Samaj. Every one loved her. All speak in fervent praise of her, those who knew her slightly, as well as those who know her well. Child of Brahma parents from very early age she was placed under the best influences of our little community. And every such influence called forth the many uncommon qualities of her gentle nature. Her piety was simple, sincere and modest. Beautiful, graceful, sweet-tempered, unusually affectionate, meek and quiet at all times with intelligence, power of obedience, capacity for self-sacrifice which very few of her sex and age showed in these times. Mohini, as she grew up, developed the highest possibilities of womanhood. During her short life of thirty four years, she was the ornament of every household which her presence graced, she was the honor of every institution with which she was connected. She was the example of patience, gentleness and selfless service to those amongst whom her lot was cast. Stricken by serious disease in the flower and tenderness of her age, always careless of her own comfort and safety, long did she suffer from her many complaints but a sweeter sufferer did any one ever see? For these and other qualities she was not only loved and respected by those nearest to her, but by the whole community of the Brahma Samaj where she was widely known. All the ladies of the Adi, Sadharan and New Dispensation Churches, nay even of Hindu households, who ever came across her deeply

mourn her loss. 'And not a few English ladies to whom her distinguished powers endeared her joined in that grief. Her memory among her numerous friends will recall her grace, sweetness, and many virtues. For ourselves we do not wish to say much. The relations of the little household at Peace Cottage to her are too well-known, too sacred, perhaps too sad for public expression. Thus loved, missed and mourned, our poor child leaves the world long before her time, but leaves us for that better land where the weary are at rest. To God we commend her sweet spirit."

Devi Mohini was the second daughter of Dr. Annada Charan Khastagir. Prior to her marriage she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Mozoomdar for many years. Childless as they were, she was loved and brought up by them as their own child.

Mr. Mozoomdar came to Simla by the end of September and stayed at the *Asram* of the Himalayan Brahma Somaj. His health was indifferent at the time, nevertheless, he conducted divine services in the Brahma Mandir. "His presence necessarily drew a large number of worshippers, and so impressive were his sermons that a good many people outside the pale of the Brahma Somaj began to take a lively interest in his work." He gave a few public lectures. "During his short stay at Simla, Mr. Mozoomdar had interviews with the Viceroy, the Lt. Governor of the Punjab, Sir Alexander Miller and Sir Antony MacDonell and with

each and all of them he held very important conversations on matters involving the vital interests of his countrymen." Leaving Simla on the 8th November, he came to Lahore, the next day to conduct the thirty second Anniversary of the Punjab Brahma Somaj. He had to work hard here. Hardly a day passed without one or two engagements. Referring to his tour in Upper India, a Punjabi Brahma writes, "He left us (Lahore) on the 21st November, and halting a day or two at Meerut and Delhi, where in the Town Hall he delivered several short addresses, went to Lucknow to conduct the anniversary of the *Ayodhya* Brahma Somaj. From Lucknow he proceeded to Benares where he gave a public lecture at the Town Hall on the "Evolution of the Hindu Religion." From Benares he went to Ghazipur, where years ago he had established the *Anjuman-i Am*, a society comprising Musalman and Hindu leaders of the city. These gentlemen prevailed upon him to give a discourse on the "Sympathy of Religions" which was very well attended. He thence proceeded to Calcutta which was reached on the 6th December. Mr. Mozoomdar's tour has more than ever convinced us that the greatest religious need of the Punjab is of a leader like himself, of catholic principle and pure life, a philosopher and a devotee who will guide the rising generation both by precept and example."

"31st December, 1894.—This was a peaceful prosperous year, fruitful of the effects of the great American visit. Every

debt accumulating' through years paid off. Every bodily and household want supplied; better health; public usefulness and the publication of two books. I can thank God with the fulness and freedom of heart. My great thought now is how the whole movement may shake off its dead weight, how spirituality may grow, the character of the community may purify, and the unbounded prospect of progress may open out. My influence in certain parts of the country is great but not great in Calcutta, at least not among professing Brahmos." (Mozoomdar's Diary.)

"1st January, 1895.—Grant, O Great Father, that the New Year may bring a return of the seasons of spiritual blessedness wherewith Thou hast abundantly sanctified my life year after year. Deepen and exalt my meditations, cause all my struggles to end in victory, grant that all labour bring forth its harvest, all sufferings purify all prosperity, sweeten and soften and that living or dying I may ever find Thee near, nearer still, aye in the heart of my heart at all time." (Mozoomdar's Diary.)

The latter part of January (1895) was spent in celebrating the anniversary festival.

"28th January.—Tired yet refreshed, weakened yet strong, I emerge from the *Utsab*. God grant me power to do as well for the whole year, for the rest of my life. My proceedings were quiet, but steady and brought me quite as much success as I deserved. I am satisfied and thankful." (Mozoomdar's Diary)

In March he went on a preaching tour to Barisal. He often wished to pay a visit to those brethren (Brahmos of the place) and now the opportunity came after twenty seven years. Mr. Mozoomdar came to Lahore on the 22nd April. On the 9th May he

inaugurated the "Theistic Mission in the Punjab" at the Lahore Brahma Mandir. "Proceedings harmonious. God bless the movement and make it the bond of union between all believers in the New Dispensation of theism here and elsewhere," Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary. Sirdar Dyal Sing made a monthly grant of money to the Mission. It began its work by opening a boarding house for students, publishing theistic literature and helping poor and sick people.

From Lahore he went to Simla early in May.

"The principles of the Brahma Somaj," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "have always received much discerning sympathy from advanced Englishmen in this country. But these people are so much scattered in the far away provinces, and their time is so absorbed at their places of employment that it is difficult to get them to attend to any thing beyond their immediate duties. They all come to these Hills for temporary rest, or business engagements. Here they have more time, and they are accessible to religious and social influences which seldom reach them anywhere else. In this sense therefore Simla presents a field of work, the importance of which must be recognised. Though unfortunately the alienation between the Europeans and the Indian races is throwing difficulties in the way of religious intercourse and social sympathy, yet one must acknowledge that at places like Simla and Darjeeling occasions are found to interpret our views to the European community which are not found in the plains."

He gave two public lectures in the Simla Town Hall, both presided over by officials of high rank. There were considerable audiences from the Indian as well as the English communities.

Mr. Muzoomdâr wrote a letter to Dr. James Martineau congratulating him on his ninety-first birth day. The great sage's reply and Mr. Muzoomdar's rejoinder are reproduced from the *Interpreter*.—

"He is in his ninety-first year, yet his handwriting is so clear and steady, his thoughts so deep and well-expressed that they could not have been better when he was twenty-five years old. On many previous occasions, we had the good fortune to receive Dr. Martineau's letters, but at no other time were we so deeply impressed, possibly because at no other time did we stand in more urgent need of his friendly sympathy and fatherly counsel. The light which his sentiments throw on contemporary events is such as we know our readers will cheerfully accept, as guidance in their path. We, men of the Brahma Somaj, ought to feel that we are responsible for the great movement which Providence has entrusted to our hands, not merely to our countrymen whose sympathy, even when we succeed in getting it, is given to us so grudgingly, but to that greater religious commonwealth spread throughout the world, which comprises the noblest and best of our race. And realising the importance of our work, and significance of the Brahma Somaj we ought so to regulate our own individual conduct, and the conduct of our common cause that we may be continually more and more worthy of the world-wide religious brotherhood of which our church is only a fraction. May the blessings with which Dr. Martineau's letter concludes apply equally well to every worker who has a vocation in the Brahma Somaj."

ROTHIEMURCHUS, AVILMORE,
Scotland, July 9, 1895

My dear Mr. Muzoomdar,

Of all the birth-day congratulations wafted to me by the winds from every quarter, none was more grateful to me than yours from the Himalayan slopes. I have always felt the

deepest interest in the history and varieties of Indian civilization; and especially in the modern spontaneous approximation of the cultured Hindu mind, as exemplified in Ram Mohan Roy, to the moral and spiritual conceptions which we Western Christians ourselves owe to the earlier Religion of the East. Nor can I help indulging the hope that the costly Christian Missions amongst your people may invert their intended operation; and the friction between the harsh dogmas of the teachers and the sensitive genius of the learners may so soften and rub off the wounding incredibilities, as to leave alike in the converts and their instructors, only the indestructible basis of the pure and spiritual Theism which constituted the Religion of Jesus of Nazareth. With no little surprise, I have received, from Church of England Mission conductors in the south of India, application for permission to make and use, as a Manual of religious instruction in advanced Mission Schools, an abridgment of my Types of Ethical Theory and Study of Religion. The abridgment had been already made and a printed copy was sent for approval before the little book was issued. There was no attempt to insinuate into its text any doctrine, not in the original; though the abstract was not altogether accurate. I believe that the Oxford authorities of the Clarendon Press, to whom as owners of the copyright, I forwarded the latter, gave the requisite permission. This reticence, in Missionary schools, about the evangelical theology seems to me a remarkable and promising sign.

It grieves me much to hear that you are at all discouraged in your faithful labours for the Brahma Somaj, but experience enables me to understand your difficulties and sympathise with them. There is a natural repugnance, if not incompatibility, between an orderly working organization and a deep and enthusiastic spiritual life. The people who count their steps by the *Law* are seldom the same as those who are

stirred by *the Prophets* : yet it is indispensable for the permanent efficacy of a *Church* to turn to account, and balance with each other, the creative energy of individual inspirations, and the steady movement of collective discipline. Nothing short of a rare blending of the Divine and the human will can secure this peaceful co-partnership of self-assertion and self-surrender.

I should incline to refrain from pressing any very definite organization on your religious societies, and leave scope for the experiment of local tendencies in different directions, till the whole body of wants and preferences was manifested, and then in a small council of leaders from the chief centres, frame the simplest constitution, combining the admitted essentials and no more. The habit of acting in common on however small a scale, is the best preparation for a quiet development into a fuller life. But I forget. All this is but the alphabet of [your history already past. My anxiety for your great cause has run away with me. You will think me unacquainted with your writings. But it is not so: and I am in hearty sympathy with those which have fallen in my way. I long to hear that you have some young co-adjutors, in training by your influence and example, to carry on the apostolic work in widening circles and in later time than your years of personal work. Already you have earned the blessing of a peaceful retrospect on a life of exceptional beneficence. May God grant you an old age as exempt from personal infirmity and as unexhausted in its moral interests as that of your non-agenarian and ever affectionate friend,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

An article on "The Present Situation in the Brahmo Somaj" from Mr. Mozoomdar's pen appeared in the *Calcutta Review* anonymously this year (1895).

It is remarkable for its generous recognition of the good points of the different sections of the Brahma Somaj and of their leading members. The article opens with the words, "The opinion is now widely and openly entertained, that the Brahma Somaj is on a steady course of decline. The Brahmans may not admit this, but the fact of such an impression is undoubted." The writer goes on observing that besides the Brahma Somaj there are other monotheistic bodies all over the country, not a few of which are based on an imitation of the Brahma Somaj. These bodies have taken up the negative work of the Somaj—"the work of criticism, of protest, of the removal of popular prejudices and errors." A few of its constructive principles, such as monotheistic aspirations and social reforms have also been adopted. "Consequently the old monopoly of public esteem which was its possession has very much, got out of the hands of the Brahma Somaj. * * Brahmans have no reason to be sorry for this." Speaking of the unfortunate schisms in the Brahma Somaj he writes,—

"Whether these differences be for good or for evil, they prove how difficult it is for any indigenous movement in this country to maintain its unity out of regard to central principles when personal differences make the course of co-operation irksome and disagreeable. But perhaps a deeper view of the matter is possible. It is possible to think that each of these divisions has helped to consolidate its own underlying principle, and thus indirectly added to the general importance and secret life of the whole movement. It must, however, be pointed out that this added vitality can be realised, only

When some kind of mutual understanding, common sympathy and approaching coalition makes the improvement of one the improvement of all; whatever interpretation the Brahmo Somaj may like to put on its many minute and premature divisions, it is bound to show, if its life is to be prolonged, that dividing for conscience sake, it can also unite for conscience sake, and that conscientious division is no weakness, except from a party point of view but ultimate strength to the common cause.

“Now let us see what the different sections of the Brahmo Somaj stand for, and whether it is possible to trace among them anything like a chain of connection and continuity leading up to common ends.”

“The first of these sections, in order of time, namely the Adi Brahmo Somaj aims at a national monotheistic culture on the lines of archaic Hinduism. The Brahmo Somaj has always aspired to be a national church and it has great aptitudes for such a work. But owing to the prevalence of European culture in the land, the national side of the movement is not only obscured, but nearly lost sight of. From this alien tendency the Adi Brahmo Somaj has done more to save itself than any other branch of the Society. The life and work of Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore testify to it, and his spirit has descended to his sons and successors.”

“When it (Adi Brahmo Somaj) re-addresses itself to the reclamation of spiritual theism from the wilderness of Sanskrit literature, and takes pains to occupy once more a leading part in the formation of a new

and higher Hinduism, after which all modern India is so eagerly bent, it will do justice to itself and the great cause of national religious reconstruction."

"The Brahma Somaj of India, as Keshub Chunder Sen called his Society, has for its object not the mere recasting of the old national faith, but the formation of a new religion, a 'New Dispensation', a Universal Church, an apostolic brotherhood on the basis of simple theism."

"This dispensation is to include what is true and spiritual in all dispensations and build up a National Church to which both Hinduism and Christianity are to contribute their essential elements, a new Christianity and a new Hinduism making the future faith of India. * * * The ideals of the New Dispensation, as stated by its late minister, cannot be outgrown, far less ignored, by any section of the Brahma Somaj, or any intelligent community. They may be misunderstood for a while, but they will have to be accepted in the end."

"Among the followers of Keshub Chunder Sen there are men of sterling worth. If these faithful souls are better able than they have been to unite in a common work, less eager to find each other's faults, more ready to exchange mutual recognition less dogmatic about their own theories, and more tolerant about those of others, they could exalt the whole Brahma Somaj, as well as more efficiently carry out the objects of their own Church."

"The Sadharan Brahmo Somaj though the youngest in years as an organisation, yet undeniably, in Calcutta, it is not only stronger than other Brahmo Somajes, but by its activity preserves the existence of the Brahmo Somaj from slipping out of the memory of a busy public. It was founded with the object of conducting the Brahmo Somaj as corporate bodies everywhere are conducted, according to constitutional principles determined by the public. It was a protest against individual predominance, and an experiment in democratic church government, but very unhappily the personal authority here implicated was that of Keshub Chunder Sen himself, and the movement at its inception could not help taking a character of protest against him and his work. Being a novel experiment in church government, the society in the beginning called forth comment and opposition. It has, however, largely answered its own expectation, it has surprised its critics, and disarmed not a little of their hostility."

"The constitutional course of the Sadharan Somaj, is no doubt one of the causes of its continued vitality, and the progress it has made. But constitutionalism is not the whole, nor the chief thing in church life. Insight, spiritual experience, apostolic impulse, advancing culture, evidencing sympathy with the profoundest thought, and continued progress of the world are necessary. There is no reason why the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj should not open itself out

in these directions. When it has done so, and also when it has been able to 'absorb what is really excellent, both in the principles and personalities of the elder branches of the Society, its part in the future rahmo Somaj will be surely as high as that of any other."

In conclusion Mr. Mozoomdar observes:—

"Brahmos are becoming more and more exclusive; by their continued dissension they are losing touch with the great Hindu society which their former leaders maintained; they care little to learn anything from the great Christian community around them; with the vast religious organisations outside their community they seem to have little in common. Thus crammed within their narrow surroundings, they suffer all the isolation which, in a youthful and inexperienced community, means death. There must be more cohesion amongst the important elements; there must be less self-sufficiency, more eagerness for union. * * * The theoretical professions are large, the practical exclusiveness is heartless. Hindus and Christians, and Mohammedans and all others are blandly included in an eclectic patronage; but when it comes to a matter of the paltriest difference of opinion among themselves, it ends in war to the knife. Out of every bit of petty partisanship, eternal verities and universal destinies are evolved like solar convulsions out of a cucumber. For the sake of the smallest clauses and bye-laws, for the wrong-headed persistence of ill-disguised partisanship and youthful loquacity, discussions are prolonged to midnight hours, while whole perspectives of progress and perfection are thrown on one side because they command no majority. * * * The work before the 'Brahmo Somaj is therefore no longer the preaching of its monotheism: it is a great deal more. It is the initiation of a new worship, representative of

the deepest and wisest impulses of the human spirit equally removed from the liturgical formalism of the churches and the empty talkativeness of shouting revivalist. * * The function to which the simple theism of the Brahmo Somaj ought now to address itself is laying a new ideal of holy living, not artificial, not abstract, but revived, developed ; and practically lived out of the excellence inculcated in Christianity and other great religions.”

During this year he had to mourn the death of two dear friends. Mr. Krishna Behary Sen, the younger brother of Keshub Chunder Sen, died on the 29th May, Mr. Mozoomdar was then at Simla and the news reached him unexpectedly. “I was not prepared for this.” On the 2nd October passed away Babu Kali Das Sircar, a simple pious soul. “No one loved or admired me more than he.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ COMMITTEE

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association deputed Rev. J. T. Sunderland, a well-known Unitarian minister in America to inquire “into the spread of liberal religious thought in this country, and ascertain what opening there is for the establishment of Unitarian Missions.” He arrived in Calcutta on the

3rd January, 1896, and was warmly 'received by each of the three sections of the Brahmo Somaj. At his suggestion, a representative committee, consisting of some of the leading men of the different branches of the Brahmo Somaj, was formed and Mr. Mozoomdar was appointed its secretary. The object of this committee was to carry out certain measures "which would add to the usefulness of the entire Brahmo Somaj movement, and at the same time establish practical methods of co-operation between the Brahmo Somaj and the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in England."

"Every day in Calcutta," Mr. Sunderland writes: "I may say every day in India—has deepened my conviction that the cause of the Brahmo Samaj is the Unitarian cause. Our faith is the same, our ideals are the same, our spirit is the same. Our names differ. But in what we are endeavouring to be and to do, we are one. Even in the matter of the spiritual leadership of Christ, I find, somewhat to my surprise, that there is practically no difference. While our Brahmo brethren hold, with us, that Christ was a man simply and only, I find that most of them hold as strongly as we do, that he is the greatest of the world's prophets and religious teachers—the religious teacher who has done more than any other to "show us the Father," and to win men to a holy life. And as such they love and honour him."

"Why then, should there not be the warmest and

closest fellowship between us? And why should we not do what we can to co-operate with one another?"

The following two letters, bear upon the subject. :—

ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET

London. June 3, 1896

Dear Mr. Mozoomdar,

Your letters of March 18 and 24 came duly to hand. It has given me great pleasure that you have been successful in forming a Committee to represent all branches of the Brahma Somaj. The action of the Committee in accepting the five or six proposals named in the clipping from *Unity and the Minister* which you inclosed, would seem to give promise that there are ways in which it will be found practicable for the Unitarian Association here and your Somajes to co-operate. I have turned over to the Association the notification which you send me of your action as a Committee, and you will undoubtedly hear from the Secretary at no distant day. Of course, you all understood (what I tried to make very clear) that the suggestions which I made regarding co-operation did not bind the Association. They were simply personal suggestions put forth with the aim of thus feeling our way to a common ground. In my final report to the Association made last week (which will probably reach you by the same mail with this) I included among my recommendations most of the proposals which your Committee adopted, and you will see that the Association received them with favor.

You will see by the *Inquirer* that the anniversary meetings here have been well-attended and pervaded by an earnest spirit. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested over the subject of India. You will be glad to see that one gentleman has (anonymously) subscribed five hundred pounds a year to the Indian work. The great difficulty will be to find just the right man to go to India, I realise the truth of what you say, that he must be a man of ability and learning.

I hope you are better in health than when I saw you. Many friends here have inquired eagerly about you. When you come again you will find many to welcome you—here and in America too. I cannot tell you with what interest I look back to my visit to India. If I were thirty-five years old instead of fifty I should be greatly tempted to return to your land for a home and a field of labour. As it is I think duty points me back to America. But I met many rare spirits in India to whom I shall always feel strongly drawn and I shall always pray for India.

On reaching Egypt I was met by my wife. And we travelled together through that classic land, and through our sacred land of Palestine, spending a month in each. In Athens we met our children, spent nearly a month with them there and in Italy and then came on here for the May meetings. In six weeks I expect to be off for America to take up my work there again. I hope I shall be able to do it a little better for this rich year abroad which God has given me.

Sincerely Yours,
J. T. SUNDERLAND

MR. SUNDERLAND'S WORK IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the Inquirer.

"Sir,—Mr. Sunderland's visit to India has been hurried, but it has been long enough for him to know what he came to know, namely the condition of religious thought among liberal Hindus, also to let the latter know what an advanced Unitarian Christian really believes. Hitherto some fancied him to be a strange formation, half evangelist and half secularist, still full of lofty unconcern and condescending grace towards the dusky heathen about whom we read so much in illustrated missionary journals. Other fancied him to be a truculent philosopher, who made short work of the

Christian revelation and of every other revelation, and wanted to diet mankind on the chemical food of universal criticism. Mr. Sunderland has dealt a rude shock to these notions. By his genial sympathies, broad culture, and genuine religiousness he has proved that an enlightend Christian and an enlightened Hindu are very like and very close to one another, though certainly not the same. Mr. Sunderland is so modest that perhaps he would not like my saying all this in his praise, only his accomplishments are those of the Unitarian body as a whole who sent him here, and we might as trustfully receive their friendship, as we have received and exchanged his. Keshub Chunder Sen and others who have been to England and I after my two visits to America, have always said the same thing, and what we stated from personal experience, Mr. Sunderland, as your Society's delegate, has officially confirmed. His testimony has been accepted by the whcle Brahmo Somaj without a dissentient voice so far. The best proof of this is that all its three sections have appointed a representative committee to carry out certain proposals of Mr. Sunderland with the object of joint work among the Brahmos and Unitarians on the one hand, and on the other hand, among the different schools of the Brahmos themselves,

Now such a committee we men of the Brahmo Somaj could never establish before Mr. Sunderland came, it is an achievement in itself. Further, when it has been able to decide to give effect to some of his proposals it becomes still more significant. In the first place it has resolved to welcome one of your people as a co-labourer of the Brahmo Somaj. Mr. Sunderland is himself so much in love with that body that if he, could, we know, he would come out again, but failing that, with his help would you not persuade some of your truly able men to make India their field of work? In the second place, the committee has resolved to send some of our promising young men for theological

education to Manchester College, Oxford. Your people have long afforded this facility to Hungarians and others. Some time ago I tried unsuccessfully to move the Trustees of the Hibbert Fund to extend it to India ; and now if the British and Foreign Unitarian Association move in the matter, there is little doubt it would be successful. In the third place, the committee is going to establish a Post Office Mission to diffuse Unitarian and Brahma Somaj literature as well as supervise the sale of liberal religious publications, besides taking part in philanthropic movements like temperance. Now this is sufficient for a beginning. If we can practically do all this now, there is no doubt we shall be able to do more in future. But perhaps it is necessary we should understand one thing. This attempt at union does not mean any compromise on the part of the Brahma Somaj or the Unitarians. It does not mean identification either in religious opinion or church organisation. It simply means co-operation between men of independent thought, who, in the name of God's Universal Fatherhood and the fraternal relations of the race, unite to do good to their fellow men. And upon their cause may the joint prayers and good will of the East and the West for ever rest."

Peace Cottage, P. C. MOZOOMDAR. Calcutta, March 30th.

We have seen that Mr. Mozoomdar steadily endeavoured to create a better feeling amongst the different sections of the Brahma Somaj prior to Mr. Sunderland's mission to this country. This no doubt helped to some extent the formation of the representative Committee.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association generously offered a scholarship of £100—a year to "a youngman of ability, high character, and religious earnestness," whom the Committee recommended, for

two years' study of Theology and Philosophy at the Manchester College, Oxford. The first youngman to win the scholarship was our esteemed friend Mr. Promotho Lall Sen, nephew of Keshub Chunder Sen.

Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta from Simla on the 22nd November (1895). On the way he stopped at Bareilly, Lucknow, Benares and Bankipur, where he gave public lectures. The rest of the year, 1895, was spent in Calcutta. In December Sir Charles Elliott retired from the Lt. Governorship of Bengal. He had been friendly to Mr. Mozoomdar, and "did what he could in consistency with his great office to help" him in his work. The successful launching of the Society for the Higher Training of Youngmen was due much to His Honor's active interest in the movement.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME BEREAVEMENTS

The year 1896 began when Mr. Mozoomdar was in Calcutta. Early in January the untimely death of the only son of his friend, Dr. R. L. Dutt, grieved him much. Mr. Jahar Lall Dutt was a very quiet, simple youngman, but "died like a saint and hero."

Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "We never knew his thoughts were so deep and devout till the moment of his death. Then his tongue was unloosed, and he bore witness to the faith that was in him. These frequent exemplary deaths in the Brahma Somaj prove the sufficiency of its spiritual power."

His friend Mr. Jadu Nath Ghose died in the same month. Mr. Mozoomdar writes of him in the "Interpreter" thus :—

"One of the oldest and worthiest members of the Brahma Somaj of India passed away on Tuesday, the 28th January at about 1. P. M. Jadu Nath Ghose was known throughout the Brahma Somaj, but chiefly among our brethren in Upper India where for the greater part of his life he held service. He was known as a staunch and faithful believer who, in every detail of his personal and domestic life, bore witness to the principles of the New Dispensation which he had accepted from the beginning. He was strict, upright and austere, independent and fearless of all sham and unreality. Trusting and depending upon God he was self-reliant and courageous to a degree. But his loyalty and love to Keshub Chunder Sen were most tender and unflinching, and in the personal service he rendered to his Minister, few have excelled him. About his friendly and faithful relations with us we do not wish to speak. His place in our heart can never be filled up. Next to his bereaved family, the greatest sufferers by his decease will be the Himalayan Brahma Somaj at Simla, of which he was not only the minister but the life and soul, But for him, and two other well known Punjabi Brahmans that romantic place of devotions in the woody mountains could not have come into existence."

The deaths amongst his friends called forth Mr.

Mozoomdar's sympathy with the bereaved families, to which he used to give expression in words and deeds that gave them divine consolation.

St. Aghore Kamini, the wife of his friend, Mr. Prakas Chunder Ray, a familiar name in the Brahmo Somaj, died on the 15th June, 1890. "The whole Brahmo Somaj ought to be in mourning because there is no woman in our whole community to be compared with the deceased and there never was," wrote Mr. Mozoomdar. He wrote a short biographical sketch of the sainted lady, which was published in the "Christian Register" of Boston, and reproduced in the "Interpreter" of November, 1898. A sketch of her life is also to be found in his Bengali moral text-book for ladies.

The hot months of April, May and the greater part of June he spent in Darjeeling.

"19th. June—Leave Darjeeling for Calcutta. after a prosperous stay of two months and a half. Like a long drawn dream of mystic happiness, these two months and a half have sped away leaving no memory but peace, progress and wisdom. Contemplation, worship, communion with nature, with my soul, with the spirit of all things, work and study have occupied my days, and I leave reluctantly because the services of my God draw me away. May His blessings abide with me and my work."

(Mozoomdar's Diary)

CHAPTER XX

MISSION TOUR

On the 16th September 1896, Mr. Mozoomdar left Calcutta for a missionaay tour in Ceylon "Accommodation on board good," he wrote in his diary. "But half realise that I am out on an important mission whose necessity I have felt for years. The people of Ceylon have not had the gospel of the Brahma Somaj preached to them. And it is such a simple gospel that I feel they are bound to accept 'it. * * To put my own mind in the devoutest condition is the right preparation for what I am going to do in Ceylon." His friend Mr. Prakas Chunder Ray accompanied him. They reached Colombo on the 21st instant and put up at the British Indian Hotel. "The Great Indian Ocean is sounding and breaking a few yards away." He came to Kandy on the 25th. "A beautiful town, with lake and hills and clean roads." On the 1st. October he gave a lecture in the local Town Hall on "Religious Life." About a hundred and fifty "simple-minded and earnest Singhalese" gentlemen came to hear him. "I spoke to them on religious life, pointing out how it consisted of a fervent belief in truth—a heart-felt love of God and a strict purity of life. The secondary place of Theology,—the secondary

importance of rites and ceremonies and the outward show of righteousness were pointed out and the people were exhorted to be genuine, in whatever they did—whether it was the act of faith or the act of worship—or the act of charity towards fellow men. These simple truths they fervently and gratefully accepted.”

(Mozoomdar's Diary)

He returned to Colombo on the 2nd October. He came to Galle on the 17th inst. and gave lecture on the “New Dispensation in India” at the Mahinda College.

“I was cordially invited by Mr. G. R. Guna Ratna Mudaliar, of the Governor's Gate, to hold a meeting on the college premises and give a public address. This I cheerfully consented to do, and spoke to the assembled Buddhists and Christians on the New Dispensation in India. Not only were my views well received, but the responses made by several speakers were so cordial, that the impression is strong within me that a centre of our movement could be established here with comparatively little trouble. The leading men suggested that either I should make a long stay in Ceylon, or send somebody after me. This is very true and the same thing has been my experience wherever I have been in the Island.”

(Mozoomdar's Diary)

He was at Galle for only two days and came back to Colombo to hold there his last meeting. He

gave three lectures at Colombo. On the 9th. October he lectured in the Floral Hall on "India's Message to Ceylon." "Audience about 5000 or more, very attentive, though not demonstrative." On the 14th. there was a lecture at Royal College on "What I saw in America." On the 22nd Mr. Mozoomdar gave his last lecture in response to an invitation from the Granopass Association. The meeting was held at Wesley College and the subject of his address was "Purity of Character." "The hall was crowded and there was not an available seat for late comers, who had to stand." Referring to his visit to the island the *Ceylon Independent* wrote, "Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, whose earnest advocacy of the brotherhood of men attracted large audiences in Colombo leaves Ceylon today for Madras. There are many here who will regret his departure from Ceylon where he created a decidedly good impression." On the 23rd. October Mr. Mozoomdar left Colombo for the shores of India.

The following open letter is reproduced from the "Interpreter." : —

"TO READERS OF THE INTERPRETER AND ALL FRIENDS

• The thought of making a missionary tour in Ceylon has been present in my mind a long time, and it has pleased Providence to enable me to give effect to it so late as the present time. But under any circumstances I can do no more than just carry our Gospel to the ancient people here and leave it to themselves and to time to give maturity to the work which I can do. You should, however, bear in mind that the people of Ceylon are in an eminently suitable state of

mind to receive the simple truths of spiritual Theism. They have tried many religions and those who are thoughtful amongst them have found out that sectarian dogmas and empty ceremonials are no longer suitable or profitable to them. The few simple and ultimate truths of moral and religious life are what they now need, and what church can teach these things to them as the Brahmo Somaj? It is, however, becoming more and more evident to me that necessities of the times and the dispositions of men make it equally incumbent upon us that forgetting our little differences we should unite our efforts to bring the light of truth and the glad news of salvation to the inhabitants of this far off Island. I have had to begin my work here without any help or support or sympathy. But, up to now prospect after prospect has opened out to me, and I do not know what the purpose of God keeps in store for the future. The great thing that I find it necessary is to offer my truest sympathy and respect to whomsoever I come in contact with, and to convince people that the Brahmo Somaj has room in its heart for every aspiration which they may feel whether they be Hindus or Buddhists or Christians. So many religions have been in work here and their loss of influence on every side is so manifest that this is just the place to reconcile all these systems on a fresher and higher ground. This ground is presented by the New Dispensation in the Brahmo Somaj, and it has been and will be my attempt to represent the principles of this Dispensation so that all may be drawn thereto. Some have been attracted already and I hope the force of God may draw them yet closer that they and ourselves may feel that we are one household of God."

Mr. Mozoomdar reached Tuticorn on the 24th October. The same day he started for Madura, where he arrived in the evening and spent the night at the

railway waiting room and was "not admitted to the passenger's retiring rooms because *Native*." The next morning was spent in seeing the place and the magnificent temple of Madura. On the 26th., he came to Tanjore, saw the temples and Palace and left the same evening for Madras.

"Southern India" Mr. Mozoomdar observes, "has not only developed a language and literature of its own but also a religious system very different from the North, and in certain aspects most independent and instructive. One of my objects in travelling overland at some inconvenience was to study these places and their religions peculiarities."

He reached Madras on the 27th October, "was garlanded and greeted on the station platform by a large body of Brahmos and sympathisers."

The "Fellow Worker" of Madras notices Mr Mozoomdar's work there thus:—

Babu P. C. Mozoomdar, 'the renowned apostle of the Brahma Samaj has been here amidst us for nearly a month and a half, working earnestly for the cause of his religion. His powerful lectures ringing with earnestness and sincerity, must have touched many warm and a genial soul. Whatever might be the future result of his lectures here, it is certain that he has succeeded in dispelling the apathy of the public mind towards matters pertaining to the Brahma Samaj. His first lecture on the 'Evolution of Hinduism' was a splendid introduction to his subsequent discourse

In that lecture he very definitely and clearly traced the various changes of Hinduism until it appeared once more in its primitive monotheistic purity in the Brahma Samaj. In his second lecture on the 'Gospel of the Brahma Samaj' he confined himself mainly to the positive aspect of its teachings. Many who expected to hear something about its negative aspects *i. e.* its differences with other systems of faith, have complained that they were sadly disappointed. Some noble souls that have realised God and are accustomed to dwell always in His presence, are often observed to care more for the essence of religion than for its forms or doctrines. And perhaps this was the case with Mr. Mozoomdar. But anyhow the ample literature of the Brahma Samaj can satisfy the longing of every earnest and honest seeker of truth, if he has only a mind to inquire into it.

And now with regard to that remark of his that has been made the subject of a great many discussions, *viz.* that social reform should be based on Religion. We are glad that we are at one with Mr. Mozoomdar, not because that it is *his* opinion but because it is ours as well.

Social reform without religion loses its life, its only inspiring spirit, but when coupled with religion it gets a new life and power. In fact, religious reform holds in itself the social reform, and where the one is achieved, the other follows as a matter of course. For example, every Brahma is a warm advocate of social

reform, and the effect of reformed religion is thus seen at least in the high tone of their thoughts regarding the ideals of social life."

"Mr. P. C. Moxoomdar visited Bangalore and there laid the foundation stone of the *Brahmopasana Mandir*. After his return to Madras, he delivered an interesting and highly suggestive valedictory address on 'What makes a Nation' in connection with the societies of the Christian College. He said that the Hindus like the Americans of the United States with various races, might one day become one nation under the unifying influences of a common government, a common language, and a common religion. He remarked that English has nearly become the common language of the people, and for the common religion he recommended the unsectarian, broadbased universal religion of the Brahma Samaj."

At the Mandir, on the 28th November, he conducted the Divine Service, and after a pathetic and earnest exhortation to the members, he took leave of his friends and brethren and sailed for Calcutta on the next day. "May God preserve him long to be the instrument in His hands to work out the spiritual regeneration of this benighted land."

Mr. Moxoomdar came to Bangalore on the 8th November and returned to Madras on the 24th. From Bangalore he went to Mysore on the 16th, stayed there for three days and gave a lecture at the Town Hall with "good audience." While at Mysore he developed

a painful ulcer on his leg which gave him much trouble. Nevertheless he kept his engagements and worked heartily. At Bangalore he gave two public lectures, conducted divine services and on the 22nd. November laid the foundation stone of the Brahma Mandir. The cordial reception that he received in Madras and Bangalore gave him "some foretaste of happiness which ought to be his share always." He left Madras on the 30th November and returned to Calcutta on the 3rd December. "So I leave Madras," Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary, "at midday by 'Rewa' for Calcutta after great wanderings and acquaintance with men and things for two months and a half. I have done what it has been in my mind to do for the last two or three years, I am satisfied. Unfortunately, my health has broken down, but I have every hope of its being restored. Now my resolve will be greater self-consecration than ever! If I have lived according to the purpose of my God hitherto, may I gain the strength and spirit of doing so more fully than ever before." He kept an indifferent health during the whole of December.

CHAPTER XVI

, PEACE COTTAGE

Dr. John Henry Barrows, the organiser of the Parliament of Religions, came to Calcutta in December 1896) to deliver the first course of lectures in connection

with the Haskel Foundation for an Indian lectureship on Comparative Theology. Mr. Mozoomdar's heart was aglow with brotherly love in welcoming him "the benefactor to the human race," on "ancient India's shores," who received the oriental guests to the Parliament of Religions with great cordiality. A warm reception was given to Dr. and Mrs. Barrows at Peace Cottage on the 30th December. Rev. James Harwood, the representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, came to Calcutta at this time. He was present at Peace Cottage when Dr. Barrows was entertained. Mr. Harwood remained in India for about three months. The following reminiscence of Mr. Mozoomdar written by him will be read with interest (I have to acknowledge here my debt of gratitude to Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter who only took great pains to supply me with valuable information in connection with Mr. Mozoomdar's work in England, which were embodied in a previous chapter, and induced Mr. Harwood to write these lines for my use.)

"I heard Mr. Mozoomdar on his first visit to this country in the Early Seventies address a large Sunday School gathering. The profound impression created by Chunder Sen a few years earlier was still fresh in all our minds and one could not help feeling that almost anything was possible to a religious movement led by men (these were the only Brahmo preachers then known to us), so gifted not merely with eloquence, but with a remarkable power of vivid and simple speech on the hidden things of the Spirit. In 1893, I think I heard one speech from Mr. Mozoomdar. He very kindly

preached for me on a Sunday when I was laid up. I came to know him better during my visit to India in the winter of 1896-7. There happened to be a large gathering of friends to which I was conducted at his residence, Peace Cottage, on the day of my arrival in Calcutta. He presided at my first lecture in that City and I heard him deliver his annual address to a fine audience in one of the large buildings during the anniversary proceedings of the Brahma Somaj.

Mr. Mozoomdar possessed gifts which, under happier circumstances, might have enabled him to exercise a wide influence. To those who sympathized with the Brahma Somaj, without belonging to it he seemed to be the natural successor to Mr. Sen as leader of the New Dispensation Section. But the inner circle of followers of that great man seem to have felt that he was the Founder and left no successor. The consequence was that Mr. Mozoomdar occupied an isolated position especially depressing to a man of his temperament and gifts. He had affinities with men belonging to a variety of schools or parties which under some conditions, might have made him a valuable reconciling influence. But when sharp collisions of opinion take place men are apt to be impatient with those who seem to them "half and half." "They cannot be thrown in his lot with one side or the other?" They ask, and are more irritated by his differences from them, than appeased by his agreements with them. Such is the tragic fate of the Falklands of history, men often of large mind and fascinating personality, who have to suffer for the very qualities which under other conditions would have been great appreciation, as far as I could gather from Mozoomdar himself and from others his lot was of this kind: he was out of joint with the times and the surroundings in which he lived—an adherent of the New Dispensation, coldly regarded by its official leaders, an Indian Theist drawn by deep sympathy with the mysticism of the Fourth Gospel: a

national Reformer, who carefully avoided association with the Indian Congress movement and thus it came about that with a general recognition of misabilities there was also a general disappointment at his comparatively ineffective career."

During the terrible earthquake of 1897, that passed over our peninsula and wrought a havoc in Bengal, Mr. Mozoomdar was staying at Darjeeling.

"12th June.—Terrible earthquake. We are made houseless in *two* minutes! Our Cottage completely wrecked. Mr. B. Dey kindly gives us shelter under his roof. All furniture in utter disorder. Dust, debris and anarchy. We had settled down so comfortably, that this catastrophe strangely proves absolute vanity of human plan. Strange calmness in my mind!" (Mozoomdar's Diary.)

He returned to Calcutta on the 27th June, as soon as the railway connection was re-established. Early in October he came to Hazaribagh and left the place on the 24th November, "after a brilliant stay of one month and eighteen days, rich in body and spirit, with deep thankfulness to the Giver of all good."

He had to mourn the death of the virtuous wife of his friend, Lala Kashi Ram, "the first Punjabi lady who had accepted Brahmoism", which melancholy event took place on the 6th June (1897) Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary, "our daughter in God, Luscam, expires to-night. There is no one who loved and served me more than she. 'God, give rest to her soul, and be the guardian of her three little children'".

In February, 1898, he went to Midnapur for a few days, "whence urgent and repeated invitations came." "It has a population of intelligent men a great many of whom are officials and lawyers. These were the people who invited me, and cordially received me. Repeated discourses were given, both in English and the vernacular, on subjects of general religious importance." On the 31st August of this year a large public meeting was held in the Town Hall of Calcutta to protest against the Municipal Bill that was impending in the Bengal Council. It was generally felt that the Bill when passed would take away the elements of self-government bestowed on the people of Calcutta. Mr. Mojoomdar spoke at the meeting against the Bill. "Our patriotic anxiety has always been to suggest some kind of understanding between the Government and popular representatives."

The 15th of February, 1899, was a joyous day, when Sir John Woodburn, the then Lt. Governor of Bengal, and Lady Woodburn, came to "Peace Cottage". There was a large gathering of ladies. "We have done our best to receive the Lt. Governor with due honor. He is such an excellent kind man, that he made everybody happy", Mr. Mojoomdar wrote in his diary.

On the 20th February passed away Mahima Chandra Das. and deep grief was felt by his friends for his untimely death, Mr. Mojoomdar wrote about him in the "*Interpreter*" as follows:

"He was not widely known, but those who had the happi-

ness of his acquaintance will long remember him as a gentle, sweet spirit, devout, pure and loving. He was a thorough-going and faithful Brahma believer. He showed wonderful calmness and patience during his painful illness. He never complained, and as he was thinning away, he lay on his deathbed like a delicate picture of some heavenly being talking and smiling to himself. He is another of those instances where a positive proof is given that our religion just as it is, is not only sufficient to live by and do our duty, but is also a sufficient consolation in death. For the last four or five years he had been reproducing our Bengali sermons, and publishing them. His power was rapidly growing in this work, and if he had lived he would have made himself exceedingly serviceable to the community. But his career is suddenly cut short."

Early in March Mr. Mozoomdar went to Durbhanga for a change, where he stopped at the house of his friend Brahmdeo Narayan. On the 17th March he came to Gaya and on the 20th "went on an expedition to Buddh Gaya with brothers and sisters." The whole of the 21st was spent "at the Mahabodhi temple. Our promenades, meditations, prayers and conversations were most devout. For the day we are Buddhists!" On the 24th he came to Bankipur "just for a day. The same unvarying love and service at Paresh's house. How dear his two sons and daughters, himself and his suffering wife!" On the 25th he returned to Calcutta "with improved health and grateful heart."

The months of April, May, June, and a part of July were spent in Kurseong and Darjeeling. On the

10th June he gave a lecture at the Durbar Hall, Government House Darjeeling. "My noble friend Sir John Woodburn himself proposed, and laid the hall at my disposal. This is the first time it has been given to an Indian and I feel honoured and humbled. God, bless such a good Governor. The meeting was very successful. "(Darjeeling) 19th June. Left for *Sailasram* again. I have been living a sort of palacial life in Darjeeling. Returning to my humble cottage, I find there is no place like it on the Himalayas, so simple, so sweet, so pure, so happy. Forget all the grandeur of Darjeeling in a moment." "10th July : go back to Peace Cottage, after a happy and prosperous sojourn of three months and thirteen days. I am nearer to-day to the gracious love of the Father and nearer to the Eternal Spirit of His Son than I ever was!" "11th July : Return to Calcutta, after a safe and prosperous journey." (Mozoomdar's Diary).

On the 14th July he presided at the marriage ceremony of our late lamented friend Professor Benoyendra Nath Sen, whose early death was a great loss not only to the Brahmo Samaj, but to the country also. "May he have a devout home. The celebration and charge were as solemn as I could make them," Mr. Mozoomdar wrote in his diary. Oh ! the solemnity and hallowedness, when he presided on domestic ceremonies ! He brought on them the light of Heaven that made everything sweet, sacred and beautiful. "A part of his ministry was the performance of domestic

ceremonies,—marriages very frequently,—now and then some others. In his hands, this was never a mere formal affair. There is scarcely a single household in our community in which both men and women do not realize that at some special moment, on some solemn occasion, the deep tones of his voice, full of meaning and uplifting power, have mingled, never to be separated; with what is purest and best in their life and experience.” (The World and the New Dispensation) He remained in Calcutta till the middle of September, when he left for Simla.

In May of this year Mr. Mozoomdar's devoted friend and helper Ramlal Bhur died. He managed the "*Interpreter*," looked after the sale of his books and some of his domestic affairs.

The following obituary notice appeared in the "*Interpreter*"

"The Late Ramlal Bhur—All ye friends of the *Interpreter*, all believers and prayerful men, offer a supplication to God for the repose of the spirit of Ramlal Bhur—our beloved friend and valued helper. So active was he, so ceaselessly working for his own family and for others, wrong, well, and faithful that the thought of his death never entered into anyone's mind. And yet in less than forty-eight hours he is struck down in a foreign town far from his home. For the last four months nearly he had been living with his family at Gaya, and he was to have returned home on Tuesday the 30th May. On Saturday forenoon he got an attack

of sunstroke and on Monday the 29th May early at 6 o'clock he expired in spite of continued medical treatment. What his loss is to me personally I cannot express or even realise. But this little journal loses a manager whose place cannot be perhaps filled up again. Devout Brahma brethren like Prakas Chandra Roy, Brajagopal Neogy and others were with him till the last. One of them writes "at the last watch of night he joined in the service of recitation of *hames*. Brother Brajagopal and his wife offered prayers. At 6 a.m. life left him. He could leave no word behind. At nine o'clock Brother Brajagopal held another short service. Then we carried the dear brother's body to the hill of *Ramsila*, and there we all prayed around him. When the day cooled we carried him to the river near at hand, and performed the last rites. Thus leaving behind four sons and two daughters with the poor widow, Ramlal bade farewell to life's sorrows and sufferings. Pray for the stricken family. We have begun to be anxious about them. We went to the widow to-day (30th May) and told her that the Brahma Somaj is prepared to take over the charge of herself and her infants." Another friend writes "Brother Ramlal was particularly intimate and familiar with us since sometime past. His simple, serene, loving personality impressed everyone. That impression is dissoluble. One part of his personality was his faithfulness and loyalty to you, his love and devotion for you. Even the little while he was here he

expressed with his usual warmth his relation to you. This he considered to be the pride and privilege of his life. Was he not your right hand in every matter? How would you now feel without him? But all this in the dispensation of God. Losing him here, you will certainly find him in your God." All ye my devout brethren, pray for the soul of Ramlal Bhur, his widow and orphans."

In September there was another death amongst his friends. "My dear old friend, Gopal Chandra Ghose of Lucknow," Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary, "rather suddenly expires to day, (16th September) from heart disease. He was to have gone with me to Simla, and where has he gone? He took great care of himself. He was most kind, most loyal and faithful to me. Another of the little circle of my dearest ones has thus disappeared." When at Lucknow he used to stop at Mr. Ghose's house. He reached Simla on the 23rd September. Soon after his arrival he developed a painful ulcer which kept him confined to bed for a few days. During his illness the Private Secretary to the Viceroy (Lord Curzon) wrote a most kind letter of enquiry and sympathy. From Simla he came to Lahore early in November to preside at the thirty-second anniversary of the Punjab Brahma Samaj. He left Lahore on the 17th November "after a pleasant stay and profitable work for twelve days with blessings of God and man" and returned "home (Calcutta) in safety after two months and five

days full of gratitude and happiness." "25th November: In the world doing every duty and taking interest in every good work, aloof from all the world and all men, seeking for thyself neither money nor rank, share thou, O child of God, in the immanence and transcendence of thy Father. He is in all things, but nothing can bind him. He is in all men, but never hath any part in the evil that men do. No, not even the good works of man can disturb His supreme dispassion. He loves us all, He fathers our goodness and rewards our own self-sacrifice. But He wants nothing, expects nothing, is disappointed by nothing, elated by nothing, though He loves us all with the utmost tenderness of parental love."

On the 29th November he presided (Mozoomdar's diary) at the marriage ceremony of the eldest daughter of the Maharaja and Maharanee of Cooch Behar.

This year passed away Mr. Mozoomdar's English friend Rev. Robert Spears whose hospitality he enjoyed when in England. The following letter appeared in the *Christian Life of London*.

THE LATE REV. ROBERT SPEARS

By F. C. Mozoomdar

So you have buried our very dear friend, and no doubt feel the strange vacancy which the disappearance, even if long expected, of a familiar and cherished presence must cause in the heart. In this sacred sorrow I humbly share. Mine was not the privilege to watch

by his bedside, to make the anxious inquiry, and at last to follow with bended head the sad procession to the graveyard. Mine was not the pain to mark the decline of that fulness of life, that abundance of beneficent energy, which always aimed at others' good, as the shadows fell. I can therefore realise all the more easily that my beloved friend is not dead, and that it is morally impossible for such a one to die, and that he has risen to a larger, deeper, intenser life, whose glory is of the same kind as the glory of the risen Christ. His dear ones, therefore, should not mourn too long, or too heavily, but in their very mourning their should enter a note of seraphic joy.

You all, his English friends, have expressed your sense of his worth as a Christian minister and a Christian man. Let me try to say something of what he was to us Hindu strangers. When Keshub Chunder Sen landed in England twenty-nine years ago, but for two Englishmen his mission would have been a comparative failure. The one was Lord John Lawrence, the Lion of the Punjab, and the other was the Rev. Robert Spears. Keshub was not a Christian, nay, he was a critic of current Christianity. What was it, then, that drew Mr. Spears to him? It was that "enthusiasm of humanity" which the author of *Ecce Homo* tells us was the secret of Christ's character. For what Mr. Spears did to the great leader of the Brahma Samaj, he did to every humble Brahma who went to England. Mr. Moncure Conway, complaining

of the Unitarian indifference to him, once said that if he could rub some black paint on his face, Mr. Spears would no doubt take him up. But here Mr. Conway was wrong, as he was wrong in so many other things. It was not the colour of the face, but the kinship of soul, that made Robert Spears one with mankind from Iceland's frozen shores to India's coral strand. Where, then, is the truth of the charge against his narrow theology and pitiless sectarianism? If he stuck to the Unitarian name, let us, who are not Unitarians, declare that he made that name more honourable; if he stuck to his old-fashioned Christianity, let us, who differ from him in opinion, declare that he turned it into Christlikeness. For, inasmuch as he did what he did to the least among us strangers, he did it unto Christ, his Lord.

Another word, which I wish to say, is the combination of manliness and tenderness in Mr. Spears. Friends from England tell me of the gentleness, gratitude, sweet-mindedness, of his last days; how anxious he was to spare his attendants every trouble; how sensitive he was to the least kindness shown him. This was but the final flavour of his kindly, affectionate nature. All who were intimate with him, and none more than we foreigners, could give repeated instances of it. What is more noteworthy is, how this tenderness could co-exist with his rugged strength. For indeed, Robert Spears had the proverbial tenacity of John Bull when he was in a fight, and to tell the truth, he was rather

fond of fighting in a good cause. The result of such a character was an equal appreciation of Oriental sentiment and Anglo-Saxon activity.

What more shall I say? To me, personally, England loses a great attraction in the death of Robert Spears and the Unitarian community a chief representative. There are scholarly men amongst you, able men and good men also. But a Theist as I am, I must say we need simple, warmhearted men even if somewhat unrefined like the Christian apostles. Anything that will be done to honour the memory of my dear friend, will have the cordial sympathy of the Brahma Somaj.

Sailasram, Kurseong, April 4th, 1899.

CHAPTER XVII

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER ON THE BRAHMO SOMAJ AND CHRISTIANITY

Professor Max Muller, whose interest in the Brahma Somaj was always keen, wrote a long letter to Mr. Mozoomdar. Referring to this letter Mrs. Max Muller writes in the biography of her husband as follows:—

“The matter was very near Max-Muller’s heart, and as his illness was already beginning when this letter was written it has something of the nature of a dying message to the Brahma Somaj.”

We reproduce the letter in full from the "*Interpreter*" with Mr. Mozoomdar's short comments.

TO THE REV. P. C. MOZOOMDAR,

Ems., June 15, 1899.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You know for how many years I have watched your efforts to purify the popular religion of India, and thereby to bring it nearer to the purity and perfection of other religions, particularly of Christianity. You know also that I have paid close attention to the endeavours of those who came before you, of men like Ram Mohun Roy, Debendranath Tagore, Keshub Chunder Sen and others in whose footsteps you have boldly followed, and whose work you have faithfully carried on, as far as circumstances allowed you to do so. What I have much admired both in yourself and in your noble predecessors and fellow-workers is the patience and the even temper with which you have prosecuted your religious and social reforms. I know that you have met with many disappointments and many delays, but you have never lost heart and never lost patience. I confess that I have several times felt very unhappy about the mischances that have befallen your good cause; but even when Keshub Chunder Sen was forsaken by a number of his friends and followers, on utterly insufficient grounds, as far as I could judge, and again when he was taken from us in the very midst of his glorious work, I never lost faith in the final success of his work though I began to doubt whether I should live to see the full realisation of his hopes.

If you once know what truth is, you also know that truth is in no hurry. Truth is, truth has been, truth will be, whether it is accepted by the whole world or by a small minority only. When you have documentary evidence in your hands it is not difficult to listen to any denials, however loud and positive; nay, it is sometimes even a pleasure to listen to

calumnies when you know that you could at any moment confound your detractors. Your departed friend, Keshub Chunder Sen, had the firm conviction that the way which he and his predecessors had initiated was the only possible way out of the present state of confusion, and out of the misunderstandings that had arisen between him and many of his own countrymen, and likewise out of those which still separated him from his Christian friends and sympathisers.

Now, it seems to me that the first thing you have to do is to try to remove the differences that still exist among yourselves, and to settle how much of your ancient religion you are willing to give up, if not as utterly false, still as antiquated. You have given up a great deal, polytheism, idolatry, and your elaborate sacrificial worship. You have surrendered also, as far as I can judge, the claim of divine revelation which had been so carefully formulated by your ancient theologians in support of the truth of the *Vedas*. These were great sacrifices, for whatever may be thought of your ancient traditions, to give up what we have been taught by our fathers and mothers, requires a very strong conviction and a very strong will. But though this surrender has brought you much nearer to us, there still remain many minor points on which you differ among yourselves in your various Somajes or congregations. Allow me to say that these differences seem to me to have little to do with real religion, still they must be removed because they prevent united action on your part. I am quite aware that you may truly retort that we also, I mean the followers of Christ, have many differences among us, and should remove them and agree among ourselves, before we can reasonably expect that you will listen to us. You say very truly, "How can we accept your Christianity, if we see how your missionaries not only differ among themselves, but how the Roman Catholic priest assigns all Protestants to eternal perdition, while Pro-

stant missionaries speak of the Pope as anti-Christ. One teacher tells us that the infallibility of the Pope is an essential part of the Christian religion, while another calls it a modern superstition, a mere invention of Roman priests, not accepted by all who call themselves Roman Catholics, and indignantly rejected by the Greek, the Anglo-Catholic, and all reformed Churches? You ask us to give up idolatry, yet we are told at the same time that the worship of the Virgin Mary is Mariolatry, and that the worship of any graven images such as fill the Italian churches, is forbidden even in the Old Testament. Tell us then, what are we to think and what are we to do."

I fully agree with you, and every true Christian must feel it as a disgrace that the messengers sent to you to explain the truth of the Christian religion should contradict, nay, should anathematize each other before your very eyes. To my mind the points on which these missionaries differ are as nothing compared to the points on which they agree. But we cannot expect you to see that, I can well understand why you hesitate to join a house that is divided against itself. But what I say to ourselves and to our missionaries and the societies that send them out 'Agree among yourselves, before you expect others to agree with you,' I say to you also: "Settle your differences among yourselves. Your differences are really far less important than those that separate us. Think what you have already achieved. You have surrendered polytheism, idolatry and your belief in the divine inspiration of the *Veda*. What are your remaining differences compared with what you have already given up? Besides if you are once united among yourselves, you need no longer trouble about this or that missionary, whether he comes from London, Rome, Geneva or Moscow. They all profess to bring you the Gospel of Christ. Take then the New Testament and read it for yourselves and judge for

yourselves whether the words of Christ as contained in it satisfy you or not.

I know that you yourself, as well as Ram Mohun Roy and Keshub Chunder Sen, have done that. I know one countryman of yours who wrote a searching criticism of the Old and New Testaments and then joined the Christian Church as established in England, because there was something in the teaching and life of Christ which he could not withstand, I know this is not an argument, yet it is something to reflection.

You yourself, and those who think with you, seem to me to say with perfect right and reason that they believe in the doctrines preached by Christ, but that for that very reason they cannot embrace modern Christianity, reformed or unreformed such as it is preached to them by various missionaries. Missionaries may consider this state of mind most unpromising: I do not think so at all. They naturally want to gain converts, each for his own Church, they want to baptise as many nations as possible and swell the number of Christians. The very truths of Christianity seem to them to depend on the number of their converts, and they little know what are the real impediments to the growth of Christianity in India, and what sacrifices they demand from those whom they wish to convert. They will have to preach a very different kind of Christianity, before they can hope for the return of an age of Christian martyrs, though there is martyrdom enough even now in India. A change of religion involves among the educated classes a tearing asunder of the dearest family ties, a separation from father and mother, it may be from wife and children, from sisters, brothers and friends; it involves the loss of caste without which life is hardly worth living in India. I am the last man to depreciate the excellent work that the missionaries have done among uncivilised and half-civilised races. But

among civilised races like yours, and more particularly among the higher and philosophically far-advanced classes of Indian society their usual methods of conversion are surely out of place and out of date.

Christ comes to you as he comes to us in the only trustworthy records preserved of him in the Gospels. We have not even the right to dictate our interpretation of these Gospels to you, particularly if we consider how differently we interpret them ourselves. If you accept his teachings as there recorded, you are a Christian. There is no necessity whatever of your being formally received into the membership of one or the other sect of the Christian Church, whether reformed or unreformed. That will only delay the growth of Christianity in India. All that has grown up in the Church after the death of Christ or the Apostles does not concern you. You will want, no doubt, some kind of constitution, some government, some Church or Somaj. Have a "Baptism"* as *Upanayana*, if you please, as an outward sign of that new life which baptism signified among the early Christians and which was well-known also to your great teachers of old. Remember before all things that you can be followers of Christ without being, Roman Catholics, Anglo-Catholics, or Greek Orthodox Catholics, without assuming the names and fashions of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians or any other Dissenters. Keep aloof of all of them, they have proved stumbling blocks in the progress of Christianity.

Keshub Chunder Sen used to say that after all Christ was, in many respects an Oriental, and was better understood by Orientals than by Occidentals. Whether this be true or not you have at all events as much right to constitute and regulate your own Church, your own *Parishads*, your own

*Keshub prescribed an every day baptism with the daily bath
—Ed. I.

Sanghas as the Greeks in their time had at Alexandria, or the Romans at Rome. You have nothing to do with Popes Bishops, priests, ministers *et hoc genus omne*, unless for some reason or other you wish besides being Christians, to belong to one of the historical associations also that have sprung up, but have been pruned, rooted up, and planted again in the course of centuries. If you are satisfied with being Christians, * disciples of Christ, then form your own Church, be in unity with all other Christian Churches, in closer unity than English or Roman Catholics, and remember that, however you may differ from them, or they from you the treasure of truth, shared in common by you and by them, will be infinitely greater and more valuable than the miserable differences that separate the followers of Christ on earth. I do not like to appear sailing under false colours. I am myself a devoted member of the English Church because I think its members enjoy greater freedom and more immunity from priestcraft than those of any other church. There are, no doubt, many things in that church also which still require reformation. But though we are not altogether free from the evils that seem inseparable from the establishment of any priesthood, we have thrown off many of the hideous accretions which nearly took the life out of Christianity during the long night of the dark ages. The real church, you should remember before you take any steps towards framing a constitution of your own, consists of the laity alone. It is the laity that appoints its ministers, but those original ministers rich in human nature, have almost invariably become the masters of their masters. The English

* "Disciples of Christ" we certainly are, but we would not call ourselves "Christians", because we decline to add another petty sect to the innumerable petty sects which "Christians" have split themselves into.—Ed. I.

Church, however, though it has sometimes forgotten the supreme and undefinable rights of the laity, has never surrendered them formally and altogether, and the highest seat of authority in matters of faith, as well as of public worship, has always remained with the laity and the civil powers, and has never been surrendered formally to the clergy. If a clergyman were to interfere with you or even to excommunicate you, you have the right, as a layman, to cite him before the civil tribunals of the land, and they would allow no privileges to a priest, nor even to a Bishop or Archbishop. In your case I should certainly say, try whether you cannot join the Church of England as lay-members, but have nothing to do with their ecclesiastical constitutions, and keep aloof of all discussions on so-called orders or their validity.* Lay-members of the English Church are perfectly free and I have never regretted having joined it. The few attempts at fettering my freedom of thought and speech completely failed, as you may remember. I never could honestly have become a member of the Anglican clergy, though it is not for me to judge the consciences of the many excellent men that have joined their ranks.

Only remember that there is no reason whatever why you, in forming your own Christian church, should join any of the European churches. That idea is what has delayed your progress so long. You have declared in so many words, (New Dispensation, March 5, 1899). "We regard the words of

* In Indian Christianity, the Church of England has no other distinction than its State revenue, its ecclesiastical government, and its proud exclusiveness, the Dissenters and Roman Catholics are more spiritual. The Brahmo Somaj of India, or the Church of the New Dispensation will always remain a *Theistic* Church, though its spirit and its religion will be the spirit and religion of Jesus Christ—Ed. I.

Jesus Christ as our authority and consider him to be our Master." How can any one dare to call men who say this, pagans, to be converted like so many Negroes or Hottentots? What keeps these men away from us? They tell us themselves in the same paper :

"We cannot accept the teachings of popular Christianity, that is, of the missionaries in India. Their teaching seems to us too anthropomorphic. We are asked to believe in a Deity who does one thing to-day and repents of it to-morrow. He is represented to us as revengeful, changeable and imperfect. To-day he blesses the children of men, to-morrow he sees their sin and becomes vindictive, curses them, and seeks their destruction." These may be the teachings of certain missionaries in India, but students of the Bible might easily convince themselves that they are really exaggerations of some of the Jewish views of the Deity, surrounded by a legendary mist. The doctrine of the Atonement also, as preached by certain missionaries, has evidently proved a great stumbling-block to many who felt drawn towards Christ. 'The idea of making the Son of God the scape-goat, transferring the sins of the world on him, cannot vindicate,' they say, 'either God's mercy or God's justice, for it is not justice if it is satisfied by inflicting punishment on an innocent person and making the guilty party escape from it. Such a view, they argue, cannot bear the light of reason, and those who maintain such a position must expunge many passages from the Gospels. They should blot out the name Father, and words such as God is Love, the parables of the Prodigal Son, and the Lost Sheep.' Such a view they declare to be neither in accordance with reason nor with the general teachings of Christ. And many Christians would agree with them. But surely this too is a one-sided and exaggerated view of the Atonement; it is the view of certain theologians but not of the Gospels. The

very name of Atonement never occurs in the Gospels, and but once in the New Testament, namely in Rom. V. 7, and means there no more than reconciliation.

You would be surprised if you knew how many honest Christians feel exactly what you feel about the Atonement and that in this case also those who compass sea and land to make 'one proselyte are the very people who prevent you from becoming proselytes, from coming to Christ and to us.

And if there is nothing that should prevent the Brahmos with all their objections to certain theologians and missionaries from coming to us, let us now see whether there is anything that shall prevent us from going to them. We read in the same paper ; "The Brahmos believe in a perfect and immutable God whose beneficent purposes in creating man can never be frustrated. If God has created man to be saved, he is doomed to be saved. In virtue of his free will, he may for a time resist the Divine Will, but he cannot for ever carry on a war with the infinitely wise and infinitely loving God. The Bible definitely says "The Lord will not cast off for ever. God who is unchangeable and in whom there is not a 'shadow of turning, loves the sinner whether he sins or becomes a saint. The change is in man. Whenever man sins, darkness comes over his soul. He trembles and cannot see the smiling face of God. He discerns only terror and fierceness in His countenance. But whenever he repents and resolves not to disobey, the cloud passes away and the light of the benign face shines upon the sinner, and he finds reconciliation or forgiveness."

I can see nothing in the view of the Deity that is not Christian and could be objected to by any *bona fide* Christian. You do not see how near you really are to us, and how it is a mere fiction of your own minds that the preachings and teachings of certain missionaries and bishops could

possibly form a barrier between you and Christ. Every religion, nay, every philosophy also, varies according to those who receive it and teach it.

Neither missionaries nor bishops even, are infallible authorities. Christianity is free to all men, every man has his own Christianity in his own heart, and the Gospel as understood by him. Neither the Pope, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury is infallible. Yet both are Christians, then why not you and your friends? The people of Europe at the time of the Reformation did what you ought to do. When they saw that the old Church of Rome did not teach the pure original Gospel, they protested and became even more true Christians, yielding to no authority but to that of Christ as preserved in the Gospels. If you think that our own various missionaries, reformed or unreformed, do not bring you pure Christianity, why should you hesitate to do what our Reformers did, go back to the Gospels, and establish your own Christian Church and defend it against all comers, whether from East or from West? You are fond of saying that Christ himself was an Oriental, not an Occidental. Then why not have your own Oriental Christ, your own Oriental Christianity? Only beware from the very first of the leaven of Oriental pharisees. Every religion has been founded by laymen, by men of the people, and every religion has been ruined by priests.

I have told you already that Keshub Chunder Sen in intimate conversation told me that to all intents and purposes he was a disciple of Christ, and when I write to you, and when I think of you I cannot resist the feeling that you, too, are a true follower of Christ. We agree in the essentials of religion, and Christ himself has summed up his Gospel for us: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Have you one word

o say against this ? The fact is that in India and in many other countries also the same command was considered as the highest, because it shows the intimate connection or real oneness of religion and morality. Keshub Chunder Sen used to say : "Religion and Ethics are one and inseparable. To see God is religion, to hear Him is morality. The science of communion with God is religion, the science of obedience to God is Ethics. They both have their root in 'our knowledge of God."

I do not mean to enter on details at present. That you have your stumbling-blocks. I can well conceive, but so have we, mostly because we are troubled with human dogmas, instead of depending entirely on the Gospel. You know that the Gospel also must be treated as a historical book, and that it has been exposed to many human influences before it reached us. But these are matters of detail. They may be of great importance to scholars, but to the millions of human beings who wish to come to Christ, they do not exist at all, nor should they ever have been allowed to form a barrier between you and Christ.

Tell me some of your chief difficulties that prevent you and your countrymen from openly following Christ. I shall do my best to explain how I and many who agree with me have met them, and solved them. I do not hesitate to say that on some of those points we may have to learn from you more than we can teach you, and I say this honestly and from personal experience. That, too, will be a lesson difficult to learn for our Bishops and missionaries, but in Christian humility they will have to learn it. From my point of view, India, at least the best part of it, is already converted to Christianity. You want no persuasion to become a follower of Christ. Then make up your mind to act for yourselves. Unite your flock and put up a few folds to hold them together and to prevent them from straying. The

bridge has been built for you by those who came before you. Step boldly forward, it will not break under you, and you will find many friends to welcome you on the other shore and among them none more delighted than your old friend and fellow-labourer,

F. MAX MULLER.

This letter remained unanswered for some time, though Mr. Mozoomdar published it, with a rejoinder from himself, in some of the Indian papers. The following is a part of Mr. Mozoomdar's rejoinder:—

“What disconcerts me is the half-expressed contempt which Christian leaders, even of the liberal school, seem to have of the Hindu ideal and spirituality. When I express my ardent love for Christ and Christianity, they are kindly in sympathy but the moment I say that Christ and his religion will have to be interpreted in India through Indian antecedents and the Indian medium of thought, I am suspected of trying to bend Christianity down to heathenism. So we must either renounce our national temperament or renounce Christ or re-embody our faith and aspirations under a new name, and form, and spirit. We have taken this third course.”

In answer to Prof. Max Muller's long letter, Mr. Mozoomdar at length wrote: “A wholesale acceptance of the Christian name by the Brahma Somaj is neither possible nor desirable, within measurable time; it would lead to misconception, which would only do harm. But the acceptance of the Christ spirit or, as you term it, ‘the essential religion of Christ’ is not only possible, but an actual fact at the present moment. Liberal souls in Christendom will have to rest content with this at least *now*, and let the *name* take care itself.”

Professor Max Muller wrote Mr. Mozoomdar two more letters dated, November 3, 1899, and March 11, 1900, respectively, both of which have been published in his biography. We quote a few sentences from them:—

"You object to anything like Christian name, even Christian Brahmo is not satisfactory to you. But surely you owe much to Christ and Christianity, your very movement would not exist without Christianity. One must be above public opinion in these matters, and trust to truth which is stronger than public opinion. However, the name is a small matter. Only I thought that truth and gratitude would declare in favour of Christian Brahmos, or Christian Aryas.

I confess when I judged from Keshub Chunder Sen's writings, I thought that he was, as you were, more of a Christian than many who call themselves so. And if that is so, then the name of Brahmo or Hindu seemed to me a mere misnomer, and so far not quite honest. When you think of the popular Hinduism of the present day, with its idol worship, its *Pujahs*, its temple-service, its caste, its mendicants, surely you do not approve, you rather shrink from them. It is easy enough to come to an understanding with you individually and with Brahmos who have a philosophical culture. You would admit at once that all these things are not essentials though they may have some kind of excuse in their historical origin. You want some thing of that kind for the great masses of uneducated people. All that is true; but what you know to be false and dangerous should be distinctly condemned, and should not be tolerated as part of your religion."

On reading the above lines one is apt to wonder what made the learned professor accuse the Brahmo Somaj of being a party to the idol-worship, caste system &c. of the popular Hinduism. Its position in connection with these national customs and practices is well-known. Brahmo Somaj stands absolutely aloof from them and have formed a new brotherhood which, while on the one hand eschewing the abuses that have

crept into our national life, and on the other trying to continue all that is best in the national instincts, has raised a higher ideal of personal and social life which is destined not only to merge the different races of India into one united nation but form a connecting link between the peoples of the East and the West.

Professor Max Muller evidently misjudged the point of view of the Brahma Somaj. True to its national instinct the Brahma Somaj began its career with faith in the one true God, without a second, whom our Aryan forefathers worshipped. In the evolution of its spiritual life it has been guided by the Spirit of God. The peace and progress that India has gained under the British rule has helped its growth. But that is not all. The British connection with India has become the medium for the spread of Christ's life and teachings amongst her people, and it has helped to mould the spiritual ideal of the Brahma Somaj. But its spiritual ideal and that of the evangelic Christianity are not exactly the same. The Brahma Somaj "believes in the "Church Universal" which is the depository of all ancient wisdom and the receptacle of all modern science, which recognises in all prophets and saints a harmony, in all scriptures a unity and through all dispensations a continuity, which abjures all that separates and divides and always magnifies unity and peace, which harmonizes reason and faith, *Yoga* and *Bhakti*, asceticism and social duty in their highest forms and which shall make of all nations and sects one kingdom

and one family 'in the fulness of time." (The New Samhita)

The Church of the New Dispensation recognises the central position of Christ in the hierarchy of the world prophets. By this it means that the various spiritual deals merge in the central ideal of the sonship of God, which is typified in Jesus Christ of history. I repeat that the Brahmo Somaj has been guided all through its spiritual experiences by the Spirit of God. It tries to be faithful to Him. In being faithful to God it remains loyal to Jesus Christ, for the theism of the Brahmo Somaj and that of Jesus is the same. Jesus taught men to be perfect as God was perfect, not as he was. "I cannot do without Christ," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "I cannot do without Keshub; but it was God, and God alone, who gave me the one and the other. God therefore is all. Everything for Him, in Him, through Him, to Whom be glory forever and ever."

"Our chief and almost exclusive aim will be," writes Mr. Mozoomdar, "to interpret the most advanced religious life and thought in the Brahmo Somaj. * * * But to give continuity and definiteness to such advanced views we shall have to give them a name and a form. We will therefore always adhere to the name of the religion of the Brahmo Somaj now known as the New Dispensation. But no name shall fetter our spirit. What we mean that the New Dispensation is nothing short of that Universal Religion towards which all great religions are surely moving. Denominational names and organisations there must needs be, but these shall never thrust themselves to mar the vital and common interests of the future religion of mankind. However much this latter may reinforce itself

by the spiritual experience of other, and all systems of faith however faithfully we may stick to national and historical names, the Universal Religion of man shall ever stand free to live and grow on its own eternal basis. The *Interpreter* fervently believes in a new Christianity, and a new Hinduism. Some day these two religions shall make the same religion. In the spirit of that blessed union, under the guidance of the Great Father of Truth, the Interpreter will strive to labour and teach standing for that Invisible Church and Eternal Truth which are as nameless and formless as the Spirit-God Himself." (The Interpreter, August 1901.)

The Christ Ideal. While Prof. Max Muller accused Mr. Mozoomdar of ingratitude to Christ for not taking the Christian name, he became unpopular amongst his countrymen for steadily upholding before them the Christ Ideal. Even Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore stopped subscribing to the "Interpreter"—a regular subscriber as he had been since it began to appear, for what he wrote in it about Christ. Let us closely examine what Mr. Mozoomdar meant by the Christ Ideal. In a speech delivered in Calcutta on the 27th July, 1899, on the Christ of Revelation he clearly set forth his views on the subject. A substance of the lecture appeared in the combined issue of the "Interpreter" for June and July of the same year. He began with the words, "We are deeply concerned in the moral and spiritual progress of our people. When that is at a standstill, or actually going backward, our anxiety takes shape in new efforts even at the expense of popularity. The present time is such a critical time." In

he outset he confirmed that his relations with the Godhead remain exactly what the Somaj has cherished since its foundation.

“Now our faith and loyalty to the Spirit-God, the one Father, Saviour, and Indweller, Who has, Who alone has made the Brahmo Somaj what it is, is complete and unquestioned before our own conscience and before the judgment of impartial men.”

In declaring the message of Jesus Christ, he said in effect what he wrote in his book, “The Spirit of God,” in the chapter on “The Spirit in Christ.” In our review of the book we dwelt on this subject. However, for the sake of clearness we quote the following lines from the speech:—

“That the Spirit of God descends into man and so works in him as to make him its abode, as to thrust out his selfish life, and make his life divine, is a truth we have long recognised. We believe in Incarnation, but we do not believe it is confined to one man only; God is in all humanity, and whenever, by whomsoever the conditions of God-life are fulfilled, there Divinity enters, and makes Divine what is human. In this sense we hold that the Divine has taken repeated rebirths in different lands and nations as the exigencies of the world demanded. But the Divine principles thus incarnated were fragmentary. In Socrates and Plato it was wisdom. In our own great ancestors it was insight and oneness with the Spirit. In Mohammed it was the energy of faith and obedience. In Sakya Muni it was the peace of knowledge and self-suppression. In Nanak it was devout theism. These various men have made different nations by the various Divine principles in them. But human nature

with all its variety is one. And Divine nature with all its complexity is one. The need of the world is for some one who will represent the wholeness and unity of human nature who will also represent the wholeness and unity of Divine nature. The need is for some one who as the Son of Man will throw light and life upon every part and every manifestation of man's nature; who as the Son of God will throw the light of revelation upon every part, and every relation of Divine nature as knowable by man. That unique incarnation is the incarnation of God in Christ Jesus. That unique message is the message of Jesus Christ. He shows not the ethereal transcendence of Buddha, or the supreme devotion, ecstasy of Chaitanya, or the almost superhuman force and enthusiasm of Mohammed, but he shows how to be the Son of God, a whole-souled and all-round man. He manifests a humanity which is infinitely progressive and combines all that is human anywhere. We, Brahmos, have from the very beginning believed in what Theodore Parker called "harmonious progress," and of that progress Christ and his religion are the supreme example."

Mr. Mozoomdar continued, "We think of Christ, honor and love him as a spirit, a living, quickening soul, a glorious revelation of character whose attributes are attested by the Christian Gospels, as well as by the history of Christianity. His works, his influences, his sympathies, his sorrows, his triumphs have been in the past so wonder-working, his personal character and his personal relations in the present are so undoubted and ever-attractive in every part of the religious world that to acknowledge and abide by the simplicity of his character, to conceive Christ as a spirit has certainly become possible, even easy. We know no other Christ than the living, quickening spirit of Divine Humanity, who is in the world, who is in our hearts, who is in the all-active omnipresent Spirit of God, who is an all-inclusive Human Perfection."

"This being our doctrine, our relations to Christ are entirely spiritual and personal. Our chief relation to him is to be what he was, the Son of God. * * We are to obey God as he obeyed, to love God as he loved, to seek God and find God as he did, to be like God as he was. Christ's life is thus the way, but God is the Goal. He is the means, but God is the End. His life is the Truth because, he leads to Truth, and was perfectly true. God reveals Himself in Christ as living, surviving, saving, sympathising, suffering for man, as Divinity in man, Divine in every faculty and sense, Divine in essence and in act, Christ is our example. He is our example, but God is our Aim. As supreme Humanity, as Father, as Friend, as Companion, as Helper, Healer, God reveals Himself in Christ. What every man ought to see distinctly in Christ is God's character. What every man ought to see clearly in Christ is the model manhood according to which he ought to live."

He gives his reason for repeatedly calling the attention of his countrymen to the Christ-Ideal in the following words :—

"In the beginning of our movement, more than half our inspiration came from the Christian West. And now that we are in apparent decline, we should be wise if we connected ourselves intimately with the progress and vitality, with the faith and endeavour of that same Christian West. How can we profit by the teachings of the Christian religion, or Christian civilization if we leave Christ in the background? After all it is one God Who breathes these new inspirations, in mankind, it is one Humanity that is receiving these inspirations, one truth whose progress we all seek. Let there be no more isolation, then, but oneness of life in God, and in Christ who is the spirit of Divine humanity."

He closes his speech with the following passionate words vindicating his theistic faith :—

*"God is all-in-all:—*But have I for a single day adored worshipped, and prayed to any one but the Eternal Spirit God? Has my aspiration in the morning, or thanksgiving in the night risen to anywhere but the Eternal's throne of glory and love? Have I in my worldwide wanderings and my pleadings before nations preached any other dispensation but the Dispensation of the Spirit, and the Religion of Harmony? To my Master, to my Father, to my God alone do I stand or fall. You criticise me and judge me in vain. My love, loyalty, and faith to my God, to the God of the Brahma Somaj be not complete and absolute, if there be an atom of insincerity or untruth in my theistic profession, let my right hand lose its cunning, my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my name be blotted out from the records of the living. But a divine exemplar amongst the sons of man have I needed, a Son of God in man have I needed that I might worship, and trust, and obey, and submit, and love, and live, and die like a man and a son of God. Him have I found in Jesus Christ, You have found him in this Fakir, that Sanyasi, this Panjabi, that Bengali I do not wish to criticise. Go, please yourselves. To me the way and the truth is in the sweet and supreme personality of the Son of God who reigns over India, Europe, the best part of the world, and whom you too have accepted though you do not know it, and do not say it. In the checkered experiences through which I have laboured, in the course of a long life, in pain and sin and grief and desertion, in loneliness, injustice, and disappointments which have overtaken me Jesus Christ's example of sorrow has overcome, and humiliation turned into glory, has given me a strength and rest which nothing else can equal. In the strange and unforeseen emergencies of duty and circumstance which came again and again, his life history has given me a light which nothing has been able to take away. And in all the great unknown that is in store for the future, nothing can I endure or do that shall

not be endured and done except in his spirit, and under his leading. But God is not for Christ, Christ is for God. God only can reveal Christ, and then Christ will reveal God. God leads down to Christ, then Christ leads up to God. God is first, last, middle, God is All-in-all."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SILENT PASTOR

It was Mr. Mozoomdar's intention to publish in book-forms his articles, prayers, the substances of lectures and the pastoral utterances headed "Silent Pastor," that appeared in the "Interpreter." He could publish only the 'Silent Pastor' The book came out in 1899. The first essay, "On the Devotional Spirit," was printed in the "Interpreter" of April, 1886. "These pastoral utterances," Mr. Mozoomdar writes in the Preface to the book, "express some of my deepest spiritual life. I have carefully revised them, almost written them anew."

It will not be out of place to reproduce here a short article, headed "The Silent Pastor," from the "World and the New Dispensation," written by Mr. Mozoomdar's devoted friend, Babu Nitya Gopal Roy of Ghazipore, who studied him closely in the different conditions of his life, both when he lived on the plains and retired to the hills:—

“Protap Chunder is silent. He has ceased to speak and for the last eight years the world has not heard his eloquent speeches. But while he used to speak, was not his silence sometimes more eloquent than his speech? Many admired him when they heard him speak. But the few that sat by his side, watched him day and night, and prayed with him were struck by his remarkable silence. It was the silence of his inner spirit in which he lived, moved and had his being. In his solitary Himalayan retreat, he daily spent hours together in deep meditation and anybody approaching him met with an impenetrable silence. It was so sweet and sacred that the very few who had the privilege of being with him at the time enjoyed a holy and loving communion. His attitude at the time towards the outer and inner world represented the highest and the best mood of his life. In fact, to him the outer, became the inner, and the inner, outer, in a vision peculiarly his own. Profound was his love of God, and sometimes in hours of devotion, an unceasing current of tears flowed along his cheeks, which showed that there was something within which could not find expression in words of mouth. He loved to serve all mankind but his love for his own people also was very great. As his life grew mysterious, they misunderstood him and not a few spoke ill of him. His life was one of continued struggle—struggle between the inner spirit and the surrounding circumstances. It was a hard struggle which he kept up to the end of his life. But it did not disturb the calm and peace of his mind. They speak of his independence. Yes, he was independent of all forms, rites and ceremonies, and nay even of church discipline. His spirit soared high above all such things. Thus Protap Chunder suffered from isolation in the Brahma Somaj. But did not the pendulum of his life swing between the two extremes independence and submission, maintaining a balance which marked and represented

his true position ? Here again, he was misunderstood. But he secretly turned all his sufferings, sorrows and disappointments to the upbuilding of a character which has made him the "Silent Pastor" of our Church to-day. May his soul rest in peace and may his peace be ours !"

These sublime pastoral utterances give expression to the secret processes of the upbuilding of a great spiritual character and as such will be ever helpful to all aspirants after a spiritual life.

We may mention here an act of generosity on the part of the devout and enlightened Maharaja of Pithapuram, Madras, who reprinted one thousand copies of the "Silent Pastor" at his own cost, made a distribution of half the number and presented the remaining copies to Mrs. Mozoomdar. Such is his appreciation of the value of the book.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

This work was never absent from Mr. Mozoomdar's mind. During the years 1897 to 1899 he organised courses of popular lectures on a large variety of subjects, literary and scientific as well as social, moral, and religious. The lecturers were chosen from all communities, Christian, Hindu, and Brahma, and the meetings were fairly well attended, there being scarcely less than fifty ladies present on each occasion. The Government of Bengal generously helped him with funds to meet the charges in connection with these lectures.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND AND AMERICA

The year 1899 closed when Mr. Mozoomdar was staying at Bankipur, whither he had gone to celebrate the Christmas. The last week of December was spent "in intense communion with God and man. Very tired sometimes but refreshed always both by devotions and mutual love." On the first January, 1900, he was at the same place with his devoted friends, and "celebrated the New Year's Day most splendidly" and wished a "Happy New Year to all." Long, fervid, devotional services, mostly conducted by Mr. Mozoomdar, conversational meetings and hearty love-feasts formed the chief features of these celebrations.

1st January, 1900.

"Knowest thou to-day is the begining of the year, what is in store for thee in the end? Knowest thou the demands of the time upon thee, the wants of the world thou art to be called upon to serve, the happiness and the sorrow that wait? Consecrate thyself more than ever to the Spirit in whose hands are both life and death. Strive more fully to feel Him nearer and nearer than in the past. Be:guiltless, sincere, and earnest in His presence, be absorbed in carrying out His purpose as thou knowest it, that is the best preparation for the future. Learn from the past, do thy duties great and small in the present, and let the future take care of itself." (Mozoomdar's Diary).

By the end of January he received the following letter from the Secretary to the American Unitarian Association :—

Boston, Mass, December 30th, 1899.

To

Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar,
Calcutta.

My Dear Sir,

On May 25th, 1825, The American Unitarian Association was organised in Boston, U. S. A., for the purpose of promoting the interests of free and rational religion. This work has been carried forward with increasing efficiency for seventy-five years, and in order that the Seventy-fifth Anniversary may be fitly celebrated, the Association has set apart the week beginning May 20, 1900, for Anniversary Exercises and for an International Council of the friends of a free and liberal faith. This Council will meet in the city of Boston, and in the name of the Association, I wish very cordially and earnestly to invite you to be present. You will be the guest of the Association during your stay in Boston, and opportunity will be afforded you to meet with many distinguished representatives of the liberal movement in religion in America and Europe. Among the organizations which will be represented at our gathering are the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the Japanese Unitarian Association, the Unitarian Church of Hungary, the Protestantverein of Germany, the Protestantenbond of Holland, and the Liberal Christian Churches of France, as well as all the allied organizations and independent religious movements of America.

May we not hope that an American visit is possible for you in this coming spring? *Your presence in Boston will be an inspiration and help to us all,* and I am confident that you will find much to interest you not only in this country

but in contact with the best minds of America. If you can, it will give me great pleasure to make arrangements by which you can visit the chief centres of industrial and educational life in this part of the country, and I can assure you of a most hearty welcome and a large opportunity to meet the people and visit the scenes that will most interest you in America,

If what I propose seems possible to you, as I trust it may, the formal invitation and the outline of the program of our Anniversary Exercises will promptly be sent to you. I shall be very glad if you will permit me to place your name on the program as bringing to us the greetings of your fellow-believers and religious associates, and I shall be glad if you will also tell me what subject it would interest you to speak of to the International Council.

Trusting that you will favorably consider this invitation and with assurances of hearty respect and goodwill, I am,

faithfully yours,
Samuel A. Eliot

(The italics are ours.)

Mr. Mozoomdar felt that the letter was a Godsend "to relieve the meanness and trouble of the present surroundings." A wider field of activity than what he had in his own country now presented itself before him. The representatives of one of the noblest of nations thought that his presence in their midst would be an inspiration and help to them all. Whereas the men of the Brahmo Somaj, in whose service he spent his whole life, thought that it would be too high a honor to him if they gave him the charge of their weekly services!

In February and March, he went on a preaching

tour to Bhagalpur, Arrah and Ghazipur, reaching the latter place on the 10th. March. On that day he received "a cablegram from Boston advising the remittance of £80-, as passage-money to America." "No doubt is now left that I must go." He left Ghazipur for Calcutta on the 17th. March. His loving friends of Bankipur gave him a most affectionate and gracious farewell on the railway car. They came with the ladies in a reserved carriage to Dinapur, the station next to Bankipur, wherein Mr. Mozoomdar was taken. "A fine table was laid with flowers, fruits and goods of all kinds." Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Peace Cottage on the 18th. March, "better and stronger, full of hope and enthusiasm to start on my great tour." It was Mr. Mozoomdar's desire to conduct a parting service at the *Bharatbarshiya Brahma Mandir* of Calcutta. But those who were in possession of the place did not allow it. "I feel as humiliated and mortified as possible," he writes in his diary, "but have borne it, out the whole well. Nothing is hidden from God. In the temple where my place is God-appointed and supreme they have made me an outcast! God be the Judge between me and my persecutors."

He left Calcutta for Bombay on the 4th. April, where he embarked the P. and O. Co.'s Steamer, "Egypt," and at the bidding of Heaven once more faced the dangers of the many seas.

"26th. April: This is my last day on board, and I have

wished to spend it very devoutly and purely. These three weeks do indeed seem long and tiresome, but they have done me good. I am a stronger and better man. It is a very different life from at home, full of distractions, full of unspiritual surroundings; sometimes I think at my time of life it is not wise to throw myself so far out of my element. Perhaps I am right. But it was not I who brought myself into these circumstances, it was pure destiny that threw me. I would act against my highest nature if I resisted the Hand. I know! men at my age quieted down, cease to have any ambition, feel that their work is done, why can I not feel that? I do not know. The Voice calls me, the Hand beckons me, and follow I must even if it be to the pilgrim's death in the foreign strange land. But it is not a strange land I am going to. I am going to my Father's home, and He goes with me. Therefore, courage my soul, trust and do thy uttermost. (Mozoomdar's Diary)"

Mr. Mozoomdar reached London on the 27th April. His friend Mr. John Elmore received him at the station and took him to his house. "Feel exceedingly tired, but grateful to the blessed God Who has guided me, and given me a safe and prosperous voyage. The future lies in His hands and to Him I consecrate myself with all my heart. This is a land of force and self-help, and for all the work that has to be done I must find suitable means and make due exertion."

He prayed, "Save me from all anxious care, all consuming self-introspection, all diseased anticipations. Teach me to learn true trust, true dependence, and right exertion. Thine Spirit hath called me, and may it give me my opportunities."

The next Sunday, April 29th., he "preached at

Highgate Unitarian Church in the pulpit of my dear friend, the late Robert Spears. A thin attendance, but I spoke fervently on the Universal Religion." He "had a most cordial interview with Lord Northbrook (the ex-Viceroy of India) who made every promise to help me in my work in London." On the 5th. May he left Liverpool in the Cunard ship "Campania" for New York, which was reached on the 12th. after a "pleasant and profitable" voyage.

"Now my long journey's end," he writes in his diary, "is near, I have lived largely in the thought-world, spirit-world, during the loveliness of the last six weeks. Some times my gospel has filled me like the great sea, and God's face shined on me like that of the most living sympathetic Parent. Now and then I have groaned in my helplessness and solitude like a cast away exile. But if I have failed to keep close to Thee as I promised, I know Thou hast kept close to me. Grant that in the difficult and responsible work Thou hast called me to do, Thy strength and grace I may daily find."

The following day being Sunday he preached in All Soul's Church, Madison Avenue, New York, on the Doctrine of God. On his way to Boston he stopped at Providence (Rhode Island). "I was received by Mr. and Mrs. Beekwith, and, was most comfortably put up." The Unitarians of the place entertained him at their Club, and he spoke on the Duty of the Unitarians. Boston was reached on the 5th. May.

The anniversary meetings of the American Unitarian Association began on the 21st. May. On the day Mr. Mozoomdar spoke in Channing Hall on "Religion

of the Spirit and Religion of Christ." "This is the first morning of the anniversary," he writes in his diary. "I did as well as I had any right to expect. I have been in some anxiety, and tried to immerse myself in my subject. I came out to my satisfaction and am grateful."

"22nd. May.—Speak for five minutes to convey greetings of India to the Unitarians of America. This was a tremendous meeting at Tremont Temple which is a magnificent building belonging to the Baptists. They decorated the hall grandly. Attendance not less than 2000, more women than men. I spoke heartily; saying we were neither Unitarians nor Christians, but followers of Christ, whose spirit, as revealed to us, we all accepted.

23 May.—In the Unitarian Association Room they had a meeting this morning to establish what they called an International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers. I suggested the withdrawal of the name Unitarian. They did not agree.

24th. May,—The Grand Unitarian Festival Dinner at Tremont Temple. Senator Hoare on the chair. He made fine speeches. In this country the President has to make a speech in introducing every speaker. This is often a tiring business, but this evening's President could make it pleasant.

At 2^o O'clock I gave a twenty minutes' address to the annual Sunday School Union at Larisner Hall.

In the morning at 8 O'clock they called a meeting to establish an International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers, I asked them to drop the word "Unitarian," and make it really a world-wide organisation. But they did not agree. I felt somewhat pained because I could not formally join a Unitarian body. (Mozoomdar's Diary)

During Mr. Mozoomdar's life-time the Council held two General Meetings, one in London, 1900, and the other in Amsterdam, in 1903, to both of which he was cordially invited to be present and his sympathy and co-operation were sought. In its circular letter of invitation for the London meeting the Council while explaining the object of retaining the "Unitarian" name asserts its catholic and universal character. We quote below a part of the letter:—

"In the good hope that we may find in you one who is interested in the promulgation and spread of free religious thought throughout the world, we invite your kind attention to the purposes and plans of the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers, concerning whose institution and aims it is the province of this communication to inform you more fully.

The International Council was organized in May, 1900, by foreign delegates and other in attendance, at the Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the American Unitarian Association, in Boston, U. S. A. It is designed to bring into close union, for exchange and the promotion of their common aims, the scattered liberal congregations and isolated thinkers and workers for religious freedom in many lands.

This purpose demands neither a fixed constitution nor elaborate official organization. Accordingly the only articles of the Council are its declaration of purpose (the object of this Council shall be to open communication with those in all lands who are striving to *unite pure religion and perfect liberty* and to increase fellowship and co-operation among them) and provision for the choice of an Executive Committee, President and Secretary, all of whom hold office until the Council, at its next general meeting, selects their successors. It is the intention to hold such general conferences, for exchange of

ideas and the discussion of topics germane to our purpose in different countries at least once in two years. * * *] should be recognized that nativity and language form no insurmountable barrier to an international union of hearts and hands for the religious enlightenment and emancipation of mankind.

It is this conviction and fraternal impulse which have led to the organization of the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers. The word Unitarian, which appears in its title, is intended to convey honestly to others the particular religious fellowship in which this movement originated, and to which, in its beginnings at least it must largely look for moral and material support. It is hoped that it may also give to the liberal public the assurance of a national, persistent, and catholic purpose. In any case this term "Unitarian" is not to be here understood in any limited theological sense, but only as an endeavour to unite for common and unselfish endeavors, all believers in pure religion and perfect liberty. The members of the Council, of whatever name or fellowship, desire to work together in the spirit of freedom and the love of truth for the religious enlightenment and uplifting of the world.

Accept my best wishes for your welfare. We hope to have you with us in Amsterdam next year. Our cause prospers; we hope to meet in India ere long."

To return to our narrative of Mr. Mozoomdar's work in America, he had to cut short his stay in the country, as the month of July and August are observed there as holidays when all the churches are closed. Lord Northbrook assured him that he would find plenty to do in England in July. He preached at some of the churches in Boston and New York. He spent some pleasant days with his friends Messrs William

Howell Reed and George H. Ellis in their respective houses.

On the 16th June he preached at the South Congregational Church of Boston (Dr. Hale's) on the Religion of Christ and the Religion of Christians."

"I gave a good abstract of my views," Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary, "but not with such unction and warmth as I would like. Dr. Hale, however, was enthusiastic and so many of the congregation. 'Well, this is my last utterance in this country. Last? I cannot believe me. A strange sense of incompleteness haunts me. O how much, much more I have to say and do! But the hand of Destiny is on me and forces me where I would rather not go, and expects me from where I would rather be. I need to have greater self-consecration and self-immersion, self-absorption. The Spirit shall be the All-in-All in me.'"

On the 20th June, 1900, he set sail from Boston for Liverpool, on the Dominion Liner "New England."

We close our narration of Mr. Mozoomdar's work in America with the following beautiful tribute to his memory from the pen of his friend Mr. William Howell Reed, which appeared in the "Christian Register" of Boston :—

"The announcement of the death of Mr. Mozoomdar reached us in the *Register* of July 6, as we were travelling in the land of the Midnight Sun.

From the time of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893 to the date of his death, we held close relation with him, continued by correspondence

and renewed again with him in person on his late visit to Boston five years ago.

I happened to have in charge the Mozoomdar Fund during those years. It was maintained through nearly the whole of them, and added greatly to his comfort and gave him the means of pursuing unhampered his remarkable work in India.

His life was a wonderfully beneficent one. On its intellectual side it was a marvel. Here was a man of the Hindu race and training, yet what mastery he had of our language, our learning, and our processes of thought ; How few surpassed him in the use of the English tongue ! Read his "Oriental Christ," his "Spirit of God," recall his unwritten sermons and addresses and you wonder at the grace, the delicacy, the marvelous insight and power of them all. * * * His influence in India will grow, and whether in the Brahma Somaj or out of it, he will continue, with his master and friend Chunder Sen, to be one of the leaders of the higher life of India and a force in the development of pure religion among those races of men. Mozoomdar's advanced position as to the surpassing influence and personality of Jesus and his interpretation of the spirit and power of the "Oriental Christ" brought him many antagonism, but they increased his influence and fame.

He was a mystic and a dreamer ; but, if any man's life was hid in God, if any man lived by the Spirit, if any man was fed by visions of the life eternal, if any man ever spoke with authority of what he had

men and known in the spiritual universe, that man as Mozoomdar. We had the opportunity and privilege of close relationships with him during both his visits to America. We knew him in his lonely walks over the hills of Belmont, in the privacy of home life, in the simplicity and tenderness of his morning devotion. We knew how much he was in his closet when the door was shut, and have felt the influence of his radiant personality when he came down from his mount of vision to join in the simple tasks and pleasures of our little world again.

He was a lonely man, not fully understood even among his own people. He had moved far in advance of the average of his Brahma Somaj, and had to pay the penalty of his spiritual audacity. He followed the truth if you please, yet a Christian in his inmost soul, and in behavior far beyond the spirit and life of multitudes of men who bear the Christian name. As we recall his presence in our pulpits, who can forget the music of his voice, the charm and power of his utterance, the compelling force of his appeals? His remarkable series of lectures at the Lowell Institute twelve years ago were all worked out in his lonely walks beyond the Charles, in Cambridge and Brookline, a few hours before he came to the platform, and he held immense audiences under his charm. And in his own home, wherever he went in India to meet the scattered congregations of his people, he was received as a prophet, bringing to them ever new

interpretations of spiritual religion which came to him in the lonely contemplations and studies of his mountain home.

He had known for a long time that his strength was failing, and that his work was drawing to a close. He craved more time only that he might go on with it. But, when this was denied and the shadows fell, and his sight grew dim and the glory of the outer world faded away, the spiritual vision grew more clear and he waited for the lifting of the thin veil that opened the Life Eternal."

MOLDE, NORWAY.

Christian Register August. 24, 1905.

Mr. Mozoomdar reached Liverpool on the 28th June "after a pleasant and prosperous voyage." "But I sadly miss," he writes, "my beloved old devotions at home. When shall I go back to them. How many lands and seas have I to cross yet, Great Companion, under Thy guidance and with Thy Spirit in me? I am happy, grateful, reassured, because I am with Thee. Make me more and more like Thy Son, so that in serving Thee I may have his peace and strength."

He worked in England for four months. On the 19th July, a great meeting was held at the Jehangir Hall, Imperial Institute Road, London. There was a large assembly of eminent men and women. Lord Northbrook presided. Mr. Mozoomdar gave a lecture on "Present Day Progress in India" and spoke for an hour and a quarter "forcibly and earnestly," with "the

grace of God and the clearness of honest conviction," "The spirit was not withdrawn from me, but given me in increased measure. This is one of the best instances of God being in me and with me all the time." On the whole his hearers were satisfied. A substance of the lecture, written by Mr. Mozoomdar, appeared in "the Nineteenth Century," The following is a brief summary of it:—

"The English have united India by railroad, telegraph and other agencies. Not only so, but the different races of India are being united in a sense of growing nationality under one Government, under the same laws, and under the invaluable gift of the English language. The uprightness and truthfulness of the English rule and English ideas generally have silently spread a higher ideal of personal and public life. * * * There is no doubt of the good-will of the Government for the people or the loyalty of the people for the Government. The effect of all these is that aspirations for a purer religion have sprung up in the higher classes. The Brahmo Samaj and other religious movements have come into existence; some of them protesting against the religion of her rulers, but all of them working in the spirit and form of the English movements."

"It must not be inferred from this that the people of India have been, or are likely to be, entirely Anglicised. The higher thought of the Hindus retains its national peculiarity. Our idea of the Godhead furnishes an example. God, in the ancient Hindu sense, is conceived as immanent in the whole creation. There is no distinction between God and the universe. In the consciousness of this transcendental relation, the soul loses its sense of separate personality, and God only remains as the All-in-all. This is the essence of Hindu

religion; it has a Pantheistic as well as a Theistic interpretation but all Indian spirituality means oneness with God. Christian Theism, that fixes an unbridged gulf between the nature of God and man, has influenced us for a century, if not more. From these two different influences, Hindu and Christian, the Brahma Somaj has sprung. We believe in the essential oneness of the Spirit of God and man, but we believe in repentance, in prayer, in earnest striving for righteousness, just as much as Christians do, in order that the unity of our soul with God may be effected. We believe also in our domestic, social, and national duties. Therefore, the Brahma Somaj has for long decades undertaken various social reforms."

"The Somaj has undertaken female education as a first duty and laid aside all unnatural seclusion of the other sex. The education of the Hindu women will have to be remodelled on a basis somewhat different from what is current in our schools and colleges. It will be such as will give sufficient stimulus to the intellect, but combine with it domestic usefulness, and womanly refinement of every kind."

"The caste system is not so easy to understand as some people think. The people of India are constituted into so many different races of immigrants and aborigines that men must group themselves according to certain common traits and ideals to preserve the purity of their blood, the integrity of their character. It is the caste system that has protected and perfected the various professions and arts of India in the midst of the many vicissitudes through which the country has passed. The same system has enabled the Brahmins to be the custodians of Sanskrit learning. This caste system has unfortunately lost its old pliable character, and hardened into hereditary institutions which are against every principle of social unity and large, common interest. But its mischief is fast dying out. The educated classes are fast becoming one great community laying aside all unreasonable restrictions and exclusiveness."

"The physical backwardness of our people is reproached, but nothing is done to give them that physical education which European and Eurasian school boys generally receive. While all European boys and even those of mixed parentage are taught the art of self-defence in the public schools, our boys are not similarly trained.

There is a great change observable in the attitude of our people towards Christianity. They have great reverence for the life and teachings of Christ, though they do not accept the Christ of popular theology. We hold that by worshipping God, Christ teaches us how to worship, by loving God he teaches us the love of God and man, by devoutly suffering and dying he teaches us the great truth of resignation to the Will of God. * * * Christ is our Kith and Kin, very different in the degree of his perfection, but always inimitable and attainable. The Christian missionaries in India have not very largely helped us to form our idea of Christ. Nevertheless, their humanity and unselfish work entitle them to our honour. We look forward to a day when Christian missionaries and Hindu reformers will form a brotherhood, different indeed in theology, but one in spirit. in aim, in the inspired humanity of Jesus Christ, and the Fatherhood of God."

"The moral force of the Christian religion should not be exhausted by ordained Christian missionaries alone, but every English woman in India should be a messenger of the spirit of their religion. It is much to be regretted that the personal relations of Europeans and Indians have not improved much. Some of our newspaper writers, political agitators and even religious revivalists by their writings and speeches increase the gulf of estrangement. On the other hand, when I contemplate the behaviour of some of our European fellow-subjects I am filled with grief and dismay. When will their tendencies to personal violence cease."

"The freedom of public opinion is the proud privilege which England confers wherever she rules. * * * The English have

made our homes free, our thoughts free, our utterances and religious acts perfectly free. Oftentimes we fail to perceive whether the Yoke of the rulers presses upon us at all. I doubt whether we are thoughtful enough for it. That we sometimes abuse this freedom is not to be wondered at, for an untrained nation is apt to be indiscreet. Only further training and further forbearance on the part of our teachers, but not the withdrawal of the privilege, can remove our drawback. Bear with us yet a little while, and the moral and spiritual laws will make the worth of the secular legislator unnecessary."

"The great need of the present day in India is the need of mutual sympathy. The duties of the Government in dealing with the vast and conflicting interests of the country are so perplexing that all hostile criticism is disarmed at the thought, and the genuine and respectful sympathy of an educated population becomes a natural impulse. On the other hand, the position of the modern Hindu, with all his new ideas, his arduous conflicting duties, is so difficult that he may rightfully claim the good-will and sympathy of thoughtful men."

"England represents Western civilization, Western character, Western future. India represents the East, Eastern imagination, Eastern culture, Eastern impulses. By the approach of England to India, and the relations of India to England, the East and the West are effecting a providential union. When this union is complete, as some day it will be, the East and the West shall make different sheepfolds of the great Shepherd, and the nations of the rising and the setting sun will enter the great home of the All-Father to live in ever-growing peace and progress"

Referring to this lecture an English lady wrote to Mr. Mozoomdar as follows:—

"Being late in seeing "The Nineteenth Century" for

December, it was only yesterday that I read your article "Present Day Progress in India." I so enter into its spirit and so welcome its wisdom, that I desire to express to you my warm appreciation, and the hope that you may continue to write to "The Nineteenth Century." We, Britons, have much to learn from writers such as you."

Of the provincial towns of Great Britain, Mr. Mozoomdar visited Birmingham, Leeds, New Castle on Tyne, Oxford and Edinburgh. Early in August he went to Oxford to see Professor Max Muller who was seriously ill. "He looked shrunken, yellow and small," Mr. Mozoomdar writes in his diary. "A Hindu Sanyasi who calls himself *Mahatma*, was worrying him with vain talk, and he answered as patiently and mildly as he could. He was glad to see me, but he had not much strength left to talk after his exercise with the *Mahatma*. After lunch I was taken charge of by a Church of England clergyman. * * * went to Estlin Carpenter's house for tea. I feel he and we are very much the same. He is a scholar, a philosopher, a worshipper and a fine writer. The Unitarians are proud of him justly."

He went to Oxford again on the 19th October and gave lecture at Manchester College on "Religious and Social Progress in India." "Amongst those present were Dr. Fairbairn, Prof. Gardener, Prof. Cheney, Dr. Drummond and a number of University men."

The Council of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association held a meeting to meet Mr. Mozoomdar and hear his farewell address on the 23rd October.

This completed his work in England. "I have used every opportunity I got," he writes, in his diary "with my whole heart, preached the principles of our dispensation of the Brahma Somaj, And I now wait at Thy gate for blessing and assurance. This Thou hast, over and over, given me, And I look up to Thee to have peace and trust ! Give leave to Thy servant to depart home !"

"26th., October,—The day to start for home. Rise early. Feel the exaltation of hope. Have an assurance that everything will be well on the voyage. * * Take leave of Miss Hambrid in whose house I have been a boarder for four months nearly. Then drive to Liverpool Street Station, whence the Special train is to take up to the Albert Docks. Considerable nervous excitement. Almost missed the train, looking out for Mr. Elmore. * * Got on board the "Arabia." It was very wet and gloomy. Nandi and Nagen left for shore at about noon. They have helped me greatly. We weighed anchor at about one. * * So from 4th. April to 26th. October, this ceaseless wandering and exile. A great sea of circumstances, wave after wave, surging around, and I battling and buffeting them, by what strength and whose ? Yes, my own, yet not my own, imparted to me in answer to my incessant prayer and endless meditation. America, with its success and disappointment, England with its depressing trials and callous indifferences, all, all borne, used and overcome. No selfish advantage, no foolish exaltation, no death-like despair, but a steady discipline of the spirit, an orderly not exhaustive work, a companionship of God which gives tireless patience and most satisfying comfort in daily need and in daily supply. How wondrous is this rest in Spirit, what light is there in it, and strength competency ! What work could not be under

taken, what triumph not accomplished. The present work is finished, the present, vow quite fulfilled. To God be the glory. Mine be the faith and peace only—the faith, namely that what is impossible with man is possible with the Almighty, and the peace of oneness in mind with God.

All those crowding scenes left behind. The enthusiastic congregations of men and women—the genial hospitality of so many prosperous households—the help and sympathy and admiration and friendship of God's children, as good as they are cultured. My spiritual experiences have been tested, my carefully formed principles put to the trial, my natural gifts proved sufficient or insufficient, my natural faults coming out in all their grossness, my friends doing their utmost, my enemies doing their utmost, and I coming out of all these unscathed! To God be the glory, mine is the mixed feeling of sadness and satisfaction, of meekness and the resolution to do my best." (Mozoomdars Diary)

LETTERS TO FRIENDS FROM ABROAD.

To Babu Baroda Prasad Ghose, Calcutta.

Arabian Sea, S.S. "Egypt."

April, 10th. 1900.

My Dear Baroda,

In the midst of the crowd who justled that sad evening to bid me farewell, your sweet, kindly face was absent, but I know my thought is never absent from your heart. Well, I have, now rushed into the dreaded pilgrimage, I have left you all sorrowing and desolate. And though sad when remembering you, my whole soul nature is elated with happiness and enthusiasm. I have been the subject of dealings strangely different in the hands of God and man. But there are men whose work has been like the work of God, and God has dealt with me as any human friend could do. The voyage so far has been most favorable the sea calm, the winds gentle, the weather bright. There

was some little inconvenience after arrival in Bombay, and that was soon over.

Now tell me how you all are doing. The breezes all about here are so cool that some effort is necessary to recall the heat and oppression of Calcutta. The thought makes me feel sad. Take every care of yourself, and go to the hills as soon as you can. There is no hope of my hearing anything about you until I land in London. But I will always trust that God keeps you in safety and prosperity. I will wait to hear the results of Sachin's examination. Remember to the whole family and Believe me,

Yours most affectionately

P. C. Mozoomdar

* * * *

2. Spolliswood St., Edinburgh, September, 20th. 1900
My Dear Baroda,

I feel unhappy at the thought of not having written you all this long time, nor hearing anything from you. But my wife often makes mention of you, and always speaks in terms of affection and esteem. Perhaps things are with you as usual, and you find nothing worth writing about. How is my beloved daughter (Mrs. Ghose), does she sometimes inquire about me? How are the boys? The weather in Calcutta just now is not propitious, I hope you are all doing well.

I have been actively travelling for the last six weeks, and have made rather a long stay at Edinburgh. I have taken excellent rooms which overlook a fine park, and I get to eat what I want. I am sometimes tired, overworked, and feel a craving for home and quiet, but a poor wandering mendicant as I am, what home have I but the heart of God, where my access is growing every day more precious and more natural. Baroda, if I am dear to Him, which I cannot help believing and if you are dear to me, which I

feel you are, you and all that is yours, you cannot but be dear to Him. May your Father be dear to you, nay dearer than all else, and may you know Him more clearly and truly !

* * My programme is now settled. I return to London on the 27th. September and sail for India on the 28th. October. As I go home (how sweet the phrase sounds !) by way of Bombay, so I may be expected by the middle of November,

Where and with whom have you your prayers ? * * Let me know all about our affairs in a long letter. Give my truest benedictions to the whole family, and Believe me,

Yours affectionately
P. C. Mozoomdar

* * * *

Dominion Line, S.S. "New England"

Mid Atlantic, June 1900

To Babu Nitya Gopal Roy, Ghazipur.

My Dear Nitya Gopal,

The distractions of the last three months have not yet maddened me, and still I find my truest home in my own heart. They oftentimes speak well of my sentiments and ideas, and they may, but every insight I command, every significant utterance I make, has its secret and source in my Indian solitude, in the sadness and loneliness of my life. Once on a while it is good to come out into this fierce sunlight of modern public life, it burns away much sickly mist, unmanly melancholy, and malarious self-criticism, but the spirit longs to retire into the forests where God is, and silence, and unspoken sanctity. Last year we spent

a good deal of time together, this year I am a citizen of the world, and a member of the great family of mankind. My head is not turned, but my heart is uplifted and widened. God is bountiful to me. He gives me every various taste of this rich wonderful human life, of the wisdom, goodness of men, women in various condition and kinds of culture. I mix with men as a man and prove that I, too, am a son of God. I have known some envious, fault-finding, self-righteous men, and these I am sorry to say in my own country; but I have known thousands who are free from venom and jealousy, who generously take me by the hand. and bless God that they have known me.

But this is too much talk of myself. How have you been, what are you going to do? I dare say you have written to me by this time, but your letter has not come. Now I am on my way back to England where I propose to be some months. There is enough to do everywhere, and the whole wide world is ours. If we could come together it would make a great impression. But that is not possible. Come closer to me, closer, and closer still, and two or three souls could fill continents yet. Great blessings to you both.

Yours ever,
P. C. Mozoomdar

The following letter, addressed to the present writer, is an instance of the divine comfort that Mr. Mozoomdar imparted when death darkened the homes of those who were near to him in faith and love :—

6 Endstigh Gardens

London, July 17th. 1900.

My Dear Suresh, I was wondering all this time why

I have not heard from you. Now at last your letter comes. But it brings very unwelcome sad news. Alas, your good dear kind mother, was so good and kind to many besides her own family. I feel the greatness and bitterness of your sorrow. But do not forget she has gone to the kingdom of joy. Here you met her, and she made you happy, but you had to lose her, there you will surely meet her again, never, never to part. Never neglect to pray for her spirit, never cease to see in her love the love of God. There is nothing so blessed, holy, or beautiful as a true-hearted mother, and your mother was that. I hope you have not suffered from the heat very much. You do not say how you are, I wish to know. Write me again. * * * I am now working in London. Lord Northbrook is helping to get up meetings for me. I am doing very well. But I wish to go back to you all, and enjoy your simple love.

Very affectionately yours,

P. C. Mozoomdar.

Before leaving England Mr. Mozoomdar addressd the following pastoral letter to members of the Brahmo Somaj :—

THE HOMEWARD CRY

"To think of your dear long-unseen faces, O kind loving friends, is not infrequent or irksome; to bless you and to pray for your peace is a habitual act. May the sun as it rises, or as it sets, bring you and leave unto you all the varying graces of the day and the night. The only wish, a wish not surmised with sadness, is that I might be in your loving remembrance as you are in mine. But this I cannot expect. You are all the best hope and treasure I have on earth. Not so I to you. Pre-occupied as you are with other things, desires and disappointments of life, its occasional successes and exaltations, the striving for the usual ends through the usual means, the heats and the damps of the day, the fatigues

of endeavour, and the reactions of the mind, all these and much else drive out remote and absent things into forgetfulness. Even the dearest among the dead are so forgotten. It is love only, spiritual incorporeal affinity, intense, personal spontaneous affection which endures separations, but forgets nothing, nay remembers all the more for it; only such love that humbly follows its objects, as the shephard follows his lost sheep to the very verge of life, even beyond. Love has a wonderful memory. God remembers us all, the lowest and least who are, or who were before, and in being near to the heart of God you are near to me, you and the glorified forms who are immortals in heaven. Remember the blessed dead and be with them; forget not the living, stray not from the great Spirit of God, Who is with the dead and the living. Let your communion with God, be your communion with the saints. Solitary devotions and public devotions, mean oftentimes the same experience, namely, access into the kingdom of spirits, where saints living and dead are united for ever and ascribe glory to God in Whom they and we all are.

Daily grow and ceaselessly ripen in all gifts of the Spirit. By the richness, sweetness, ripeness of your soul bear witness that you worship God, the perfect glorious God and none other. Remember God is not your idea or sentiment, but a stern Reality in spite of you. Let the fruits of your knowledge of God be manifest though you be unconscious of them, and perfectly quiet and reserved. Be enriched and deepened in your devotions so that the name of God be a power in your mouth, so that you kindle in others the heavenly flame that is burning in yourself, so that you find a new meaning and a new consolation in the old familiar words of worship. Unknown experiences and mighty undercurrents rush in a man's devotional utterances. The same words in the mouth of the saint and the worldly one will mean infinitely more or less. As your devoutness, so is the power of your words.

Let your prayers work miracles. O my beloved ones, let your devotional mood be ceaseless and tireless, spoken and unspoken, conscious and unconscious in your waking, in your dreaming hours, in your looks, in your postures, in your breath, in your ejaculations, in the automatic operations of your brains, in your nervous depressions and animal spirits. If you are a prisoner of the Spirit, in your love and obedience make the Spirit your prisoner bound and associated in all your acts and organs and attitudes. In the intervals of your communion with God learn to discern men and things, read the meaning of events, and understand the signs of Providence. Let the secrets of your vocation, and your relations with the world, be thus determined; let your doubts and troubles be thus set at rest, your further course laid out before you. When a man is one with God, one in thought, one in heart and motive, there is no knowing what he will see or understand, or resolve or accomplish. Because he is full of the perfections of God, Fear not to hope for, pray for, work for impossible things, for God is all the time greater than man. Only, resign all to His wisdom and holy will. In short live so devoutly, be so bound up in your devout habits, that, when the time comes you may die in the midst of your devotions. I am persuaded that devotional ecstasy, cultivated in all its aspects, encompasses both life and death.

Be mature and perfect in your moral character. Be clean in body, in thought, in every impulse, have a clear conscience. Never forget that the surest test of religious life is in the purity of character. How can any one be said to have found salvation if he is not saved from vile passions and evil motives? All true heaven is in the heart, all true hell in the heart. And if before the all-seeing eye of the holy God, his secret actions are bad, his secret thoughts are unworthy, his desires are so many bonds of the flesh and the world, what is the deliverance which

religion has brought? Let your words be truthful, let your actions be blameless, let your conduct be straightforward, but above all things let your soul be sanctified. Almost universally is moral culture undervalued in the pursuit of religion, and an easy absolution can be purchased for sins deliberately done. The purification of the heart is not looked upon as the chief object of religious life. The evil has found its lodgment and incidiously works in our own little household. If there is any cause for all your troubles, secret unrighteousness of life is that cause. It is with grief and dismay I behold how moral purity is undervalued in the community. For all this longtime have I submitted to men's abuse and persecution by holding before them the lofty standard of the moral purity of the character of Christ Jesus, for the chief reason that he exemplifies as no one does the moral nature of the Divine Father. But I find men apt enough with liployalty to pay him exaggerated honor, though I have found few ready to keep his precepts. The purity of eye, the purity of heart, the purity of hand, the gentleness, the justice, the meekness, the peacefulness, have few imitators, either amongst Christians or ourselves, but they are always prepared to quarrel about his name, and persecute others under the shadow of his profession. The God of holiness in your conscience has revealed Himself, outside of you, in life, in history, in religious example this model character of his Son conformity to whom is the inviolable moral law for every theist. We have accepted the necessity of that example, and what right have we now to live in the midst of the old passions, the old motives, the bonds of slavish desires and ill-wills? The public service of God is mockery, religious worship is an insult to Heaven when truth and self-control, and righteousness are disregarded. Be fruitful in good work. Work is worship if undertaken in faith and obedience. Responsible work crushes out hundred vanities and immoralities. Be full

of enthusiasm in well-doing, be full of energy and spirit even to fierceness. Luke warmth in self-consecration is a sin.

In the service of God spare nothing, reserve nothing, never make a delay, never neglect an opportunity, accept no excuses, either from yourself or from others. Let not even the sense of your unworthiness deter you from the good cause.

Piety degenerates into paltry sentiment, worship into cant and sham, when practical work does not bear evidence to prayers and professions. There is oftentimes a boastfulness, shallowness, and worldly-mindedness in men's so-called work, of which beware. But is there not also an unreal pietism and hypocritical emotion of which you should beware? Yet the service of God and man ever remains holy, and pious activity is only devotional fervor in the practical forms of man's life. Let your good works then multiply in the relief of suffering, in the teaching of the young, in the nursing of the sick, in the spread of God's work, in sympathy between man and man. Find godly exercise for all the powers of your body, all the faculties of your mind, all the accomplishments of your soul. The more work you do, the greater will be your power of doing, less you work the more you will lose all power. An awful thing it is to take the vow of lifelong service before the Eternal's Throne. A terrible thing it is to be taken in hand by the mysterious Almighty. It is like being cast in the trackless waves, like being lost in the African forest. Yet there are sweet tides in the sea like the currents of the mother's milk, the waves rock you to rest as the child in the cradle. And in the midnight wilderness there are the silent steps of a watchful Friend behind your back, Who by taking thought for his life could keep it, who by entrusting his all to God ever lost anything? Therefore, I call you to lifelong self-consecration, I call you to take the vow of everlasting service. It is impossible to keep up the fervor and reality of your devotions without being cast into the dangers and

afflictions of God-appointed work. It is 'hopeless to find evernew self-revelations of the Divine love and blessing without being trained and tied in the purposes of God. Men are active and industrious enough but mostly in the self-servic. Wonder not at what men suffer, wonder at what they lose where they serve themselves.

No more. My hurrying pen must cease. Nothing have I said but what my heart is full of. I look forward now to take my leave and go home. This time the exile seems long, perhaps because my day is on the decline. These ceaseless wanderings and distractions are tiring; it seems, I need rest and nursing. I have done the work that was given to me, I have kept the vow I took, I have struggled to unfold my message to many 'men and women. Peace fills my soul. For all opportunities and facilities, yea, for discouragements and depressions I have the heart to be grateful to God, His ways are not our ways, nor His purposes, our purposes. But He has amply proved to me that His great dispensation of the Spirit is sure, some day, to be the faith of mankind. Blessed, forever, be His name. Now from this land of wealth and strength, from this mighty people illustrious in war, prosperous in peace, expert in statecraft, so high above me I wish to depart. I long for the humble mystics of the Brahma Somaj, I long for my lowly home, to merge in my obscurity. Have you the same devotional fervour I saw before, the same ardour for holy living, the same love for each other? Then prepare a lowly place for me in your midst. The wild autumn winds sob in gusts and tell me to depart, the sweet mellow autumn leaves fall in showers as the year's last offerings, the blue skies invite me, the blue waves invite me. Do you also invite me? To home then I turn my face."

The voyage home was uneventful, except that on

the way he heard the sad news of the death of Professor Max Muller. He writes in his dairy as follows :—

31st October.—So Prof. MaxMuller, the great friend of India, the great friend of the Brahma Somaj, and Keshub's and my great friend dies to-day, and goes to the Great Spirit Whom, as treated of in our ancient books, he interpreted to us for so many long years. His loss can never be replaced. He will leave an emptiness in our hearts, which for many days must cause an aching bereavement. How our friends in England are becoming fewer and fewer still, peace be to his noble and beautiful spirit.

He reached Bombay on the 16th November.

"The utmost and sincerest gratitude unto Him Who safely brings me back to India after these eight months of travel, trial and labour," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "The very soil of my beloved fatherland seems so sacred that I would bow down to the very dust of it ; every sound from the beggar's cry on the road-side to the finest music played is a delightful sound. The few kind friends who meet me at the pier seem to be of the same family, O wonderful is the love of one's country when you come back after a long and eventful absence. Yet Bombay is not my home, my home is 1,500 miles away. There my whole soul longs to return, and then to praise and worship God for all He has done to me." ,

The members of the Prarthana Somaj of Bombay gave him a cordial reception. A special morning service was held at the Prarthana Somaj. There was

a good attendance. Mr. Mozoomdar 'gave a Sermon on "Universal Religion."

' He came to Bankipur on the "20th November "amids great rejoicings. Addresses 'by my sons and daughters, congratulations and feasts."

Calcutta was reached on the 22nd. "After eight months of t'avel and work in England and America return home by God's grace this morning. Warm reception by a large number of friends at the railway platform," Mr. Mozoomdar writes. At night Peace Cottage was beautifully illuminated.

"Indeed, I need rest and nursing. But there is no nursing like what devotional life furnishes, and there is no rest like the sense of being one with God. I must make haste to settle down to have both." (Mozoomdar's diary.)

On the 2nd December he gave a lecture at the Albert Hall of Calcutta on "Experiences Abroad." There was a very large gathering. On the 9th the youngmen of the Church of the New Dispensation presented him with an enthusiastic address of 'welcome, and a fine stone crucifix in token of his labours to preach the religion of Jesus, as interpreted by the New Dispensation.

The Calcutta University Institute (formerly Society for the Higher Training of youngmen) was not unmindful of his services and gave him an enthusiastic welcome at a meeting held on the 11th 'December. Sir Guru Das Banerjee presided.

11-12-1900—To my relief 'now the receiving of addresses is over. I am thankful for what people have said, and wish

to settle down to some kind of real work. Look up and wait for opportunity which is sure to come before long.

12-12-1900.—In my 61st year and yet so well, joyous, strong, and fit for work! It is like the kindling glory of life's evening with the day still prolonged in fadeless hope, healthful activity, with a soul, open in every sensibility. Surely is this not old age, this is not approaching death, it is a renewal of youth, only it is not a bodily but spiritual youth. Is this an intimation of immortality? Rejoice in God, O my soul, drink the measure of thy heavenly happiness for long, too long hast thou mourned. Seek after the crown of righteousness eagerly with strong deep faith, for thy day of self-reproach has been too long. Be anointed in gladness and glory in thy devotions because after all the companionship of the Eternal has sought thee and found thee even as thou hast sought Him these many many years in thy loneliness. Thou art the beloved and blessed of God,

31-12-1900.—So at last the year is over, an important eventful year, full of activity, anxiety, faith, work and success. It is a year which has added some years to my life. I have lived my best, served men at home and abroad to the utmost of my power and received the wonderful blessings of Providence in all the difficulties of circumstance through which I have had to go. I have travelled over half the world, traversed mighty seas, spoken to great nations and delivered my gospel under every advantage and disadvantage. Some men have tried to persecute me, some to ignore me, some have set me at naught; * * * But I have been enabled to overcome all opposition, outlive all malice and falsehood, and today I am well and strong and cheerful, ready to love and serve as much as ever. The Spirit of God has been most gracious to me, my home is happy, my wants supplied, my future more and more assured, Hail New Year, Hail New Century, Hail New Life. (Mozoomdar's diary.)

CHAPTER XX

THE EVENING GLOW

Mr. Mozoomdar celebrated the first day of the New Year of the New Century by holding a public divine service at "Peace Cottage", when he preached on the "Legacy of the Last Century". "Great exaltation in my own soul, quite corresponding to that of my hearers."

He took his part in the anniversary celebrations of the Brahma Somaj in January. In this connection a divine service was held in his house when he "had the profusest influx of the spirit during the service," but it "brought on a deadly exhaustion". Every year during the anniversary, a day was set apart for its celebration by the ladies at "Peace Cottage", which practice is still kept up. Mr. Mozoomdar conducted the divine service. None who ever attended the services will forget their solemnity and heavenliness. "How beautiful, lovely, most sanctified their (Brahma ladies) looks!" he writes. "I almost forget them in the unmistakable effulgence of the most blessed Spirit of God in them—the sexless double nature of the Spirit allied in mysterious affinity to the man and woman alike. And I am changed into Thy nature, O Parent, and lose

myself into the holy humanity of Thy Son!" He gave his anniversary lecture at the Town Hall on the 9th February. The subject of the discourse was "The Brahma Somaj of the Twentieth Century." Since the death of Keshub Chunder Sen, Mr. Mozoomdar had been giving the anniversary lectures every year at that historic hall, when a fairly large representative gathering including some of the high English officials and leading citizens of Calcutta took place." *

"There is an exalted joy always felt before I make a grand statement such as to-day's, not unmixed with a curious nervousness almost amounting to positive fear. But to do justice both to myself and my subject, I carefully prepare, and seldom fail to make an impression. It is an audience that always inspires me, such an audience I rarely find in Calcutta. Here, unless you flatter popular prejudice and pander to the vanity of parties you never excite enthusiasm. But though sailing against wind and tide I manage somehow to reach my point".

Mr. Mozoomdar used to give his lectures extempore. He wrote down beforehand the headings of the different subjects to be dealt with in his lectures, got up the facts and left "the rest to the inspiration of the time." Unfortunately, very few of his lectures were reported *verbatim*. He, however, wrote the substance of his important lectures and published them in the "Interpreter". The general public always attended his lectures in large numbers testifying their interest

* Only on one occasion the meeting was held elsewhere.

in them. This was somewhat encouraging to the lonely worker.

Most of the prominent youngmen of the Church of the New Dispensation now showed him their sympathy, and regularly attended the weekly divine service that he held at "Peace Cottage." The youngmen showed a spirit of independence which he regretted. He thought that this "strong and genuine co-operation" with him would "change the whole future of the movement." "These excellent youngmen," Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "lack grit and fire. If they had as much enthusiasm and activity as they have knowledge and moral character they would positively revolutionise the Brahma Somaj." However, upon what confidence he received from the public and his young friends he now meant to work, as opportunities would come. "I do not mean to be eager or impatient, violent or weak, but calm, clear-headed, strong, faithful, and kindly natured" as a man who feels he has the spirit and blessing of God with him. If I cannot overcome the world I will surely overcome all that is evil in myself."

Calcutta, 10-1-1901

To Babu Nityagopal Roy, Ghazipore.

Your letter was almost too sacred for reply. I read it again and again, and tried to lay it to heart. Yes, on a higher plane of spiritual life the religion of Christ and the religion of the Brahma Somaj shall meet, *has* met at least in the character of one or two. If this our experience is not a dream, it is bound to realise itself in the community of the faithful. This New Dispensation is the world religion and must spontane-

ously put itself in line with the most advanced thought and life of mankind. Is not Christian mankind the most advanced? Before I am called hence I long to be of some service to my fellow believers in that direction. My persecutors would prevent that if they could, but they cannot. Our youngmen seem to welcome my ideal, but they do not quite understand it yet. They have service in Peace Cottage every Sunday. Of course the missionaries are angry, and say vile things, as is their wont. I do not know about the Anniversary except a service for men and women at Peace Cottage, and a discourse in the Town Hall. It remains to be seen how these can be arranged.

We are both well; my head full of ideas. With warm greetings for the new age.

Most affectionately yours,

P. C. Mozoomdar.

About the end of March he went to Ghazipur to celebrate the anniversary of the local Brahma Somaj. The anniversary was so timed as, to include Good Friday which, like Christmas day, many Brahmans devoutly observe. On that day there came from Bankipur Mr. Prokas Chunder Ray, the veteran leader of the Bankipur Brahma Somaj, Mr. Brahmdeo Narayan, Dr. Pares Nath Chatterjee, Principal Devendra Nath Sen and others and all, assembled at the hospitable house of Mr. Nityagopal Roy. The day was spent "most profitably in services and spiritual conversation" and the holy intercourse was continued to the next day. Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "Our companionship is saintly almost ideal. Everyone feels what he ought to be, and how he ought to behave." Referring to his

friend, Mr. Brahmdeo Narayan he writes, "It is striking to think what sweetness, devoutness, and intelligence there is in that man Brahmdeo. Little in figure, unimpressive in presence, lame and lisping in speech, he prays like an angel, talks like a philosopher and acts like an experienced business man. God give him growth!"

He came back to Calcutta on the 9th April, left for his Kurseong home on the 12th and reached there the next day.

15-4-1901.—Physical, mental, spiritual progress begins from the very hour I arrive at this blessed place. Feel I am back again in my element, I grudge to spend a single hour in vain. But what a large part of the day slips from my hands daily! If a man had the thorough mastery of his time and power, and if he had the guidance of God what could he not accomplish? Old in age, but young in zeal, guide me, guide me to the great goal. (Mozoomdar's diary.)

In May he went to Darjeeling on the invitation of Sir John Woodburn, the then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and spent a day and night at the "Shrubbery" (Governor's House). "The first time I have been asked to this sort of thing. It is an honor which I owe entirely to the cordial generosity of Sir John Woodburn. What fine accommodation, what glorious grounds and gardens. Respect and consideration at every step. What means this honor amidst the surrounding dishonor?"

This year Mr. Mazoomdar addressed an Open letter to Bishop Welldon, once Metropolitan of India. The

Bishop gave a lecture on the "Christianisation of India" in England and the letter was written as an answer to it. It was published in the September issue of the *Interpreter*; we quote the following sentences from it:—

"If the Church of India mean the progressive brotherhood who accept with love and honor the spirit and personality of Jesus Christ as the son of God, the revelation of God's nature and purpose, the centre of all human union, then such a Church, though unseen, is every day gaining strength and stature, and the Christianisation of India is a moral certainty. If the Church of Christ in India mean an independent self-governing organisation for common worship and mutual edification, for mutual example and co-operation, for mutual help and practical sympathy in the name and for the glory of God, the great Father of us all, in the spirit of the love of Jesus Christ, the great Brother of us all, ignoring differences of opinion in unessential matters, then such a Christianisation of India is only a question of time. * * Such an organisation, brotherhood, or Church, call it as you may, shall not be unfaithful to the principles of the religious evolution of this land and people, but shall embody in itself the spiritual philosophies, the profound insights, the devotional ecstasies, the ascetic disciplines for which the sages and saints of ancient India were reputed. I beg leave to point out that European Christianity is so very systematic, traditional, local, deficient in warmth and adaptability, that I must be excused for saying, Christ's universal spirit-life is obscured, if not lost, in the formal exactitude that is superimposed. Its lofty standard of personal purity and absolute obedience to the will of a holy God is the chief force which magnetises men more even than the wonderful apostolic fervour of Christian missionaries all over the world. * * * A great national Church, like every other form of national life, must be an unforced growth of the

higher nature of a people according to its own laws, towards the realities of God as revealed in the life of Christ. Such a National Church, I humbly claim, has been founded amongst us, and is growing though not recognised. We feel sure we are doing the work of Christ, and helping the conversion of India to the religion of the Spirit which is destined to be the religion of all mankind. * * * Jesus of Nazareth prophesied that in the near future the Spirit should be worshipped in spirit and truth : he did not prophesy that he himself should be worshipped. He realised the Spirit in every event of his life ; he left his unfinished work and his helpless disciples in the hands of the Spirit when he took his sad departure from them. But to-day all honor and worship, all self-consecration and life-service Christendom has practically reserved for Christ, while the Spirit is relegated to the background, to be referred to at remote intervals rather as a theological abstraction than a Great Personal Being. To all Orientals, and to none more than the Hindus, the reality of the Spirit is a besetting consciousness, and the Spirit's worship "in spirit and truth" is the only worship we know. To us modern Hindus of the Brahma Somaj it is the Spirit Who has revealed to us the Christ, interpreted the Bible, and manifested. His work in the history of the Christian Church, and we feel fully convinced that if India is to be reclaimed from the dead waste of polytheism and idolatry, it will not be by a violent insistence on the Mosaic decalogue, and modern creeds and confession, but by such spiritual awakening as must come from her own history. India's ancient theism interpreted by her own teachers in the light of the Christian revelation and modern science, will unlock her destiny to her. * * * It is not so much the doctrines of the Christian religion as the real and practical initiation of Christ that will impress upon non-Christian races the real causes of the vigor and triumph of the nations of the West, The humiliations and griefs of the

son of God, his services unto death so strangely unrequited, his renunciations and abasements, his forgiving love and redeeming grace will then change our hearts. These are sources of the peace and progress and victory of his true followers, and as his cross was his crown and his defeat was his victory, so must it be in the case of all those men and nations who after Christ are recalled to be the Sons of God. Dealings and details of the personal life of Christians, Christian examples and Christian principles will then convert our minds, always so slow to believe, so unwilling to obey," * * * and my fellow-workers who have devoted ourselves to do what we can to help the great future of India's conversion to a better faith—there is some common ground at least in that—claim that our attitude towards Christ and his religion is that of the devoutest reverence and tenderness, we feel in our heart and conscience we are doing the work which Christ would do if he came on earth again. We would prize it as a privilege if under Divine guidances and grace, both we and our Christian brethren of all classes could find and utilise any and every opportunity that was sent from above to bless India with a pure religion, and a Christ-like standard of religious life."

Bishop Welldon sent a courteous reply to this letter, which with Mr. Mozoomdar's rejoinder was published in the November (1901) number of the "Interpreter."

"The Bishop admitted the rapid intellectual change through which India was passing. The Brahma Somaj bore "witness to the capacity of cultivated Indian gentlemen for entertaining large and liberal ideas." It was his strong conviction that India was called by God to a higher destiny than had been held in past ages, and he looked forward to a time when she would take her stand intellectually and spiritually among the leading nations of the world. Once she had broken through

the bounds which for ages had cramped her energy, the services of Indian thought to Theology would be very valuable. But India would only take her true place in the world's economy when she had "assimilated the doctrines and practices of Christianity."

"In your letter there is much which commands my cordial sympathy; your words upon the nature and function of the Holy Spirit are in full accord with the Christian faith in His indwelling presence. Bishop Welldon did not expect that the Christianity of India would be a mere repetition of Western Christianity, but he hoped that India would develop a native Christian Church based upon "eternal and immutable Christian Truth." He warned Mr. Mozoomdar of the danger of using the language of Christianity without accepting its significance and questioned him whether he meant by Christianity any thing except, "what the Church of Christ has always meant and means today."

In answer to this question Mr. Mozoomdar pointed out that the different Christian denominations used words in different senses. "Take for instance, the all important word 'Redemption'. Would Cardinal Newman and Professor Harnack use this word in the same sense? It was not possible to create a new vocabulary as soon as men entered into a new stage of religious evolution. "We have to stick to old words taking reasonable care against misunderstanding," although misunderstanding could never be avoided. Hence we prefer to use the familiar wellborn phrases leaving to time to show what we actually mean."

Mr. Mozoomdar welcomes the year 1902 with these words;

"With God's blessing on my brow as a crown whose value I am proudly conscious of, what a happiness it is to live in the New Year. I enjoy everything He has given, I do not covet what He has not given, to live and to be happy

is to obey. I am gaining in years, I am gaining in wisdom and purity and joy. I am indifferent to the body's end, but to the utmost I will keep every law of the body and the spirit. When the two agree I shall be very content; when they do not, I will forsake the body for the spirit. I will always watch and control myself, even my spiritual exercises will control. Perfect equipoise of all powers is my ideal of life, the sympathy and friendship of the blessed Spirit of God is my most precious possession. With that for my daily assurance I will work, I will pray, I will contemplate, write, preach, read, eat, walk, sleep, do everything that an obedient child of God may do in this joyous glorious life. So welcome New Year! *Mozoomdar's Diary.*

This year during the anniversary of the Brahmo Somaj he went to Bankipur and Gaya although "great indeed was his sorrow in having to leave Calcutta at the season." "Never had I done such a thing before," he writes, "but it was felt I could more effectively celebrate the festival in an humbler place than in the midst of distrust and disorder of the metropolis." On the anniversary day he consecrated a new place of worship at Gaya.

He, however, returned to Calcutta early in February and gave the anniversary lecture at the Town Hall on "Nationalism, Christianity and the Brahmo Somaj." The festival of the Brahmica ladies was duly celebrated at Peace Cottage. "Beautiful service, beautiful songs, beautiful flowers."

In March he went again to Bankipur and from thence to Ghazipur where he remained till the Easter celebration was over. Brahmo ladies and gentlemen

from Behar gathered at the latter place during this holy festival. "There were about twenty-five assembled and for a week, the prayers, meditations, aspirations and conversations were most intensely spiritual." The following lines are quoted from Mr. Mozoomdar's diary:

March 27th. How to prepare for Easter with such a large party? I can only abase myself to the dust in faith and hope. I have long taken the vow of self-sacrifice. How wonderfully things simplify when I am no more! How wonderfully things are illumined when the light of the Divine countenance falls on them! God is true, all else vain!

March 28th (*Good Friday*). From the dim twilight of day break our Easter celebrations begin hour after hour steadily growing—now in chant, now in worship or prayer, or song chiefly in reading the Gospels, and in the holy intercourse of ideas springing therefrom. The mid-day meal was a real sacrament, the brothers and sisters eating at the same time though in different rooms. Sufficiently exhausted after the evening sermon. Am I nearer to thee, O Son of God Lord Jesus, art thou nearer to me? All these beloved celebrations are but altar stairs to thy throne, to thy crucifixion to thy resurrection, and unending eternal reign.

March 30th. This is the last day the assembly remain together. They have spent these four or five days usefully realising that the household of God is still in the Brahm Somaj; may forget even other relations in that of a true spiritual brotherhood. Blessings be with them, the Spirit attend them in all things.

March 31st. Paresh and his family go back to Bankipur. It has been a delightful gathering. But the Spirit of God separates me from all attachments. I want to owe no man anything but to love and serve. But there is a strange and recurring

vacancy after one has done ones utmost to serve, which nothing but Thy friendship can relieve.

April 2nd. O Son of God, bless me to suffer silently as thou didst suffer ; to serve as thou didst serve, without any return ; to live in the spirit of thy life, and to die as thou didst, forgiving all. O Son of Man, I am a poor old pilgrim helplessly walking to thy abode, receive me, receive me!"

He came to Kurseong by the middle of April and remained there till about the end of October. As his power to serve humanity and minister to its spiritual needs grew he felt a sad lack of response on the part of those whom he meant to serve. This made him sad and feel lonely. In the sacred suggestive solitudes of the Himalayan heights the companionship of the spirit of God gave him much rest and assurance. The indifference of men threw him into the bosom of the parent Spirit. There he was at one with the universal humanity. The effulgence from the great Spirit brought to light its store-house of love and wisdom.

9-2-1902. Straited and broadened—straitened increasingly by my bodily and worldly limitations, weaker, less active, more friendless—broadened in my relations to time and space and all that is contained therein—I let the day go by with its heat and burden and petty annoyances, I enter into the life that is larger than the body, the life of all humanity, the life of God. You, therefore, who hate and hurt my body though you give me trouble, cannot hurt much. The power flows to forgive everything and everybody, it is the power of Eternal Life whose tide flows into me. More life, more life, perfect life, God-life, that is the great solution. If that is obtained, what matters the length of the body's duration? (Mozoomdar's Diary).

Extracts from a letter written by Mr. Mozoomdar to Babu Nitya Gopal Roy. Dated, Kurseong 31-7-02.

I came here to find sanctity, I tried to put away everything artificial, every defilement, every evil, what have I learnt Love, the simplicity and holiness and goodness of love Sanctity apart from love does not exist, for sanctity is not austeritiy, it is more than innocence, much more than morality sanctity is love glorified in suffering. How we complain,—we cowards, slaves of self-indulgence, wanting to deceive our souls by taking up the cross self-appointed. That only adds to vanity, and makes us look big in our own eyes. But one act of humiliation, administered from Above scatters all vain complacence. Good it is to sit sometimes in sackcloth and ashes as did Job. But Christ never did so—his acquaintance with grief was God-given grief, that was his life, that was his death, that was the penalty of his love, the reward he got from "his own" to whom he came. I am sharing in that reward, and this is my only claim to the Divine sympathy of the son of man. Take a share in my share, and let us be one in eternal sonships.

Mr. Mozoomdar had no faith in asceticism of the popular sense of the word. "My nature recoils from self-inflicted suffering, unless for some temporary end. I believe in discipline, but I fear the effects of self-torture." He defines asceticism thus : My definition of asceticism is to "bear in silent trust the tribulations which the unseen Hand sends, to bless those who accuse me, and deny myself pleasure, honor, self-esteem, and everything, in honor of my God." "Believe me," he continues "there is more healthy asceticism in bearing the dealings of God cheer-

fully, and in loving man despite all he has done, than in all the fastings, scourgings, and rags. Cease to indulge thy spite, hatred, and ill-will. Love and do good against all odds : ' nothing demands greater self-mortification than this."

In November of this year the good and kind hearted Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, Sir John Woodburn, died. He "fell at his post like a martyr and hero." We quote the following lines from the *Interpreter* :

The "Interpreter" has lost its best friend among Englishmen in India in the untimely death of Sir John Woodburn. This friendship was not based upon personal considerations, though it often took a personal shape. It was based upon the principles of a common faith, mutual esteem, zeal and sympathy for common good work, almost entirely apart from politics. Sir John was a genuine, whole-hearted Christian, nevertheless I strongly and repeatedly felt that his religion and my religion were essentially one. He not only attended my principal discourses, both in Calcutta and elsewhere, but more than once offered the Durbar Hall connected with the Governor's residence at Darjeeling for my public meetings. This and like honor was never done before to an Indian and non-Christian, and it no doubt required considerable moral courage to do it in the face of the Indo-European public opinion unfavourable to it.

This year he suffered another bereavement in the death of his "earliest friend", Babu Madhab Chunder Roy. He was "a simple-minded, kind-hearted, blameless man", respected by every one and quite successful in life."

The Christmas celebration of this year (1902) at Bhagalpur was a unique event. Mr. Mozoomdar went there on the 24th. December with some of the brethren of Calcutta. There was a representative gathering. Brethren came from Bankipur; Gaya Monghyr and there was those who belong to Bhagalpur.

The following lines from the pen of Dr. Paresh Nath Chatterjee, reproduced from the *Interpreter* (March, 1903) give a short history of the origin of the celebration of Christmas in the Brahma Somaj:—

The Christmas Utsab, as it is being celebrated by us, may be considered a new move in the Brahma Somaj. But it has a little history. It was at first instituted spontaneously at Bankipur about twenty years back by our respected friend Prokash Chandra Roy, whose feelings have been always most warm and loyal towards Jesus Christ. Since then it has taken place regularly every year, with increasing interest and warmth of feelings, and I have the most pleasant and sacred memory of these celebrations. With his wonted zeal and love, Babu Prakash Chunder tried to make these occasions as much interesting and profitable for all as he could.

Our Christmas Utsab was held at different places in different years, amidst the solitude and beauty of natural sceneries, in gardens, on river banks, both in Bankipore and outside it. When the worthy consort of our friend was living, she with her characteristic enthusiasm and goodness infused spirit into these celebrations and rendered her affectionate motherly services to all. These celebrations were always sincere and hearty—they were humble pilgrimages to the spirit of Jesus Christ. This long practice amongst us, I believe, has not gone for nothing. The increasing appreciation, love and loyalty for Jesus arising from this long continuous

practice have, I believe, contributed something to mould the life and character of Bankipur Bramhos.

Our honored friend, Mr. Devendra Nath Sen, principal, Behar National College, Bankipur, writes about the festival at Bhagalpur as follows :—

We had been waiting long in high expectancy for the Christmas gathering and as we journeyed on towards Bhagalpur, through sunlit fields which spread on both sides of the Railway embankment and looked like vast masses of green and yellow and stretched here and there to the dim grey line of horizon, we could consciously feel the swelling up of our hearts in anticipation of the experiences of the season of peace and goodwill. When we reached the town we found that our Calcutta friends had already arrived and had just finished their evening worship. We were received warmly and found ourselves at once *en rapport* with our fellow-believers who had arrived before. That evening we were very cordially entertained by Mrs. and Dr. Chatterjee in their residence about half a mile from the Railway Station. As we sat at dinner the conversation turned on the present condition of the Brahma Somaj and the necessity of a revival. Curiously enough all with one accord were thinking of and discussing the possibility of an organised effort for putting a fresh life into the movement. Next day was Christmas Day. The divine service took place at Dr. P. Chatterjee's house and was conducted by the Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar. Early in the forenoon the worshippers gathered in the spacious hall which had been tastefully decorated with hangings, flowers and greenery. The hymns were sung with great fervour and the service was throughout sweet, solemn and elevating. The minister preached with great feeling and eloquence, and and perhaps never before did we feel the presence of the "Son of Man" so near to our hearts as on this occasion,

He preached that the life of Christ was a life of entire subordination to the will of the Father and that the one object of his life was to glorify God. He spoke also of Christ as the great human exemplar, as the central and representative figure among the prophets. After the divine service, the entire body of worshippers took their breakfast together sitting in long rows, the ladies sitting apart and by themselves. In the evening we met again at Mr. N. C. Mukerjee's place and discussed on the possibility of some organisation for giving effect to the general desire of gathering together the best men of all the three sections of the Brahma Somaj with a view to strengthen the cause of Theism in India and reconciling the existing differences which at present prevent them from joining hands in an united effort to push on the theistic movement in this country. We were all singularly in accord as to the necessity of such an organisation but the details were difficult to settle. There was a divine service next morning at Mr. N. C. Mukherjee's house and we had such services every morning until the breaking up of the gathering. The service was on such occasions conducted by the Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar and the experiences that we had during these services fully confirmed our belief in the possibility of a broad spiritual brotherhood. We felt we were all one in God.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO DR. NRITTO GOPAL MITTER, ARRAH

"My Brother, often remembered, always loved, let my soul embrace thine on this blessed day, that the peace of Christ may abide in us, and grow more and more. Peace Cottage, P. C. Mozoomdar; 24-12-95

Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta from Bhagalpur on the 8th. January (1903), "comforted, encouraged and uplifted."

On the front page of his diary for the year (1903) Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "This year's vow—Renewed Repentance. Striving ceaselessly after sanctification, oneness through the Spirit of Christ with the Spirit of God."

The subject of his anniversary sermon of the year was "Religious Ideals in India Lost and Regained." There was an audience of nearly 700 people, who heard him with unbroken attention. "I felt no decline of voice, or strength, or ideas, only I could not say, as much as I would. O measureless and exhaustless wisdom of God, incorporate me in Thy self entirely and for ever."

"1st July—Concentration of the Spirit, more concentration in everything undertaken. Indeed, not much to do, but whatever is to be done, must be done with the utmost intensity of inner nature. That is wisdom."

2nd October—I stand before Thy door, O Thou great Parent, ever blessed, in fervent grateful love on this my sixty-fourth birth-day, and wait for Thy benediction. Grant to-day a new birth to my soul, a new life of sweetness, sanctity, joyousness, and never-ceasing sense of Thy love. I vow a new self-consecration to Thy service to-day and humbly pray That Thou shouldst give me to see a new way and a new opportunity of that blessed service. Before Thy throne I offer a new love to thy children, a new forgiveness to mine adversaries a good will and blessing to all creatures. *Mozoomdar's Diary.*

To Babu Nitya Gopal Roy, Dehra Dhun,
Kurseong, October 12th. 1903

My Dear Nitya Gopal, yes, you are evidently well

or could not write such a letter. To think that after long waiting you have found a surrounding both of men and things you are so well fitted to is a true happiness to me, only I wish you would continue to enjoy it as long as you can. You have no business engagements to call you away for I believe it has been *proved* that it will be no longer safe to work and worry as you once did. Rest is now your work. But rest in its true sense never means idleness. There are two kinds of energy, the energy of work and the "energy of repose," and the latter is always more powerful, for while the body is inert, the spirit is all the more active, and nothing can withstand that activity. Let the Spirit be a free visitant; close not your doors night or day, in any state of wakefulness or slumber, and I predict a new leaf of life will open in you. The daily renewal of God's grace is an experience which prevents a man's getting old.

One may be feeble or tired, but that is not getting old. You have so often heard me speak of God as Life, that it is time we should feel and live that life. Now is the favorable time with you, my brother, enter into the life of God.

Pray let me have descriptive accounts of Dehra Dhun, and the details of your daily engagements. Give my love to Prakas and Devendra (Prakas Chandra Roy and Devendra Nath Sen of Bankipur), and in whatever I say here I include them.

Yours affectionately,
P. C. Mozoomdar

The greater part of the year, from the beginning of April to the middle of November, he spent at Kurseong.

"The International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal, Religious Thinkers and Workers" held its second General Meeting in Amsterdam, Holland, in September, 1903. Mr. Mozoomdar sent a message to the Conference, which was published in the November issue of the "Interpreter", of the year and is dated, Kurseong August' 1903. We give below a summary of it.—

In Christendom the struggle to emancipate men's mind from the bondage of the authority of traditional theology is going on for full three hundred years. "Great, heroic, historic names have shed their glory on that fight for truth. * * But it is strange to reflect how emancipating the Christian mind from theological fetters with one hand they have tried to reimpose these fetters again and again with the other hand!

The incubus of false religious systems heavily presses upon present day Protestant Christianity almost with as much oppressiveness as upon the Roman Christianity of the middle ages.* * The trouble does not lie in the want of light, as in the want of spirit. Hence it appears needful to labour and aspire that more impulse of the higher spirituality might descend upon the soul, rather than more intellectuality and its manifold protests.

Mr. Mozoomdar's protest against orthodoxy was never unqualified. He felt that there was much to admire in it. "If Brahminism and the Brahmins', their institutions and sacraments, the purity of their caste, the sacredness of their books, and the authority of their expositions departed to-day, to-morrow all Hindu Society with its hundreds of millions would present an absolute moral anarchy, which no amount

of free liberal thought such as we profess in the Brahma Somaj, could hope to resist. Would it be different in Catholic and Protestant communities, in the Roman, Greek, Anglican or Non-Conforming Communities?"

With all our love of truth, freedom, and the sweetness and reality of inner experience how is it that we fail to conquer "the convictions of men's hearts" in the same way as the religious reformers of the past did. This is because the Divine Spirit from Whom, in Whom and into Whom all things are, has not been approached in modern times with the directness, spontaneousness and whole-heartedness which Christ Jesus illustrated (or some of the elder prophets before him in Persia, India or Judea), that alone can penetrate the august secrets of the Eternal. We are often satisfied with philosophical analyses, with poetical impulse, with historic research and individual speculations of all kinds. I repeat these several things are excellent and helpful, they educate and prepare, but they do not appeal to all men. It is faith which kindles faith, it is the perceptions of spiritual experience that awaken the popular mind, it is the prophetic spirit that visualises and interprets the mysteries of God. I deplore the absence of this prophetic apostolic spirit in the modern liberal,—Indian, English or American, * * .How can that spirit be invoked and induced? Is evangelicalism ever inconsistent with rationalism? No, I do not think so, if both reason and faith are developed by the contact of the soul with God. In the education of the religious instinct by rational faith, not reason only, by intense rapt devotions, nor mere rhetorical or reflective prayers, by earnest discipline for the conquest of the passions, not abstract morality, by communion with nature, long intervals of immersed devout thought both in solitude with God and the study of the prophets and prophetic literature, in absolute self-consecration to the service of man, no mere mild philanthropy, lies the culture which modern

theism has not, or very imperfectly attempted. ** The liberal thinker seems to have little confidence in the practicalness of his devotional exercises. He has a growing apathy for whatever is not intellectual and scholarly. The consequence is he has seldom risen to the heights of the enthusiastic perception of Divine realities or gone down to the depths of rapt insight and communion." The liberal religionists should make a new start in religious education.

The doctrine of incarnation is taught in Hinduism, Buddhism and Christianity, in fact it is universal. But Christianity has perfected that doctrine, the perfection lies not in its theology, but in the slow and inevitable progress of the truth that what is Divine is in reality human also, that what is most profoundly human is another name for the Divine, and that essentially God and man in Christ are one. At the same time if the free, world-wide manifestations of God's Spirit and the undeniable freedom of natural aspirations and operations of the Spirit in man be submerged in the inscrutable nature and the mysterious atoning office of the Messiah, then practically God is expunged, man is exterminated, and the Christ remains all in all in the universe. But if the Christ as the individual man, the ideal man, the universal man, as the perfected model for all men becomes the visible illustration of the Divine character, and the type of our relationship to the Heavenly Father, then every man's relation to him becomes definite, because all have to rise and conform to the height and stature of his spirit. And thus alone the lessons of the Religion of Christ become the teachings of Universal Religion. Spiritual Christianity becomes the future religion of the world."

The breaking away from the old system of faith need not be violent. The continuity of spirituality from the stagnant yet profound conservatism to the liberal thought is possible. The resources of Christianity and other world

religions are practically incalculable. It is melancholy to reflect that we liberal thinkers have known so little to use those resources, and have so often to struggle within the narrow limitations of our study, or reasoning or speculative faith. When the Spirit of God pours Himself into the receptive soul, all its powers and possibilities are instantly stretched out; the inspired man penetrated into the great significance of the doctrines, rituals, disciplines and spiritual philosophies of which the religious world is full. * * Popular churches, warring sects, exclusive theologies, endowed and disendowed, there must always be; but the great federation of the peoples of God, who open their hearts to all truth, to all spirit, to all men, must possess the future."

This year early in December Mr. Mozoomdar held a short English service preached a sermon at the Albert Hall of Calcutta. There was a large attendance and proceedings were quite successful. It was his intention to hold the service regularly every Sunday morning as long as he remained in Calcutta. Unfortunately, the gentleman who was in charge of the hall refused to allow its further use. Thus the public was deprived of a service which would have done it undoubted good.

During Christmas he was at Bankipore. The following lines reproduced from the "Interpreter" give a short account of the Christmas celebration of this year.

OUR LAST CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

This annual festival was held at Bankipore on last Christmas day. The gathering of brothers and sisters was large, comprising members of the Sadharan Brahma Somaj

and our own body. Some went up from Calcutta, others from neighbouring towns. It was arranged from the first that the proceedings should be simple and practical rather than over-sentimental and strained, but that they should be real and have their seat in the heart. The celebration lasted for two days and consisted of services, sermons, readings, feastings and conversations in which there was a frequent comparison of personal experiences about Jesus Christ and his teachings.

The main current that ran through these various proceedings was the recognition of Christ as the embodiment of religious life and the adoption of Christ-life as the Law for every man and woman. There was a suggestion generally taken up by those who were present that the regular study of the four Gospels should be pursued, and also that some of the early Christian literature should be read. It was pointed out that our ideas of Christ and the Christian religion were exceedingly sentimental, lacking in accuracy of knowledge or depth of thought. This defect, if allowed to grow, would in time make our relations with Jesus Christ unreal and shortlived. Amongst those who took part in the celebration were Professor Benoyendra Nath Sen of Calcutta, Babu Nitya Gopal Roy of Ghazipore, Babu Rajeswar Gupta of Chittagong, Babu Rajani Kanta Chakravarty of Noakhali, Rev. Uma Nath Gupta, Prakash Chandra Roy and Dr. Paresh Nath Chatterjee. Professor Benoyendra's expositions were much appreciated, so were the prayers and sentiments of Babu Nitya Gopal Roy.

The principal sermon on Christmas day was the birth of Christ in every believer's heart. Christ was the life, the way of life, the law of life. To obtain this gift of Christ-life, the indispensable means was self-consecration to the will and purpose of God, and the motive of that self-consecration was an ardent, whole-hearted love for God and man.

It was evident from these enthusiastic meetings that the personal relations of our men and women with the spirit of Christ remain undiminished, and may be easily aroused into emotions of love and enthusiasm. But that excellent as it is, is not enough. Our knowledge of the facts and principles of the life of Christ is vague and inaccurate, our studies and thoughts are random and lacking in depth. Greater attention to Christ's life as found in the Gospels, and outside the Gospels must be paid, and made an essential art of our spiritual culture. Mutual vigilance and support must be actively maintained that our daily life and conduct may conform to the standard of Christ-life as set forth in our hearts during these Xmas celebrations. It is not an easy thing by any means to know the Christ and be like him. The utmost efforts have to be made before the witness of the Holy Spirit, both individually and conjointly, that the mind of the Son be revealed to us, and that we may ceaselessly gain in the wisdom, love, and sanctity of His divine Sonship. We men of the Brahma-Somaj are fatally accustomed to indulge in emotional intensity on occasions and then fall back to the listlessness of worldly habits when the sober duties of life present themselves. We must combine ourselves to acquire the solid wisdom, unvarying love, and moral integrity without which there can be no communion with Christ and no communion with God.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT BANKIPUR

The significance of the Xmas celebration in the Brahma Somaj can hardly be ignored even by superficial observers. That the gradual growth of the Christ-idea has brought the Church in close relation to Christ-life is beyond all doubt. We, therefore, need make no apology for the celebration of the Xmas, which far from being the observance of a dead form, is an approach to the living Christ. It is the

Spirit-Christ that takes us to the historical Christ showing a unity which makes Christ-life a complete and perfect life. The devotees were thus led, to join the *Utsava* which, as announced previously, was to take place at Bankipur. First of all arrived Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar who was to preside on the occasion. He was followed by Babus Benoyendra Nath Sen and Baroda Prashad Ghosh, both of them coming from Calcutta. The gathering on the Christmas day was a large one, composed of local Brahmans and friends from other places. The hospitality of our Bankipur brethren is too well-known to be mentioned here. A splendid house was secured in one of the healthiest quarters of the town for the celebration of the *Utsava*. The guests were accommodated in this house; and Brothers Prokash Chander, Paresh Nath, Devendra Nath and Kamakhya Nath were always in attendance, most cheerfully looking to the wants of others, quite forgetful of their own. Some Brahmica ladies also left their home and lived in this house to render personal service to their brothers who assembled there in pretty good number. All this was in keeping with the spirit that proclaimed "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will among men." The spiritual ministrations during the three days of the festival were in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Mozoomdar who was in one of his best moods on this festive occasion. He impressed on the congregation that the greatness of Christ-life was to be measured by its power of reproduction, and that the acceptance of Christ to be real, must be by a thorough assimilation of character. True self-sacrifice, he said, consists not in mere "self-denial," or "living for others"; but it is the loving self-surrender to the *Will* of God as exemplified in the life of Christ. In their attitude towards Christ, most of the laymen of our Church, present on the occasion, were at one with Mr. Mozoomdar. This was amply testified by the part they took in the proceedings of the *Utsava*. Besides the

reading of passages from the Bible and the conversation on the life and character of Christ, there were prayers offered by some earnest souls. All these are really hopeful, and indicate the line of progress towards which at least a portion of the community is advancing.

(*Nitya Gopal Roy, Ghazipur*)

CHAPTER XXI

THE LAST DAYS

On parent knees a naked new-born child
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled,
 So live, that sinking in thy long last sleep,
 Thou then mayst smile, while all around thee weep.
 —Ali Ben Ahmed.

The first day of the year 1904 saw Mr. Mozoomdar in Calcutta. The anniversary festival was soon on. "I feel joyous and excited. I would join the celebrations in all Somajes, but my presence would not be welcome," he writes. The anniversary of the Brahma ladies was celebrated in Peace Cottage as usual. The anniversary lecture at the Town Hall of Calcutta came off on 20th. January. This was the last time that he appeared in that hall which is

associated with many a sacred memory in the history of the Brahma Somaj. The audience was larger than that of many years past.

The subject of his discourse was, "Zeal for Spiritual Life." "The grace and fulness of the love of God inspired me. I feel I must be a new man henceforward", he wrote after the lecture.

This was his message to the Brahma Somaj and mankind at large, standing, as it were, on the threshold of the eternity. We reproduce here the substance of the sermon as it appeared in the "Interpreter" and which Mr. Mozoomdar himself wrote.—

ZEAL FOR SPIRITUAL LIFE

(Substance of the 74th Anniversary Sermon delivered at the Town Hall, Calcutta on July 25th 1904)

If our immortal ancestors who made India the home of religions, were to visit these scenes of their earthly labours, to continue their good work what would they do? Would they discuss the dogmas and rules of discipline they laid down or would they recount and reinforce their religious experiences? Undoubtedly, they would do the latter. From nature they climbed to the supernature, from life they climbed to immortality, from low states of struggle they rose to eternal triumph. They would teach us how they achieved this, and by what practical means. For believe me, religion in its usual sense may be an

abstract thing, a thought, a philosophy, even a controversy, but religious life in its essential sense is never abstract, it is always a concrete^o thing, most natural, most homely, most human.^o The spiritually minded man lives outwardly like a wordly man but the whole mechanism of his mind is most different. He abjures all special qualifications, rejects all adjectives, hates theatricalities and is content to be as a mere man. Not so the religious buffoon whose speciality lies in his clothes, in his shavings, in his bathings, in his Sanskrit quotations and other displays too many to mention. Reflect for one moment on the contents of what you call life. Is it matter, is it mind, is it invisible, or is it higher than all things? How countless are the manifestations of the marvellous life that overpresses the universe? Who has calculated its phases, its forms its potencies, its incalculable change and disintegrations, its marvellous re-embodiments its undiminishable fulness? Who has known its mystical meaning, its core, its soul? For life and soul are not different though the one is more outward and the other more inward. What is soul if it is not a living^c soul and what is the worth of the thousand forms of life if there is not a soul to shape or control them? And I declare that God is the life of the universe the life of the mind and the soul, the eternal centre working out to the verge of the eternal circumference.

Yet stop to behold the wonderful self-concealment

and self-alienation of God. He has retreated behind the facts and laws of His own making and so few have found his hiding place, that the "fool in his heart hath said there is no God." He has so completely alienated Himself from the meanest to the mightiest among men and things, that the great machinery of the universe seems to go on by virtue of the merest law of succession, the iron law of cause and effect without any interference, any intrusion, or apparent control from the Maker and Master of the creation. Yet it is impossible for man, fool or philosopher to live contentedly in utter forgetfulness of divine things. We must search and seek, prey and aspire, weep and work to find our God. There is a soul-hunger, a spiritual thirst, an inexpressible poverty and helplessness which none but God can satisfy. Led by these irrepressible impulses man the mysterious pilgrim, goes in quest for him, for whom his whole nature craves. This life-long pilgrimage, this ceaseless wandering, this want and fever of the soul, this seeking, finding, losing, labouring to find again makes the possibility and path of practical religion. Its first component is cultivable faith. Faith is more than opinion, more than belief, more than creed. It is the soul's perception of unseen realities, which neither the bodily senses nor the discursive reason can describe or comprehend. Usually men are content to be taught anything, to believe in anything, to prostrate themselves before anything. But really and essentially, living and life-giving faith is the wonderful

vision of God and the vision of humanity, the vision of immortality. In its complex relations every one of which is true and everlasting, faith makes spiritual life everlasting and ever true. Such instinctive impulse of faith holds on to God, holds on to humanity and to its own eternal destiny with a grasp whose tenacity can never relax. To it God is not a tell-tale God, a historical tradition, but a presence and living personality, which nothing can put by. The second component of practical religions is the devotional sentiment. The religious dogmas shall at times dry into dead men's bones; rules and disciplines would make slavery, the sacred books may tire or fail to be understood, but the devotional sentiment is like a well of living waters that sustains everything, sweetens all experiences, and brings life and greenness to the whole domain of spiritual life. Therefore, in all religions, specially the religions of India, the part played by sacred and profound emotion is an inseparable part. Emotional riches and resource make the greater part of Indian spiritual life; ecstasies bring revelations in their train; inner joys are the solace of the afflicted man of God. *Yet one word of warning against the extravagance of religious emotion is necessary.* One must have the soberness to test the power of sentiment by its effects on character. If the occasional flow of devout feelings leave no fruitful deposit in the conduct of practical life, in the control of the senses, in the purity of the heart, that feeling

may be a self-delusive treachery to be repressed and not to be indulged. *The two best safeguards against this danger are the devout reason and the delicate conscience.* When this balances the emotion, and that balances the other two, then is spiritual life a heavenly scene. In the third place, practical religion means practical morality. There is a certain kind of moral character that is independent of religion. Whether it is not a mode of expediency, a mutual understanding about comfort, utility and respectability I will not say; but this I do say that moral restraints which are always more or less painful have no obligation and no authority outside the self-sacrifice, sanctions and prohibitions of spiritual life. Perhaps one might say more. Self-control even if impracticable cannot be the goal of the spiritually-minded man. The profounder need of the soul is not for the mere accomplishment of self-suppression, its need is for something that is in the character of God who is our model. His blessed attribute is no mere self-control (which in the Divine nature is absurd) but perfect sanctity and holiness. Morality occupies the lower ground of restrain and police rule. Holiness is one supreme condition in which pure-mindedness and deepest love unite. There, such a thing is possible as passion for saintliness, an ambition for holiness which mere moralists are not familiar with. When these three things faith, devotion and sanctity unite, their result is spiritual in-sight which searches all things knows all things, even masters the secrets of the

Eternal. Try to acquire the supreme gift of insight whose application to all concerns of life is infinite. It searches nature and establishes science; it searches society and discovers political and economic wisdom, it searches man's thoughts and motives and finds morals and philosophy. It searches the purposes of God and receives revelations. Profound insight, born of profound experience, is the true credential of the spiritual man. But in substitution of these supreme virtues what do we usually get? Platitudes; attitudes; latitudes. Men talk big on religious matters, utter all the parrot lore from books and schools, adding thereupon verbosity upon verbosity, windy rhetoric and immature secondhand metaphysics, and lay it out for our acceptance. All the counterfeit religion we find everywhere is the effect of this cause. Next to such platitudes come the attitudes of various kinds which the teachers of false religions make to impress the public, the pretensions to authority and supernatural power; the so-called miracles, mind-cures spirit rappings and other feats of religious jugglery. Much of the present scepticism and half-belief is the result of such practices. Unbounded latitude, is the necessary reaction against commonplace and unreality. The latitudinarians make their own likings the laws of their religious life. Hence the self-indulgences, defiance of public opinion, the repudiation of national instinct in social and moral innovations that characterise a section (a small section happily) of educated Indians in this city. Bitter and

sad experience will be the consequence of these things. But there is no doubt that some day the progress of spiritual religion will absorb the extremes, and turn them to some wholesome purpose in the future formation of life and character.

5.2.04. This old warhorse still dances to the music of drum and fife, and snorts for the Lord's battle-field afar or near, but soon feels the curb of bridle and bit which age tightens round the mouth. Are my races really run, are my battles really over? In one sense Yes, in one sense No. for so long as life lasts the war of life lasts. I have, retired from the world. I have done the noisy work. O, I would rather not fight with the competition, rivalries, inhumanities of this mean environment. I would worship and contemplate, and serve in quiet and peace. I am not my own master, not the keeper of my life or the arbiter of my future destiny. The blessed Father well know how to dispose of me. May thy will be done. The present moment is only my concern, and it is full of joy and sanctity. *Mozoomdar's diary.*

On the 23rd February he paid a visit to Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore. "Feeble, broken down, sightless and deaf he received me warmly and recounted old relations. It did me good. He has indeed long, long overstayed the ordinary lease of life, but he lived in God, not with the old vigor and zest, but with the old tenderness and conviction."

Good-Friday, was solemnly observed in Peace Cottage. On Thursday evening there were readings from the Bible and discussion. On Friday morning divine service was held which Mr. Mozoomdar conducted. On Saturday

he gave a lecture in the Albert Hall on "The Meaning and message of Good-Friday."

Mr. Mozoomdar said that Easter was not exclusively a Christian celebration. Before Christianity had arisen, Germany, France and even England celebrated the great feast of the advent of spring. But no festival, no celebration explained the meaning of Good Friday as a celebration of the Christian Church. What was the meaning? The meaning was that death was a passing shadow, a vain spectre, a temporary visitation, that life after death was the reality, that life was for ever and death was for a short while, that life was universal and death was temporary and local. Jesus Christ was not a mere man among men, not a mere prophet among prophets; he was the universal man, the universal prophet, and what typified him and what had happened to him and what was celebrated of him, did not merely concern him as a Jew or as a religious man or as a prophet, but it concerned him as the Son of Man and the Son of God. Hence, therefore the message of Good Friday appealed universally,—appealed to all men. It was a rebirth, it was an ascended life, it was a resurrection from death to the immortal life—it was the deepest significance of immortality. To most men immortality was a speculation, death was a dread, and life was a matter of fact. In Christ's history, in the history of Christ's resurrection immortal life was an experience, death was a false phantasy, a proved delusion. Immortality was personal consciousness, the reality of existence in every particular detail, in all that made the truest life.

Calcutta, April 2nd, 1904

To Babu Nitya Gopal Roy.

Ghazipur

This is the first time in a long series of years that I have spent Good Friday without you and hence you have been

constantly in my thoughts. Pares is here [Dr. Pares, Nath Chatterjee of Bankipur], Nibaran is here [Mr. Nibaran Chunder Mookerjee of Bhagalpur], and many of our local friends joined. I am not as strong as I would wish, but I have not spared myself, and am not much worse for it.

We must no more content ourselves with a *subjective* Christ, or with a subjective God, the creature of our own sentiment—we must wait and work for an *objective* independent revelation to which we are to struggle to grow with every thing good that is in us, and with nothing so much as spiritual character. But even to the highest character Christ shall be a divine Revelation, a Personal Being, an outside inevitable Reality, filling history as well as filling the heart. There is a graciousness, strength and tranquility in the following of Christ and his resurrection as there is in nothing else. It is not one's own making, it comes I know not why or how. I am not sorry that I have loved Christ I am sorry only that I have not surrendered more, there is a stage of theism that shall come when we have subjected ourselves more completely to the Christ-life, then shall we be admitted into a more interior sanctuary of the Father's household with a deeper and truer sense of eternal sonship. We have gone to the utmost stretch of our teacher. There is nothing further to reach with our present centre which is our own self. With the risen Christ the eternal Son how much farther we can travel in the spiritual realm, who knows? There is not much of this long pilgrimage now left to me, and again and again the warning comes that it is time to be making ready. I would fain walk at this fast-falling evening hour with the figure of son of God at my side, I would fain wander no more from my destined home. Abide with me, O spirit of Christ Jesus, abide with me!

Yours affectionately
P. C. Mozoomdar

We find here the maturity of his relation to Jesus Christ. We have seen how in early youth in the midst of his spiritual isolation and keen sense of sin he learned to rely on the loving personality of Christ. Later on, in the midst of his many trials, sorrows and disappointments he tried to follow closely the Christ-life : Now in the evening hours of his life the same ideal had grown larger to which he was struggling to grow with everything good that was in him and with all the force of his spiritual character. Nothing but complete subjection to Christ-life, which means absolute self-surrender to the ever merciful loving God, can fulfil this spiritual ideal. What Mr. Mozoomdar eagerly desired was that his benighted country men and men in general should always keep before them and follow faithfully the Christ-life for the perfection of their spiritual character. This ideal life is no creation of the human mind, but the historic life as lived by Jesus, which is recorded in the Gospels, and which finds illustrations in those bands of faithful believers who have followed the Master since he preached in Palestine.

On the 9th. April he left Calcutta and reached Kurseong the next day. The following lines are quoted from *Interpreter*.

MY RETREAT REGAINED

I have once more crawled back to my retreat from the heat, plague, and prostration of Calcutta. The difference indeed is great, the temperature alone being something like

fifty degrees lower! It is stepping into another climate in the space of less than 24 hours. Then the immense difference of scenery and surrounding. Kurseong does look a little sunburnt and faded, spite of the spring visitation, but who can take away the forests and clouds, the grass of the valley and the sunlight uplands, or the well-combed plantation of tea? It is the soul's coming home so long forsaken, haunts which were waiting for me as I was waiting for them.

Nevertheless, the activities and utilities of the city have refined and exalted me. I must confess I return a fuller and better man than when I went down. It is the culture, and sanctification of the soul one seeks, that comes as much from friction in the common work along with your fellowmen, as from solitude and continued meditation. But for Calcutta with all its disagreeables to body and mind with all its strenuous duties and shoulder-rubbings with society I would not be fit for the rest and tranquility of my retreat.

But here I am at last. All the unaccomplished vows of late years demand renewed effort, all the unattained sanctities demand fresh struggle, all the half-conclusions of meditation fresh thought. My relations with the Spirit must be reviewed, retried and re-established; the Spirit must be discovered in his unknown hiding places in the heart. My relations with my brothers in this land and all lands must be reviewed, and renewed, refined, elevated, until they really form a part of my relations with God. I must get blessings, if possible and give blessings unto all. There is so much of study and thought, so much of devotion and self-consecration, so much of true wisdom and light to attain that I have not an hour to lose. I must give myself up wholly to my God. There is too much of the world, of self, of sin still left in me; so many scars still unhealed; so many bitter memories to cast away; so much Christ-life to be perfected by the grace of Heaven that I have not a day, not an hour to lose. Let

me address myself then to the virtues of forbearance, forgiveness, and strenuous endeavour. But I am old and feeble and alone, I need help from God and man. My spirit is willing, but my powers failing. Nearer, nearer to Thee draw me, O blessed God, that I may make the best use of my time in my retreat.

Within a few weeks after his arrival at Kurseong he developed serious symptoms of illness. On the 3rd June he writes in his diary as follows :

“For fully a month I have been more or less seedy, an obstinate cough clings to me making speech most difficult, fever at night, general malaise the whole day, and weakness of the bowels latterly, all of which makes me exceedingly miserable and useless. The continued bad weather since we came accounts for this.”

A diabetic patient as he was, though the disease did not make much progress prior to his present illness owing to his regular habits and possibly to frequent change of climate, he now developed pulmonary phthisis, and rapidly declined. With great care and not a little anxiety on the part of his attending friends he was brought down to Calcutta. The following prayer is quoted from his diary.—

19th. June, Morning, Living God, I am thine living or dying. Lord, be thou mine. I have lived in thee, I have rested in thee. Now whatever befalls me, let me be thine wholly. In these shifting uncertainties of the world, oh, let my soul rest in thy reality only, Grant that depression or fear or sorrow of the clinging affections of the world may never stand in the way between me and thee. As thou

art resplendent in strength so when powers decline be thou resplendent in sorrow and gloom. Eternal wisdom so move me and influence me that in thy strength I may feel ever strong and in thy peace may ever feel rest. So living and dying be thou mine.

Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta on the 21st. June "safely and comfortably." His friend Dr. R. L. Dutt, who now undertook his treatment, received him at the station and brought him in his own carriage to Peace Cottage. Mr. Mozoomdar hoped that he would "begin to grow well now." He rallied a little and came to Simultala for a change where Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee placed his palatial house at his disposal.

25th. July.—Reached Simultala at 5 P. M. Journey so uncomfortable that I felt quite sick on landing. Mr. R. N. Mookerjee's house very fine. Prokas Chunder (Mr. Prokas Chunder Roy of Bankipur) waiting to receive and help me. What a truly good soul he is! No one like him in all the Brahma Samaj now. God bless him with a long life.

27th.—Took a long walk in the rain and wind, and not any worse for it. So I am really recovering.

2nd September.—Benoy (Professor Benoyondra Nath Sen) comes bringing a fine basket of fruits. His presence cheers me.

7th September.—Feel just a little improved with better weather.

8th September.—Naloo (Rev. Promotha Lal Sen) comes with the proofs and manuscript of *Asis*. (His autobiography to Bengalee, "*Benediction*,") Much encouraged.

17th September.—Leave Simultala for Bankipur after a stay of fully a month and half. Have not derived the benefit

I expected, but perhaps would have done worse anywhere else considering the time of the year.

° Babu Nitya Gopal Roy of Ghazipur, Simultala,
August 22nd 1904.

Regret I have not been well and am not well now. Every symptom persists, cough, constipation, sleeplessness, the latter the worst. Only the fever is gone. But on the whole I am stronger than in Calcutta. Pares has been twice here, and with Brahmdeo and others strongly advises a temporary removal to Bankipur for medical consultation and aid. I may have to go and soon. I am in a fix out of which I cannot escape. Patience and faith are all now left to me. * * *

Wishing you peace and prosperity of spirit

Always affectionately yours

P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

He stayed at Bankipur for a month carefully nursed by those whom he always looked upon as his own. Unfortunately his illness increased there and he became more and more prostrated,

Simultala, Aug. 29, 04.

My dear B.—

We returned from Bankipur last Saturday, I was well and cheerful there in comparison. But the medical consultation at which three doctors were present was unanimous that the left lung was affected. Two said tuberculosis would set in in due course, out P—did not agree. He thinks the fluid would be absorbed and otherwise disposed of. I am of the latter opinion. But one can't help feeling as if his death warrant is being written. I cannot say I am very depressed but I cannot ignore possibilities, What is to be done? Where can I go? For here I cannot stay beyond the first week of Sept. It is impossible to go back to Calcutta until some im-

improvement in the weather takes place. So we are deciding to return to Bankipur, take a good-sized house and be under P's treatment. (Dr. Pares Nath Chatterjee.)

Give all this matter your earnest and careful consideration, and write as early as you can. I am getting into deep waters now and trust the Almighty Arm will support me.

"1st October.—Sixty-fifth birthday to-morrow. Broken down by six months' severe illness, infirm, inactive, this is not a bright time, and little enthusiasm, but my wife says she must celebrate it. I hope she will do it modestly and quietly. Is it to be my last birthday on earth? Something says "No," and there will be a happier celebration in future? Well I have work in my mind to do, 'work before me, work which the country needs. If God will spare me in his mysterious providence my great thought is to devote myself more completely to his purpose than I ever did before. (Mazoomdar's Diary).

A letter from Mr. Mozoomdar to a friend.

Bankipur, Oct. 1, 04.

First Oct. does not find me nearer to recovery. Tomorrow is my 65th birthday. Last birthday? Whether or not my choicest blessings like fresh flowers on your head.

9th October.—Distinct traces of blood were noticeable in the sputum. This leaves no doubt as to the character of my illness. To combat it I must flee to a better climate and more careful feeding. Where, how? This place is growing daily unfit.

15th October.—A sudden increase of illness, owing I think to strong east wind blowing for the last day or two. No letter from Dr. Dutt intimating any wish to come and examine me. No intimation from Dehra that a house has been engaged. Doubt whether we can leave to-morrow.

17th October.—Fearful rain and wind, Expected to sleep well but did not.

18th October.—Feel very unwell and prostrate.

19th October.—Propose to start for Dehra Dhun to-morrow. If Providence will permit remains to be seen. Mr. Mozoomdar's Diary.

This is the last entry in his diary written with an unsteady hand.

He was taken to Dehra Dhun where he remained for a few weeks. He had to undergo a serious surgical operation there, and was brought back to Calcutta in November (1904), when it was thought safe to remove him.

It must have become clear to him now what end his illness would take. All the sacred vows and spiritual culture were put to their severe test through a long and painful illness. A vivid ineffaceable consciousness of life in God was uppermost in him and was the source of his peace and strength.

During the anniversary festival he was bed-ridden. Doctors had peremptorily forbidden even the least excitement. Friends talked of having the *Brahmica Utsab*, ladies' anniversary, somewhere else. But the saintly patient would not submit to such a proposal. The ladies were invited and came as usual,—"the cultured, the refined, the beautiful, the devout from all the households in our community" to carry away "with them some touch of the Divine which open their eyes to a higher culture, a purer refinement, a nobler Beautiful than they were familiar with in their daily life in the world." Mr. Mozoomdar

could not conduct the service, but he had himself brought down on an easy chair to the place of worship. He wrote a short message & prayer with his shaking hand which was read out to the ladies in his presence. It runs thus:

১৩১১ সন ৮ই মাঘে শান্তিকুটীরে ব্রাহ্মিকা-উৎসবে
 শ্রদ্ধাস্পদ প্রতাপচন্দ্র মজুমদারের শেষ
 উপদেশ ও প্রার্থনা ।

ধনুবাদ, শত ধনুবাদ মঙ্গলময় পরমপিতা পরমেশ্বরকে, হে প্রিয়তমা ব্রাহ্মকথাগণ, যে, চল্লিশ বৎসরকাল হইবে এই সাষৎসরিক উৎসব মধ্যে একদিন তোমরা আমার কুটীরে আনন্দোৎসব কর । এবার যদিও আমি অবস্থান্তর বটে, তত্রাপি এ প্রথা রহিত হইতে দিতে পারি না, স্মরণ্য অদ্যকার শুভ অনুষ্ঠান । তবে এবার প্রভেদ এই আমার কথার আলোচনা করিতে চাই না । আমাদের দেবতা জীবন্ত দেবতা,—জাগ্রত, নিদ্রিত নয়—ক্রিয়াবান্, নিষ্ক্রিয় নয়—উপস্থিত, দূর নয় । স্মরণ্য জাগ্রতভাবে, জীবন্তভাবে তাঁহাকে পূজা করিতে হইবে, ইহাতে মুহূর্ত্তেকের জগৎ ক্রটি না হয় । দ্বিতীয় কথা এই, বিশ্বাস ভক্তিতে এই জীবন্ত পিতার দর্শন লাভ করা তাঁর সহবাসে যথার্থই মগ্ন হওয়া, তাঁর সন্দর্শনকালে আর সমস্ত বিষয় বিস্মৃত হওয়া । তৃতীয় কথা, তাঁর ইচ্ছা ও অবজ্ঞা হৃদয়ঙ্গম করিয়া সকল কার্যে তাঁর বশবর্ত্তিনী হওয়া । সর্বদা স্মরণে রাখিও সকল কর্তব্যে পরমেশ্বরের দাসীতুল্য আজ্ঞানুবর্ত্তিনী হওয়া সম্ভব, ইহাই ধর্ম্মসাধন । শেষ কথা এই, ভগবান্কে মানুষের ভিতর দেখিয়া পরস্পরকে আন্তরিক প্রেম করা, মানুষে প্রেম ইহাই ধর্ম্মের প্রকৃত পরিচয় । অনেক দিন অনেক

কথা বলিয়াছি, আজ আর সে দিন নাই, আমার চলিবার বলিবার সাধ্য
অতি সামান্য। এই জন্ত একটা মাত্র সার কথা বলিলাম।

হে প্রেমমূর্তি, চির, পরিচিত চির প্রিয়তম মাতা পিতা, জীবনের
আরম্ভে তুমি, জীবনের অন্তে তুমি, জীবনের প্রত্যেক অবস্থায় তুমি,
তুমি এই ব্রাহ্মিকাদিগকে বিশেষ আশীর্বাদ কর। তুমি ইহাদিগকে হীন
অবস্থা হইতে উদ্ধার করিয়া আনিয়াছ, যথার্থ উচ্চ গতি দিয়া ইহাদের
ধর্মজীবনকে সার্থক কর।

পুরাতন সেবক ও বন্ধু

শ্রীপ্রতাপচন্দ্র মজুমদার।

(Translation) Thanks, many thanks, to gracious God, Father of us all, that for the last forty years, O dear daughters of God, a day has been set apart during the anniversary celebrations when you have your joyous festival in my cottage. This year though change has taken place in the condition of my health, I cannot allow this practice to be stopped: hence the happy celebration of today. I do not wish to talk on vain subjects. Our God is a living God,—awake, not sleeping active, not inactive—present, not at a distance. Therefore worship God with a living awakened soul. Be not unmindful about it ever for a moment. Secondly, you have to see the living Father in faith and love, be immersed in the enjoyment of His company and be forgetful of every thing else when you see Him. Thirdly, understand His will and order and obey Him in all your works. Always remember that it is possible to be obedient to God like His hand-maiden in all your

duties : this is religious culture. Lastly, see God in all men and love them, with all your heart; love of men is the true test of a religious character. Long have I spoken to you on many topics, those days of mine are gone. There is very little strength of life in me to talk or move. Therefore I have spoken to you only these few words of truth.

O loving God, our ever-known ever dear, Father and Mother, thou art in the beginning of life, thou art in its end, and in its every circumstances, bless these Brahma ladies with a special blessing. Thou hast lifted them up from a low condition, now by raising them to a higher order of life make their religious life a blessing to them.

OLD SERVANT AND FRIEND
 PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

About the begining of Mr. Mozoomdar's present illness he asked Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore for his photo. A nice small oil-painting was sent. In the room where he spent the last few months of his life, in an invalid state, and just opposite his favourite seat, Mr. Mozoomdar had this portrait of the Maharshi hung on the wall over another picture shewing the loving features of his beloved friend and minister Keshub. Lower down was his own portrait (an unpretentious looking but faithful likeness in print). He wanted to hang a portrait of Raja Ram Mobun Roy at the top, but no good picture of the Raja could be had.

He asked the writer to remove his own portrait to a less dignified position, but he could not comply with this request.

Mr. Mozoomdar kept a keen interest in Russo-Japanese war, that was going on at the time. His sympathy was with Japan. During his illness the writer recited to him every evening a summary of the day's news, as it was reported in the daily papers, specially the progress of the war, and he was evidently pleased to hear of the victories that Japan gained in the successive battles.

Sometime in March, 1905, Mr. Mozoomdar dictated to the present writer an article headed, "Reconstruction in the Brahmo Somaj (A decadence)," which was published in the April issue of "East and West" of the same year. This was his last message to the Brahmo Somaj, which we reproduce below in full. As the dictation was over I looked up and saw to my amazement that his eyes were full of tears. Except at the time of worship I never saw him weeping. From the few words that he uttered in a very low voice I gathered that it pained him much that though he was alive his hands could not write any more nor mouth could talk much. A life of inactivity he detested most. But was he really inactive? Far from it. His whole soul was active. The quiet and meek endurance of all the pains and inconveniences attendant to a long illness, his faith glowing with the sense of God and immortality, the frequent silent prayers offered to

Heaven—these were now the activities of his soul activities which survived the cold hand of death.

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE BRAHMO SOMAJ
(A Decadence)

When I joined the Brahmo Somaj in about 1859 its condition was not very high. Decidedly there is remarkable progress at present in every line. But even now there is an apparent decadence which is striking. Since Keshub Chunder Sen's death in 1884, his "church" has steadily declined, till of late it seemed as if it could not sink lower. Of very late, however, by the steady efforts of his family, his "church" has made a rebound upwards. The straying missionaries and some critical members of the congregation have reconstructed Keshub's "church" (that is to say, the place of worship where he presided). It is well attended now, and evidently doing well. But the reconstruction has been made on the ground that the pulpit of the "church" must be kept everlastingly vacant in Keshub's honour, and that not a jot or tittle is to be altered or affected in the service or ritual as laid down by him. This is very complimentary to Keshub's memory from his children; but it has been purchased at a price too dear to be paid. If this condition had been agreed to two decades ago, the terrible heart-burning and undoubted degeneracy of that period could have been avoided. If Keshub had been consulted he would never have agreed to such reconstruction, because it would mean the surrender of a fundamental principle. My sympathy with the reconstruction is sincere, but it is a modified sympathy. From the very beginning the claim of the Brahmo Somaj was its "universality," all theists of whatever race or clime, were to look upon it as their *own* church. The present reconstruction, however, forever falsifies that claim. Theists of all climes and races will not look upon that place of worship as their *own*, which keeps its pulpit

everlastingly vacant in honour of one individual, however great.

The second claim of the Brahmo Samaj was its spirituality. It professed to worship the Spirit God in daily access and direct communion, untrammelled by other men's words and forms. The present reconstruction, however, binds all worshippers so hard and fast to Keshub's forms and ritual that the freedom of spirit in the old sense has more or less to be abandoned. There is one section of the Brahmo Samaj that does not submit to all this. The Sadharan Brahmo Samaj is now the most popular Brahmo Samaj, and it has nothing to do with the everlasting vacancy of the pulpit or the verbal adherence to speech and form. It works by committees in public resolutions, and its proceedings are thus far above-board. Committees and resolutions are good things, but they never brought redemption either to an individual or to a community. The spiritual progress of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj remains, therefore, somewhat of a doubtful quantity, though its attempts at constitutional reforms are highly respected. Keshub Chunder Sen's intimate followers are some of them spiritually-minded men, but their mutual differences and disesteem are so ineradicable that the whole movement has often been at the brink of utter ruin by the ill-feeling of its so-called apostles.

The next thing in the Brahmo Samaj was the profession of religious vitality. Our reforms, our institutions, we claimed, were all *living*. Certainly, they have been all but *dead* till very recently; and it remains to be seen how much new life the present reconstruction brings with it. Our girls' schools, newspaper organs, social intercourse are many and high-spirited organisations. But have they the element in them which gives spiritual life and apostolic fervour? I know they will continue—the longer, the better. But for higher spiritual life we must look for other agencies.

From my early youth I have looked upon the Brahma Somaj as altogether unique. Its promises and potencies are capable of yielding the noblest results, both in life and aspiration. I have the same conviction now as strongly as before. I believe that it has religious and moral elements which, worked out under the influence of spiritual exercises and spiritual leaders, will make the Brahma Somaj, as it once promised to be, the church of the modern educated Hindu. May God grant that this be so, is the prayer of my old age !

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.

Now how am I to describe the patience and resigned tranquility of the saintly patient! During the long tiresome twelve months of illness, nobody heard an expression of pain or a word of complaint escape his lips. Calm and self-subdued, there he lay in his bed, rendering a still higher ministry of faith and love, than what he did when in health and vigour. It was no uncertain thing to him whether he was to go, or what to become of him after death. The most oft repeated prayer that he was heard to say in those days was, "Mother" take me home.' It was like the stretching forth of the arms of a child to go to the loving bosom of its mother. When the pain was severe or life otherwise very tiresome, a song or prayer had a most soothing effect upon him. No one who has not seen it can form an adequate idea of the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. It was the conquest of the love of God over sickness and death,

During the greater part of his illness Mr. Mozoomdar

was under the treatment of Dr. R. L. Dutt, assisted by Dr. Satyendra Nath Sen. The close attention that Dr. Dutt and Dr. Sen paid to the saintly patient was beyond all praise.

But all accounts of Mr. Mozoomdar's life are incomplete if the self-sacrificing zeal with which some of his friends and followers nursed him during the fatal illness is not mentioned. It was the fitting close of a life that spent itself in the service of others. Day and night, they, headed by the sweet-souled Professor Benoyendra Nath Sen, who, alas, so soon followed him, watched by his bed-side; attended to all his wants, and often did menial services. No good son could serve his parent more faithfully during the hour of trouble.

Nor should we forget to mention the kindly attention paid by his American friends, who remaining at a distance, were ever watchful on him. They collected a sum of money and forwarded it to him so that he might be kept comfortable in his illness.

The following graphic account of him, in his sick-bed, written by a friend, is reprinted from the World and the New Dispensation.

WAITING FOR THE CALL.

A faint smile lit up Mr. Mozoomdar's faded countenance as we entered his bed-room. We found him a mere shadow of himself. Almost all the life and vigor have gone out of those eyes which were once so full of translucent lustre and of an expression so deep, so mysterious, so forceful. Pain and suffering have left their impress upon the noble

brow, but the composure that resigns over it bespeaks the triumph of the spirit over the terrible illness which has held him in a death-like grip all these months of patient suffering. His limbs, once, so handsomely shaped, have become, almost atrophied, the heart-beats thrill uncertainly through his scanty bed-clothes, his breath comes and goes so feebly that one feels with a sense of awe how near he is to the dreaded consummation and marvels with what a wondrous tenacity he clings to life. His has been a life of strict and rigorous hygienic discipline and that alone can account for the reserve of vitality which he still seems to possess.

His friends have come from far and near to see him and are attending upon him day and night tenderly, lovingly and devotedly, and the spectacle is altogether edifying. Every afternoon the throng of visitors who come to enquire or to have a silent look at the much loved face is sometimes an embarrassment to the medical attendants. Those who had the privilege of knowing him intimately have always borne testimony to his singularly affectionate nature. As the time of parting is drawing near, his intercourse with his friends' is increasing in tenderness and sweetness. He has been loyal to every relation of life and that loyalty is now burning with as clear a lustré as ever. To the aged, devoted wife to whose selfless and unremitting toil we have owed, not to a small degree, the preservation of his life and usefulness to the faithful followers whose lives have been built up through his example and ministrations to the many dear friends who have always been loyal to him, and have now come from long distances to see him, he shows the most tender, the most loving attachment. He has been preparing them as he has prepared himself for the sad but inevitable parting. He is waiting for the call with patience and resignation. When we think how strenuously active he has been all his life, we cannot but contemplate with a deep sadness the

painful almost tragic inactivity of his present state. His voice is almost gone, he has lost the use of his lower limbs, he cannot sit up without help and it causes him painful effort even to turn his sides. How strong and masterful his life has been, how weak and helpless his bodily infirmity has made him! And yet the strength of his will has not been in the least impaired, he thinks as clearly and feels as vividly as ever and every little event of his sick-room life is under his control. Most of his waking moments are passed in prayer, ejaculation and silent communion. The burning faith which has guided him through life is his strongest help now and will carry him through this last sublime trial. He said one day, "My faith has carried me through all the storm and stress of my life and will take me safely through this trial also. He speaks of the next life and of personal immortality with an assurance and firmness of conviction which convinces and reassures without the need of any argument. He is fully prepared for the parting, and said one day, "My sight is gone, my limbs have lost their strength, my voice is also gone, why am I still here? But I cannot go unless I am called. I am waiting for the call." As we watch him lying calmly and patiently in his couch and bravely triumphing over the pain and suffering of this long and protracted illness, we wonder if his sufferings and the way he has been bearing them are not a higher ministry unto us than the ministry of active service. He asked us to pray that peace may come to him. We could only pray him in return to make us sharers of the divine peace which was glowing through the thin veil of suffering resting upon his countenance. His struggle symbolises the struggle which must come to all of us, his triumph it is an earnest of the promise which faith holds out to all of us.—D.

A few weeks before his death one evening Brother Promotha Lal Sen brought him a copy of his last book

Ashis, "Benediction," just out from the press. Mr. Mozoomdar had then already gone to his bed for sleep. As soon as he heard of the book he sat on his bed; took it in his hand with a joyful face, and placed the same on his head by way of expressing thankfulness to Heaven for its publication. The book, written in Bengalee, contains some autobiographical sketches, as well as his latest spiritual experiences. He wished that some of his friends would publish an English version of it.

As the end drew near he was often seen lying with his two hands on his chest, and rarely spoke. This was an attitude of communion with God. "For the last week he was wholly speechless, but signs were not wanting that there was an unclouded consciousness within and the face throughout bore an expression of resigned serenity which could come only from a deep communion with the Spirit within."

On the afternoon of 21th May, Saturday, as Mrs. Mozoomdar was going to give him a dose of medicine he forbade her making signs; immediately after this the soul left for the immortal home. It was at 2-27 p. m. Besides Mr. Mozoomdar Rev. Brojo Gopal Neoyogi, who served him so assiduously during the illness, was present there.

The same evening the funeral procession, which numbered some two hundred mourners, mostly Brahmos left Peace Cottage, carrying the body, garbed in yellow cloth, on a bed decorated

with fresh jessamine and roses, The cremation took place at the Nimtollah Ghat on the Ganges. The ashes were brought to Peace Cartage. After a week the Shradh ceremony was performed with due solemnities, and the ashes were deposited in their last resting place in the garden adjoining Peace Cottage. The tomb is a small fine obelisk of white marble surmounted by the symbolic device of the New Dispensation made of the cross, crescent, trident, and Vedic Omkar. At the foot of the marble pillar on a polished slab are inscribed the following words, quoted from Mr. Mozoomdar's letter to the Brahmos written during his last visit to England :—

“I have done the work that was given to me, I have kept the vow I took. I have struggled to unfold my message to many men and women, Peace fills my soul. For all opportunities and facilities, yea for discouragements and depressions, I have the heart to be grateful to God. His ways are not our ways, nor His purposes our purposes. But He has amply proved to me this His great dispensation of the Spirit is sure some day to be the faith of mankind. Blessed forever be His name.”

On another slab is inscribed the following sentence quoted from his book *Ashis*:

“এই কীটজীবনে, এই সামান্ত সাধনে আয়ি তোমাকে প্রাপ্ত হইলাম ; আরও অশেষগুণে তোমাকে পাইবার পথে যাত্রা করিলাম।”

(Translation) I have gained thee with very little

spiritual culture, while living this lowly life on earth. Now I start on my way to gain Thee in a degree beyond all measure."

Mrs. Mozoomdar has kept the room in which he breathed his last in the same order as on the day of his departure from this world.

Thus was closed the earthly career of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, the fourth in the line of the illustrious leaders of the Brahma Samaj. Posterity will assign to him his true place. He has done well his part. Amidst a general decadence in the Brahma Samaj, he perfected a genuine spiritual character which fed, perhaps unconsciously, the whole community, as the gentle dews of heaven falling softly at night keep the vegetable world alive. His pure and simple life, living upon faith in God, his lofty thoughts rising to the deep meanings of things seen and unseen, his pious sentiments breathing love of God and man, and his profound spiritual experiences realising God and immortality, call forth our best nature, lead us on to a life of devotion and self-sacrifice, and remind us of our high destiny, which is the life in God. For full twenty-one years, after the death of his great leader and friend Keshub Chunder Sen, he fought valiantly, almost alone and single-handed, for truth and righteousness against the increasing encroachment of vanity, error and untruth, maintaining the purity of his apostolic life unblemished, the fidelity to his holy order uncompromised, and his zeal for serving God un-

diminished ; steering clear of the tempting desire to serve mammon on the one side, and intellectual blindness on the other, going far ahead of the drooping, distracted and confused laity, undaunted by privation, fatigue and isolation, and holding before posterity the example of a life of peace and blessedness, attained by serving the Lord. May his soul find rest in God !

CHAPTER XXII

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

HEART-BEATS AND THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

The publication of "Heart-Beats" and the "Spirit of God" in 1894, aptly followed Mr. Mozoomdar's second visit to America, which, as we have seen, was so fruitful of far-reaching results. His friend and publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis of Boston, whose name will always be remembered with that of Mr. Mozoomdar, gave the books a garb worthy of their glorious contents. The books were hailed with the same enthusiasm that characterised his reception at the Parliament of Religions.

HEART-BEATS.

We quote below a few reviews of "Heart-Beats" from American papers :—

Heart-Beats consists of short concentrated paragraphs, ranging in their subjects over every phase of the mental, moral and spiritual life, and noteworthy as much for their intellectual acumen as for their intense devotional fervour. They are the utterances of a man who dwells familiarly in the region of universal principles, and who is at every point conscious of his relation to a Holy God. The study of this work will show that the East which has been the cradle of the world's religions has not yet come to the end of its mission.—*The Christian World.*

Heart-Beats :—Is a collection of brief articles which are not so much paragraphs, the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. In this volume Mr. Mozoomdar has transcribed some of his profoundest personal experiences. Here we have the music of a soul uttered now in a plaintive minor key, here in some deep passionate threnody, or soaring into ecstasy of joy, or breathing the calmness and quietude of peace with God. The book is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition. To aid the reader in interpreting these personal experiences, a biographical sketch has been added by Samuel J. Barrows ; and the volume is illustrated with a capital likeness of Mr. Mozoomdar.—*Christian Register.*

The most original book lately published is the new volume, "Heart-Beats." It is called a "book of meditations," and such it is. Each thought and sentiment stands by itself and addresses the reader as from an unseen pulpit or shrine. Rev. S. J. Barrows, who has made from scattered notes of the author a brief biography, compares these meditations to the "Imitation of Christ" which goes under the name of the monk, Thomas a Kempis. But that famous work has a continuity derived from the constant reference to Christ's example, and also a marked ascetic devoutness, which distinguish it broadly from

this simpler and more joyful presentation of the religious and practical life. Mozoomdar is not an ascetic,—varying in this from the custom of his Indian race when it turns at all toward spiritual religion. He is rather a spiritually minded child of nature, open to all natural influences, but with a strong bias toward piety. He holds in theology a middle ground between Christianity and the old faith of Hindustan, freed from its gross superstition, and full of profound thoughts that make the selfish features of the “scheme of salvation” appear pretty. A good portrait of the loving and dignified apostle makes the frontispiece of the book.—*Springfield Republican*.

The elevation of thought of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar has been a recognized factor in the religious studies of many people in this country since the publication of “The Oriental Christ”. This new volume will be especially welcomed. Rev. S. J. Barrows contributes an interesting biographical sketch, which is valuable in the light it throws upon the external life of the Eastern Mystic, whose insistence upon the reality of faith has been a distinct message to this Western world.—*The Boston Transcript*.

The remarkable thing about Mozoomdar’s religion is its union of various elements. His lectures at the Parliament of Religions, “The World’s Religious Debt to Asia,” are fresh in the minds of readers. He can no longer accept dogma yet refuses to surrender the ideals. The “Heart-Beats”—little acts of faith and devotion—are as composite and broad in their tone as their author’s experiences. His reiterated hope of heaven, the happier existence after death, breathes the very spirit of evangelical piety. In the “Heart-Beats” entitled “God’s Name,” such phrases as this are met with: “Great is God’s Name. There is no greater miracle. My soul never tires to take that unspeakable miracle,”—as of a Mussulman singing the praises of Allah. When he cries out

in the paragraph on "Oneness," "Only an infinitesimal atom, only a dewdrop, I am soon absorbed in the ocean of Humanity," we seem to feel the old Hindu Pantheism. The spirit and even the phraseology of the New Testament recur. His ethical ideas contain elements of the stoicism of Maracus Aurelius, of the Buddhist contempt for pain, and of the Catholic doctrine of Mortification. His work throughout exhibits faith in a personal God. Mr. Mozoomdar couches his Gospel exceedingly beautiful.--*Boston Traveller*.

This book is a welcome surprise to the literary and religious world. It is unique in its character, and is a series of short paragraphs,—thoughts religious and moral as they have come to Mr. Mozoomdar in his experiences of life. Those who have read his "Oriental Christ" have been impressed with the remarkable spirituality of the man. He has the touch of spiritual sympathy and insight, and in these pages he is in communion with the highest truths. The thoughts will find a response in the minds and hearts of all religious people. It is the first time that a book of this sort has been prepared from the writings of a single Hindu thinker of modern times, and in it one draws nearer to Mr. Mozoomdar than he would in reading any other work from his pen. It is one of the choicest books of the season.—*Boston Herald*.

The *Boston Beacon* declares of the work that it "will make an irresistible appeal to devout minds, whatever "their predilection of creed". It adds :

The author is widely known in this country through his exposition of the origin and growth of the Brahma Somaj or universal-religious movement in India, and through his remarkable work, "The Oriental Christ." In "Heart-Beats" he reveals, with a candor and artlessness very winning to occidental sympathies, the aspirations and emotions of a soul devoted to the struggle after saintliness. It is a stimulating as well as a consoling book,—one abounding in profound

spiritual truths and having, in spite of its flavor of mysticism, an astonishingly practical character.

The interest manifested in the recent visit of Mr. Mozoomdar, the Oriental scholar and preacher, makes the publication of a volume of his writings specially timely. His sermons and addresses were marked by a depth of feeling and insight which proved that there had come to us from the East a man whose moral and spiritual life had reached a height to be of benefit to humanity everywhere. The volume, "Heart Beats," contains many of the innermost thoughts of a holy man.

—*The Boston Journal*.

These meditations, which range over an entire world of subjects, reveal a mind of remarkable originality and a life of almost pathetic fidelity to its conceptions of the Cosmic order. The language has the exquisite simplicity which comes from a complete knowledge of its resources.—*The Statesman* (Calcutta), 29th July, 1894.

We have very little to add to these remarks, which are so appreciative. The highest glory of the human life is the *conscious* communion of the human soul with the Soul of the universe. Who is self-revealed in it,—in all its intelligence, beauty, love and joy. "The beauty, glory, life, and wisdom of the world, all circle around the soul when God's throne is established therein," writes Mr. Mozoomdar. He had such a soul. He looked on men, things and events, and they revealed to him the thoughts of the Infinite. These he described in a way which for its brevity and clearness are remarkable. We shall conclude our remarks by quoting a para from the book which is Mr. Mozoomdar's answer to his own query whether he would leave behind any permanent work. It runs thus:—

God's work in me;—No, my life has not been wasted, though till now I cannot be said to be a successful man. What have I founded, what have I established,

what have I completed, who or what will stand as my memorial when I am gone? There is a throb of something like despair when I think thus. But in these degenerate times it is a great thing to have found the Spirit of God, to have loved Him, served Him, to have been fed, kept, and preserved by Him all my life. To His Fatherly providence, taking care of my least want, bodily or spiritual, I hear testimony. I have known no support, no friend, no teacher but Him. Those who have at times taught me or been friendly to me have done so only because I have stood in His way. What, oh, what would have happened to me if God had not called me and kept me? Look at all my blood relations, and answer this question. The Spirit of the Holy One has founded in me at least one character on the basis of this New Dispensation of the age. Now let me by His grace establish myself firmly forever as His appointed servant. Let me complete my love and trust in Him. Let me cast myself away upon His providence, work and worship, try to do better than all I have hitherto done. I know not what the end will be; but I know my humble life will remain as a memorial to the fact that even in times such as these the All-merciful can save and exalt the basest of sinners. Praise, His name!

THE SPIRIT OF GOD

In reviewing the book the "Boston Advertiser" makes the significant remark, "Perhaps nothing from his pen gives a clearer insight into the real aim, purpose and doctrine of that Indian faith of which he is to-day the recognized chief apostle and propagandist. The student of the science of religions will find here a most interesting study."

The book was written between the years 1888,

or thereabout, and 1893, when he left for America to attend the Parliament of Religions.

The first chapter of the book, which serves the purpose of an Introduction, is divided under the following heads: The Spirit; What is He? His incarnation; He is universal; He is natural; Worship and Inspiration; The Supernatural; The Superhuman; Family likeness.

When the book first came into Mr. Mozoomdar's hand he was heard to say that he wished to have the heading for this chapter as "Introduction."

The next two chapters deal respectively with the Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit and the Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, "the only two (religions) with which I am somewhat familiar." Mr. Mozoomdar asserts that the Hindus acknowledged the distinction between the individual and the universal spirit. "But, as the latter was to them the supreme object of search and contemplation, as individuality often stood in the way of this intense spiritual exercise, the Spirit of God was regarded as the All-in-All, and the egoistic soul was either merged in devout identity or ignored altogether." The immanence and transcendence of the Spirit of God, "form the opposite poles wherein the whole system of Hindu religion revolves." The contemplation of the Spirit of God is the natural bent of the Hindu mind. "No religion with any pretension to spirituality sets forth as distinctly as Hinduism the immanence of the Spirit of God as the life and glory of nature. ** The

substance of God unfolded into forms by spiritual self-action is the universe. There is one glory, one beauty, one power, one life in all the worlds, and that belongs to the *Paramatman*. The Hindu conception of the Spirit is a pervasive Presence." "The seeing of God which is only a promise in other religions, is a realised experience in the Hindu teachings."

The vastness of India and its awe-inspiring, natural grandeur make it impossible for the Hindus "to rest contented with small and limited conceptions of God's nature and power. The universal, the unconditioned, the everlasting, is suggested by everything. *** God contains, rules, and transcends these things. Inner impulses thus favour outside suggestions, and the Spirit of God magnifies Himself as the unconditioned Absolute. Everything that pertains to time or sense, or space or intellect is carefully abstracted from Him. He exceeds all limits. *** The devout mingle and disappear in God, as a spark in the conflagration, or a bubble in the sea. Faith thus dissolves into pantheism. And thus fatal errors spring from good beginnings,—errors which, if we only knew how to avoid them, would exalt the faith of all mankind."

Mr. Mozoomdar closes his profound observations on the Hindu doctrine of the Spirit with the following words: "In the future dispensation of the ways of the Spirit the Hindu religion will surely play a prominent part, because at every step profound responses meet the seeker of God in all his lofty aspirations

amidst the world of Hindu spiritualities. Their helpfulness and truthfulness are without end, though, indeed, care and discretion be needed in their study."

"The doctrine of the Spirit of God as the source of things" is not foreign to Christianity; "but the Christian doctrine is so characteristically personal that it is, unique." "The relation of the Spirit to man is an austere moral relation,—the relation of responsibility, of obedience, of voluntary self-subjection. God and man are two, not one." "The dignity of this personal Spirit, however, is not solely the dignity of sternness and power, but His relations are also most affectionate and kind. The Spirit is the most constant of friends. He is the All-holy God in individual relations with every man. The work of the Spirit is to shed the joy of the love of God in the heart. He comforteth; He testifieth to our hopes, helpeth our infirmities; He teacheth; revealeth, guideth; He compassionately intercedeth for man with unutterable supplications; He is the ready Consoler ever present with us."

Although Jesus "at the time of his departure, even before, left the whole development of his work in the hands of the Spirit, and St. Paul "spiritualised the whole doctrine and the whole structure of the earliest Christian Church," the Spirit remains unrecognised in Christendom. "Two thousands years have come and gone. *** Will the Christian unfold what spiritual mysteries, involved before and darkened by time, have

been solved to him by the Spirit; what new truths, unspeakable before, have been spoken. What new perspectives of life have been opened out? However, the Holy Spirit is active amidst the faithful, notwithstanding the darkened consciousness of an unspiritual age."

CHAPTER IV:—SENSE OF THE UNSEEN

The Spirit is never seen with the bodily eye. Every man is more or less credulous, and this credulity is "not far from real faith." "Overfaith in the average man is oftenest shown in an involuntary consciousness of the presence of unseen things and qualities. The superstitious generally fear this presence as something dark and malevolent; the intellectual believe it as a law, a necessity; the man of right faith trusts in it as a bright and loving guardianship." Religious culture gives this natural sense in man its right use. "And moral purity is equally necessary for the same purpose. Faith and purity, bound together and made alive by love of God and man, make the substance of all religion". "All the difference between true religion and false is not the difference in the degree of faith, but faith in the right object or wrong. *** Faith in the presence of an Unseen Being and His qualities is inevitable by the law of nature. If it is not admitted into the right quarter, then it is sure to make its way into the wrong."

Seeing God, is natural to every man, but knowing

Him comes by religious life. There is "not much good to see until we know whom we see. And there can be no knowledge in this sense except through the revelation of the Spirit. That revelation never comes except through steady, heart-felt devotions, all-sacrificing search of the soul, through intercourse with devout holy men, through ceaseless prayer that has survived every trial of sorrow and doubt."

CHAPTER V :—SPIRIT IN NATURE

"When the Spirit of God fills the soul like a medium, all things are seen as through a heavenly crystal *** An unsuspected meaning suffuses creation and human events. The power of the Spirit that inflames the seer inflames, also, what is seen." God speaks through nature.

"The presence of the Spirit, realizes itself in every impulse of nature, in all its beauty, order, wisdom, blessedness, in what takes place around you." Every seeker after God should retire now and then "into solitude within nature's sanctuaries, that the Spirit of God may there speak to him through symbols which his own breath called into being." "The scriptures of all nations "are full of the intuitions of God from nature." To us moderns nature, "The chapel of hermits, has lost its divine significance." "The reason of this may be that the old realism of nature has become an unpopular culture". "Come, let us rehabilitate, then, the spirit of divine communion in Nature. Of her universal framework God is the warp and woof." "Without the light of God's guidance in the

soul, nature, or the science of nature, is a blind leader to the blind. The God-illuminated only can follow the labyrinth of things and events. When the Spirit reigns within the heart He reigns in all the universe."

CHAPTER VI :—THE KINSHIP IN NATURE

"A living being is this vast nature, with the presence of the Spirit for its life, one with me, yet distinct, an august *not me* that puts this unquiet *me* to rest, the deep rest of communion, because to its remotest fact nature has a wonderfully human aspect. The farthest sweep of the telescope, the minutest research of mathematical instruments, discover and realize in their operations an intense family likeness between the observer's mind and the delicate adaptations of which he takes account. The soul with its transcendence is at home in the remotest corners of infinite space and in the furthest cycle of time. The soul is continually finding itself, finding the order of its own laws, feelings, and reason wherever it finds admission in the universe. If he was left to himself, as he has reason, if he had the might and the matter, surely man would embody himself in such another universe. All this glorious creation we instinctively feel is the work of a kindred soul, the bodying forth of a soul, the effort of a soul to realize its deepest and best in outer forms, the presence and self-conscious activity of that soul."

CHAPTER VII:—THE SPIRITUAL POWER OF THE SENSES

“The sense of the Divine Presence in all things is a gift of God, reward of faith, heaven in earth. It is unusual for men to feel it. It cannot be impressed on the minds of all, but perhaps in the minds of the devout you could call it out by unfolding your own experience. The body and soul perceive together that the glory of God encompasses you. But it has been customary to take no account of the bodily senses in spiritual perception. This is a sad blindness and serious disability. In the faith of the future the senses, as accessories of the soul, must play a vaster part, so that the mortal faculties may be trained to immortality. Directly cognizant as it is of the Divine, what were the souls without the miracles of sense perception? These reveal in the first instance: the soul then discerns. The two works together, the senses striking one note, the soul striking another; and the two together produce the instantaneous harmony of the Spirit of God.”

CHAPTER VIII:—THE SPIRIT IN LIFE.

It is the cherished doctrine of the Church of the New Dispensation that the SPIRIT OF GOD IS THE LIFE OF ALL THINGS. The scientific man meets this life at every step of his progress though he cannot account for how, whence, or what it is. He is awed and bewildered.

“Religion steps forward and declares that this all-pervading life is the Living God, the Spirit, the Beginning and End of all things.”

"God is the fulness of Life in all things, the Life of the mysterious heavens in their processions of glory from infinite to infinite, the Life of all creatures in the sweetness and abundance of joy. His new name is the Living Presence. Thou art the august, eternal Life. O, wonderful Being, in faith and holy awe we realize Thee as Life in ourselves and in everything." "Not merely in the infinite expanse of sky and creation is He the life, not merely as a Father or Mother or Friend in the encompassing humanity, but He is the life of my own body and soul, He is in every circumstance of my own being, the Soul of my soul, my daily Comforter, a wonderful though often unseen Presence in my heart, that perpetually renews and strengthens me as nothing can." Faith only recognizes that this Presence in everything is the Divine Person, full of intelligence, love, holiness, and joy. The recognition of the Spirit as a Person is a gift of God which is given to very few. It is the "supreme function of religion" to awaken in man this sense. Faith awakens faith.

"The ministration of the man of faith is the vital need of mankind; but the religious world idolizes scholarship and oratory, and not knowing faith, seems not to need it. In itself, and unattended by the culture and harmony of the other powers, the religious faculty, though it may sometimes produce great insight and genius, does often, one is free to confess, associate itself with errors and misconceptions of all kinds. If attended by the culture and harmony of man's whole nature, faith will revolutionize the world again and again."

CHAPTER IX :—THE SPIRIT IN THE SPIRIT

“To say that God is life, and also that He is a Person, necessarily opens the question, what is His relation to me? In the complex result known as life, how much is mine, how much His?” All the forces, bodily, mental, moral and spiritual, which a man possesses is Divine, but to our use for definite purposes.” All the life-work got out of us is only a gift or “rather the effect of the service of Him to Whom the force belongs.” “It might be asked “that the same thing is then true about the evil works we do.” “Certainly, even in what we do amiss, the force used is not ours, but Divine.”

“This, without affecting our responsibility, quadruples our guilt, because what was given for our glory is turned to our shame, and we degrade divine agencies to serve our own lusts. Man’s self is, so to say, an empty sack, a mere sense of being, a mere choice between the good and the bad : all the force that makes up and fills his existence is Divine. This *ego*, this first person, this number one that fancies itself to be the centre of creation, is but a geometrical point, an amorphous atom, an empty receptacle. I am but a sense, a capacity, a mysterious choice between what is God and what is not God : Thou, O Spirit, art all the rest. Fill Thou the sense with faith and wisdom, fill the capacity with love, and turn the choice into force of will to be Thine wholly. Then I will be Thy son, one with Thee ; and the relation between man and God shall be determined.”

Every spiritual life fulfills a definite purpose of God, “which on the side of the man means his calling or vocation.” Blessed is the man who takes every pain

in his power to husband his available means that the divine purpose may be fulfilled in him."

CHAPTER X :—IMMORTAL LIFE

"The consciousness that God is life" forms the essence of immortality. The highest life on earth "is an unflinching earnest of a still higher life elsewhere. The whole creation is full of promise of immortality. "It is a universal belief and instinct." Life in God can alone give insight into and experience of immortal life." The consciousness of God as life has three aspects. Firstly, rapt contemplation of nature. "Share conscientiously, unselfishly, in the great life of the universe; feel you are a spark in its central fires." Secondly, to live in humanity. "No man ever died who held his own happiness of little value before the happiness of God's children, and who lived that others may acquire a higher life." Thirdly, communion with the Spirit of God.

"Absorption and ecstasy in the communion of God steadily cultivated will disarm death, and give us insight into and experience of the nature of immortal life. Life, the highest life, is supportable upon other resources than those of the flesh and the world. There is peace, strength, health, hope, possible in God, and God alone."

We shall be reunited with our dear ones in heaven. But this reunion is not "in the lower relations of the flesh and the world, but in the higher relations of

spiritual nature." It is a spiritual recognition. Learn to live as an immortal, know your dear ones and treat them as immortals, satisfy the demands of the good and true who have gone before, if you pray for reunion."

The soul after death gets some kind of form. "And I do say, from the devoutest faith and experience, that other forms, other senses, and other media shall be given, surpassing the earthly gifts as the powers of the full-grown man surpass those of the infant."

"Every organism will always have an environment. Every spirit will have a form. We cannot think of a being without circumstances of some kind. The soul is the highest organism one can think of. The circumstances which environ it here in this world bring out its various possibilities and give it concrete fulness. But that so-called fulness is always imperfect. * * * If the soul is to have a continued existence after death, and if a separate existence, apart in consciousness from God and other immortals, the soul will have an abode where conditions of life help to complete its growth. That surrounding of new circumstances we may call heaven or hell. Heaven, therefore, or hell is not entirely subjective; but it is objective and external also. It is not wholly inside us, but outside also in the form of various conditions full of joy, sorrow, trial, tribulation, victory, according as we have deserved them. * * * As a necessary environment, as a necessary corrective, as a discipline which cannot be avoided, there must be hell. * * * Similarly, there must be a heaven also.—outside us, independent of us, ordained for us,—that the organism of our spirit may find an abode better adapted and more favorable than it met here to accomplish its destiny, and that peace and progress may be united in the conscious love of God."

CHAPTER XI :—THE SPIRIT IN REASON

“The only original thing in the world is man’s innermost nature,—his reason, his spirit,—because here the Eternal deals with him directly.” This is “the sacred high land whence religion and philosophy take their departure, and where ultimately they meet again to glorify God.” “There is such a thing as godless reason.” It has its use. For “it offers a delimitation of the provinces where intellect is sufficient and where it is not.”

“When observation and analysis and reasoning have failed to satisfy the spirit’s longings and aspirations, surely these latter belong to the province of something else. We must trust, worship, depend, obey and sacrifice. Whatever your reasoner may say to it, we know that herein we are acting reasonably. The realm of truth belongs to the sense of beauty, of goodness, love, moral character, devout trust, God’s self revelation. It belongs partly to the intellectual faculty also. The combination of all makes the wisdom of reason. Why should we take the intellect which is a part, for the whole? Spiritual reason takes note of all fertile facts, in whatever part of life observable, and assimilates them into devout wisdom.”

“Exalted and inspired thought is the proper function of godly reason. * * * The method and the result of thought is philosophy, the absorption of thought in its theme is communion, the tranquillity of thought is blessedness, the excitement of thought is inspiration. The divinest thought is nothing but the advent of the Great Spirit into men’s reason, the contact of man with God; and upon whatsoever he casts his eye in that state, he beholds the very bottom of it.”

CHAPTER XII :—THE SPIRIT IN LOVE

"Into that one mosaic of love how many jewelled rays of sentiment are artfully wrought, the most opposite blending in one wonderful light!" Love takes different aspects in the different relations of life. It takes one aspect in the relation between the father and the son, another between the mother and the son, and another between the husband and the wife. In one case love is mixed with awe and in another with dependence. "Love really seems like an inspiration from Above; it cannot be defined." "Love is the greatest revelation of God's nature. He that loves most, loves best, has the best and most of God in him. Only, for the perfection of heavenly-mindedness that love must be free from every taint of self. Desire nothing, want nothing, expect no service, no gratitude, no return of any kind, love all and feel rewarded by your affection."

The insight of love is often talked of. True wisdom comes from this insight. "Is it necessary to say a great deal to point out that when love inspires the mind and kindles the eye, contact with the subjects of knowledge reveals much more and goes much deeper than the mere unaided faculty of observation and reasoning? Without having the remotest wish to undervalue the operations of the intellect, one might truly say the lover of nature and the lover of man or of God will observe more, understand more, effect more, reason more to the purpose, than he who scorns

to rely upon anything else than his bodily senses and his logical quickness. * * * It is the impulse of love that lies at the origin of the universe and all the immensities of wisdom which it involves. Then what love has created, love can comprehend ; nothing else is fully competent."

CHAPTER XIII:—THE SPIRIT IN CONSCIENCE

"The two overwhelming evidences that God is are the creation without and the moral law within." Creation means God's self-revelation in outward nature, and moral law means His incarnation within us. "The vague dreads and undeniable consolations of conscience have their reference to something *other* than ourselves, to the ever-watchful witness of *one* from whom, we suspect, in spite of ourselves, nothing can be hidden." His presence stirs from within, and we tremble and become pale before its stern reality." "Conscience like reason or faith, is to be educated. The lives of great men, the influences of religion, the trials of life, heighten our moral faculty. The Spirit of God's righteousness pours in larger or lesser measures into us, according as we make ourselves fit to receive Him."

"Morality and holiness are only the lower and higher levels of the same principle,—in kind the same thing, but exceedingly different in degree. Holiness is the self-revelation of divine sanctity superadded to conscientious faithful living. Holiness is intense and tender love to God and man superadded to moral character. * * *

Morality is associated with a coldness, harshness, isolation. Holiness is warm, tender, and sympathetic."

Ascent in holiness is not a poetic fancy. It has a reality. The All Holy, Who dwells in every man's moral sense, "compels him to live according to rules that repeatedly affect the powers of his body and not a few desires of his social and domestic life." It must be admitted that "the moral ideal is not equally high or clear or full in all men, or to the same man at different times of his life." "Here" comes the supreme need of devotions. Prayer restores the lost ideal, repairs the broken vision, renews the spirit to behold the unchanging Face within."

CHAPTER XIV:—THE SPIRIT IN CHRIST

We, ordinary men, realize our ideals only at detached moments. The aim of all spiritual culture is to place "ourselves permanently on the highest plane of moral aspiration." We need for this examples of men who lived up to the lofty vision of their souls. Such men are the great religious leaders of mankind. Each is a principle of humanity, each a phase of the divine reason, each is a spiritual principle personified." These leaders generally stand "for certain isolated principles of God's nature." "These will never be accepted by all the world; as everlasting models, they will not be acknowledged by all men. The need of man is for a central figure, a universal model, one who includes in himself all these various embodiments of God's

self-manifestation. The need of man is for an incarnation in whom all other incarnations will be completed. Such an incarnation was Christ."

"Christ is unique because he perfectly embodies the true and universal relation between God and man: the Father and the Son is the true relation between God and man. *** It cannot be said that before Christ nobody thought of God as the Father, *** Christ not only taught us to call God 'our Father,' but he has shown, as none other before him, how to behave unto God, as the Son. He taught us to be the sons of God. In all things did Jesus, so far as the times permitted, conform himself to the mind of God; that is, to be the son of God. Not in opinion merely, not in sentiment, nor in mere moral principles, but in all details of every-day life, in all difficulties, sorrows and temptations, in all calls of duty, great or small, to be, to will, and to do as the Father would we should,—that is Sonship."

Christ came to reveal the nature and will of God, and in the light of that revelation to lay down the basis of a kingdom, of a society, of a divine household, wherein the relations of men and their Maker and their relations to each other should be as they had never been before."

CHAPTER XV :—THE SPIRIT IN HISTORY

Each man is born to fulfil a divine purpose, to achieve a greatness and godness, which concern many more than himself. But very few realize this. Those

who do so "even if they are not of the most intelligent or refined or aspiring, find honor and recognition among vast circles of men. They are the creators of history." "The leading of the Spirit is not a vague mysticism ; it is the concrete choosing of a definite work, the doing of that work with the utmost industry ; it is incessant self-culture, incessant service to the cause taken up. When every individual member of a community is thus led and thus occupied, what doubt that not only religious life, but every order of life, would be raised to a higher level ?" "In the conduct of spiritual life three things are necessary : ascertain the purpose of God in your existence : ceaselessly endeavor, by the use of every faculty given you, to work out that purpose ; wait and most faithfully depend upon the power and providence of God for the opportunity which will surely come. The all-wise Providence undoubtedly co-operates with the man who faithfully labors to fulfil his destiny ; but the greater the destiny, the greater the opposition to its fulfilment, and the greater, therefore, the struggles to overcome it."

In the united life of a nation "there is a Life and Spirit," and "that is the presence of God." "The more united a nation is in its interests and aspirations, the clearer and more definite the character of that Spirit, the less its unity, the more unspiritual it is." "Each nation has a peculiar character, like an individual." "It has a destiny, and the Spirit of God guides its destiny." "The Spirit rules the times." Every depart-

ment of human life "rushes to go forward, seeks for a nobler aim, struggles to occupy a higher plane, looks out for a better adjustment." "The present undoubtedly is better than the past; but in view of the future, the present is only a small beginning."

CHAPTER XVI:—THE SPIRIT IN ALL RELIGIONS

Each of the historic religions is an "Offspring of the Spirit according to the needs and nature of the people among whom it arose; but in the advancing progress and unity of mankind it is observable there is a law of unity and progressive order in the rise and spread of all the great systems of faith." "The religious systems have helped and influenced one another like philosophy, like trade, like political institutions, and other human pursuits."

The devout spirits everywhere have dreamt of the ultimate oneness of religion in all lands and races. In the sixteenth century Akbar gathered representatives of different religions at his court "into friendly gatherings for the purpose, of finding out a common basis for all." In recent times "the more advanced representatives of these very faiths enthusiastically met" in Chicago and successfully proved "that men can be united and can honor each other with no other creed than God's Fatherhood and the love of their neighbours."

"All this amply shows that the Spirit of God is working in the midst of all religious communities to bring about a great harmony. This will undoubtedly characterize the religion of

the future. We maintain that harmony has come in the simple faith of the Brahma Samaj, where the Spirit of God is all in all, both for worship and the sanctity of personal character. All scriptures find acceptance with us: all prophets find honor, allegiance, and imitation; all records of experience in spiritual life produce and awaken aspiration and genuine response. But everything points to and ends in union with God, "the One without a Second." The self-revelations of the Spirit in the great cosmos, as exhibited in rapt communion with nature, such as the New Dispensation incessantly urges: the transcendental spiritualities of the seers and prophets, left in the example of their faith and character,—are the continued ambition of the devotee in the New Dispensation of the Brahma Samaj."

CHAPTER XVII:—LIVE IN THE SPIRIT

The highest reward of the devout is the consciousness of the reality of the Divine Presence. "Within man's soul, not in law, nor scripture, nor work is the true secret of his heavenly relationship. There is the Image of God enshrined. There every one discovers the highest and best in him as Divine. That is resemblance to God, the sonship of God. When the tyrannies of flesh for one moment cease, when the fever of earthly desires finds a brief remission, then the consciousness of the supreme fact of the Spirit's indwelling glows into attitudes of blessedness which intensify the whole being and draw it within. In union of the spirit with the Spirit the sense of everything else is drowned."

Our senses, and all the faculties of our soul help

us to realize the "infinite diversities of the manifestation of God in nature and man. The devotee's life is divided into two parts. One part is hidden in communion with God and the other part consists of benevolent activities. "When united with God's Spirit, there is endless change, motion, impulse, aspiration, hope, pain, joy, insight, resolution; but it all takes finality in character, in work. There is no truly good work without spiritual life of some kind, and there is no spirituality without lasting good work. Convictions glow like sunlight, motives are inspired which scorn every self-interest, love yearns after every creature, there is not an inactive moment in the twenty-four hours, and the sense of holiness becomes an atmosphere in which the spirit floats like an angel."

We have quoted at length from the book so that the reader may be stimulated to read the whole of it and be enlivened with the profound experiences of the author. The quotation from the "Interpreter," given in the opening page of a previous chapter, describes the circumstances under which he gained the experiences. The "Boston Advertiser" rightly observes that the book gives a clear insight into "the real aim, purpose and doctrine" of the Brahmo Somaj. The theology of the Brahmo Somaj is in the making. The book is a great aid to this end. Moreover, the sublime spiritual experiences of the author not only help a better understanding of the spiritual ideals of the great religious leaders of mankind but stand as a

living example of the height of spiritual vision to which a man of the New Dispensation can rise. The book is one of the most important contributions to the religious literature of the world.

CHAPTER XXIII

A RETROSPECT

A genuine spiritual life is the most beautiful thing on earth and the noblest self-expression of the Spirit of God in creation. It is the living embodiment of what the artist in his highest effort tries to express with pencil or in words. The true spiritual life proceeds from the conscious communion of the human soul with the Supreme Soul. We have seen in the life that we have just narrated to what perfection this communion reached.

Of the early life of Mr. Mozoomdar I know only as much as he has left a record. We learn from this that in infancy he had a contented joyous disposition.

He heard people speak at times of the domestic deity and it awakened a vague awe in him. At times he felt he beheld "a Light of Glory, a joy, a beauty, which was almost, though not quite, personal." The

most potent factor in awakening religious consciousness in his early life was the example of Keshub Chunder Sen. Mr. Mozoomdar was brought to Calcutta at the age of nine. His house and that of Mr. Sen were only a few feet apart. They grew very friendly. Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "My prayers, studies and expressions took their initiative from him (Keshub): my aspirations followed his in a natural order: everything he did seemed praiseworthy and practicable—he was like another self to me, a higher, holier, diviner self."

The example of another life was soon to make itself felt in him. Mr. Mozoomdar formally joined the Brahma Somaj at the age of nineteen (1859). He "was early awakened to a sense of deep inner unworthiness." In the preface to "Oriental Christ" Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "as the sense of sin grew on me, and with it a "deep miserable restlessness, a necessity of reconciliation between aspiration and practice, I was mysteriously led to feel a personal affinity to the Spirit of Christ." This happened when he was nearly twenty-three years old (1863). Subsequently (about 1867) he had the strange vision of Christ which we made mention of in our review of "Oriental Christ." (page 106). From this time on the Brahma Somaj went through many-sided spiritual developments under the guidance of Keshub Chunder Sen. Mr. Mozoomdar's spirit grew with this development. The great crisis of his life came after the death of Keshub Chunder Sen. In his isolation he drew closer to the Spirit of God.

Further he felt now more than ever the significance of the Christ ideal. The relation that Christ had with God was to him the ideal relation of man to God. As he himself was perfected in this relation, he felt more and more the need of his countrymen to develop the same relation in their lives. This meant close personal relation and loyalty to Jesus Christ. In public speech and writings he tried to impress it upon them. For this he was accused of deviating from the spiritual ideal of the Brahmo Somaj. But this was not the case. His whole life belied such a statement. Inwardly he lived the true Aryan type of life. He sought neither riches nor rank. All the good gifts of life that he enjoyed unsought he received as the gracious gift of the Father. Communion with the Spirit of God, the real source of all that exists, was his all absorbing occupation. He lived in the contemplation of the Infinite. In a copy of Max Muller's Theosophy or Psychological Religion (The Gifford Lectures) found in Mr. Mozoomdar's library the remark, "Exactly my own view so far," written with his own hand, is seen in page 315 (para headed, *Ramanuja*) over the following sentences :

Brahman becomes in fact, in the mind of *Ramanuja*, not only the cause, but the real source of all that exists, and according to him the variety of the phenomenal world is a manifestation of what lies hidden in *Brahman*. All that thinks and all that does not think, the *Kit* and the *a Kit*, are real modes (*prakara*) of *Brahman*. He is the *Antaryamin*, the inward Ruler of the material and the immaterial world. All individual souls are

real manifestations of the unseen *Brahman*, and will preserve their individual character, through all time and eternity. Their final reward is an approach to *Brahman*, as described in the old *Upanishads*, and a life in a celestial paradise free from all danger of a return to a new birth. There is nothing higher than that, according to *Ramanuja*.

I have quoted these lines so that the reader may have a clearer idea of Mr. Mozoomdar's conception of the Deity.

In a previous chapter we read (page 17), "Yes: we (Keshub and Mozoomdar) grew together, he in one direction, and indeed I in a somewhat different." What is the different direction that the growth of his character took? We have the answer in Mr. Mozoomdar's own words. Keshub Chunder Sen insisted upon seeing the great essential principles of the New Dispensation, which he discovered and laid down, carried out in every detail of life, in word and act he (Mr. Mozoomdar) continually protested against this dominion over details. The principles he accepted and cordially honored. The attempt to regulate the minutest items of personal and domestic life, which Mr. Mozoomdar thought should be left to individual conscience, he incessantly deprecated. Notwithstanding this difference, Mr. Mozoomdar writes, "He (Keshub) grew into me, and I grew into him, in a relationship which has outlived the separation of death itself." Yes, the growth in the ideals of the New Dispensation, in genuine spiritual life, was steady and constant in Mr. Mozoomdar. He loved and honored all though he did not receive similar treatment

from all. He blessed them that persecuted him. The grace of God was abundant in him.

The East and West met in him. He combined in himself the culture of the West and the profound spirituality of the East. He Hinduised Christianity and Christianised Hinduism in himself, to use his own way of expressing the combination, though this type of Christianity did not satisfy even men like Professor Max Muller. This is the message of his life to his people and mankind.

He always watched and kept a control over himself. He controlled even his spiritual exercises. Perfect equipoise of all powers was the ideal of his life. He tried to keep the law of both the body and the spirit. When the two agreed he was content, but when they did not, he forsook the body for the spirit.

The torch of the sublime spiritual ideal that Keshub Chunder Sen kindled kept burning in him undiminished. Sooner or later due recognition will be given to Mr. Mozoomdar's services to the Brahma Samaj and his position there. He was the fourth in the line of the illustrious leaders of the Brahma Samaj. His life and teachings will be a perpetual ministration to mankind.

A few words may be said here about Mr. Mozoomdar's attitude to the Christian Mission in India, so faithfully as he tried to follow the Christ ideal and cherished such a close personal relation to Jesus. An article from his pen on "Christian Missionary

work in India" appeared in the "Outlook" of New York, in 1894. He always felt a sincere regard for the missionaries and thought that they were doing good work, without which India could not go along. His only motive to criticise this work now and then was that it might be of help to make that work better still. In the article mentioned above Mr. Mozoomdar wrote that India was receiving in larger measures Christ. But it was impossible to say how much this was because of Christian missionary endeavour. The whole atmosphere was so saturated with Christian influences, literary, historical, political and personal, that the underlying spirit infected the whole land. The fact that nothing short of absolute conversion into dogmatic creed would satisfy the proselytizer stood in the way of the spreading of Christianity which "was left by Christ, and maintained by the humblest and worthiest of his followers in all ages." The majority of the Christian missionaries made theology the ultimate goal of their work. The people of the East always preferred a spiritual man to one versed in theology. By spiritual man they understood "one with a profound sense of divine nearness, one with the sweetest dependence upon God, some healthy impulse of self-distrust, and the tenderest sympathy for the weaknesses as well as the sanctities of other people's life."

In speaking of the part of the Brahma Samaj in the work of the spreading of the spirit of Christ,

Mr. Mozoomdar says in one of his addresses. "The fact cannot be ignored that the approach of not only the denominations of Christianity, but of the Christian religion itself in its essentials, and of the religion of the Brahma Somaj towards each other is a continued and ceaseless approach ***. It suffices for us, men of the Brahma Somaj, to bear witness that Christ as exemplar and type includes within himself all other exemplars and types of divine humanity, and stands before us as the human head and centre of the future religious brotherhood of India."

MAHAJATI SANGH

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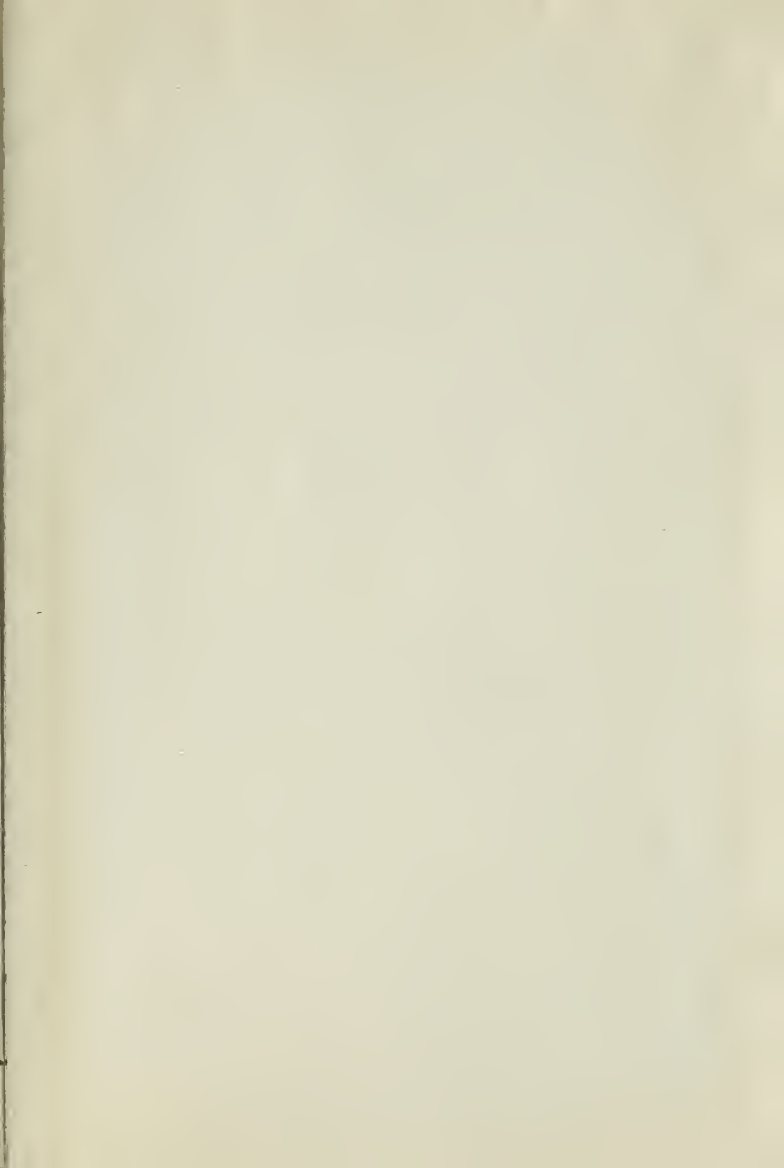
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